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QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I. *The History of the Inquisitions; including the Secret Transactions of those Horrific Tribunals.* Illustrated with twelve plates. 4to. Stockdale. 1810.

A Letter upon the mischievous Influence of the Spanish Inquisition as it actually exists in the Provinces under the Spanish Government. Translated from *El Español*, a periodical Spanish Journal published in London. 8vo. pp. 31.

Narrativa da Perseguição de Hippolyto Joseph Da Costa Pereira Furtado de Mendonça, Natural da Colonia do Sacramento, no Rio-da-Prata, preso e Processado em Lisboa pelo pretenso Crime de Fra-Maçon, ou Pedreiro Livre. 2 Tom. 8vo. Londres. 1811.

OF the two first publications in this list of books which have called our attention to the present subject, the value is in an inverse proportion to the bulk. The quarto is a paltry work, compiled with little knowledge, and less judgment: the pamphlet is the production of an able and philosophic mind, reasoning temperately and with the best intentions upon an evil which it has felt and which it thoroughly understands. The 'History' will do harm rather than good, because the manufacturer of it has indiscriminately heaped together truth and falsehood. The excellent letter of Mr. Blanco White, (for his it appears to be in the valuable journal where it was first published,) will afford some curious and important information for our purpose: so will the narrative of Mr. Hippolyto da Costa, whom we believe to be the editor of the *Correio Braziliense*, a Portuguese Journal published (like the *Español*) in London, the principles and opinions of which are most honourable to himself, and might be most useful to his prince and his country.

We live at the commencement of an era, more distinctly marked by the great and immediate revolutions with which it has been ushered in, than any other in the annals of the world. No precise line of demarkation can be traced through the twilight boundaries of ancient and modern history; but the outline which separates this new era from that which has ended within our own remembrance, is

strongly and conspicuously drawn for future ages. The French revolution has been, as it were, the breaking up of the abyss, and from our ark of liberty which rides securely upon the waters, we behold every thing around us laid waste by the deluge.

Of all those countries over which the flood has taken its appointed course, Spain and Portugal hold out the most important and interesting matter for contemplation, whether we look back into their history to gather wisdom from the past, or forward into their future state for consolation and hope. Our present business is with the past. In the two kingdoms of the Peninsula, despotism and intolerance have been carried to the fullest extent; the warmest advocates of either could not possibly require a more complete experiment than has been made of both. And let it not be lightly supposed, that these systems can have no advocates: for as it is daily seen that no quackery, whether physical or spiritual, is too gross to find believers, so there is no system of political and religious government, how pernicious soever, which may not have its partizans; so easily are the opinions of men perverted by their prejudices, their passions, their interests, and their vices. Despotism and intolerance have subverted the two kingdoms of the Peninsula. Of the first of these evils we are in no danger, though it has never wanted partizans in any country when the tide sets that way; and how near a nation may be to the yoke when it thinks itself farthest from it, we learn from the history of our own commonwealth, and see at this hour in the example of France. But the constitution of our government bears this resemblance to that of the Romish church, that its forms cannot exist without in some degree keeping its spirit alive, so wisely have both been constructed. From the other evil we are not altogether so secure. Intolerance is closely connected with those religious opinions which of late years have been gaining ground among us with fearful progression; and persecution would be as necessary and inevitable a consequence of their ascendancy as it has been of the Romish faith, because upon either system it equally becomes a duty,—a conclusion which (were this the place for proving it) would operate as a *reductio ad absurdum* against both. It may not therefore be a useless task, and may perhaps be found an interesting one, to trace the rise, progress, and completion of that great experiment of intolerance which we have seen completed; and we do it the more willingly because we are in possession of many rare and curious documents, manuscript as well as printed, upon the subject.

The Spanish annals are stained with the first appeal against heresy to the secular power, and the first blood shed with the forms of law in a persecution of christians against christians. Priscillian, the protomartyr for the freedom of religious opinion, was a Spaniard.

St.

St. Martin of Tours strenuously opposed this fatal precedent, and severely condemned and lamented it when his opposition had proved unavailing; a conduct which is more to his honour than the whole catalogue of his miracles. What were the opinions of Priscillian it is not necessary here to inquire, and probably is not possible to discover, because there remain no other accounts of him than what his enemies have transmitted to us. It is, however, admitted that he was a man of great talents, powerful eloquence, and of such austere habits as were altogether incompatible with the licentiousness imputed to him. It is equally certain that his chief persecutor was infamous for his dissolute life, though one of the most respectable and praiseworthy of the Spanish historians carefully abstains from noticing this. That Priscillian was an enthusiast cannot be doubted, and like other enthusiasts it may readily be believed, that his piety was debased by some absurdities. The great historian of heresy tells us, that he first of any christian sectary borrowed from the gnostics the notion that the different parts of the human body are governed by the signs of the zodiac; if so, the man in the almanack whom we are old enough to remember there, is a relic of Priscillianism.

The Arian controversy was carried on longer and with more fury in Spain than in any other part of christendom. Both parties were equally wrong in the means to which they resorted, and both parties seem to have been equally absurd in their practices. About the close of the sixth century an Arian saint-aspirant came over from Africa to Spain, on a pilgrimage to the sepulchre of St. Eulalia in Merida. His especial anxiety was, that he should never set eyes on woman, nor ever let woman set eyes on him; and for this reason a monk always went before him to clear the way. One lady in Merida of Peeping Tom's family, prevailed upon the deacon to conceal her in the church, and thus contrived to see him: when he heard what had happened, he prostrated himself upon the ground, and in that posture groaned and bewailed himself as if the heaviest calamity had befallen him. King Leuvigildo, deceived by this mountebank, enabled him and his monks (for he was an abbot) to settle themselves in Spain, supplied them regularly with all they wanted, and thought himself well repaid by the benefit of his prayers. In mummery and intolerance there was little difference between the contending factions, for so they may properly be called, but the catholics had infinitely the advantage in address; they had learnt Italian intrigue, and it is but too evident, that in the course of the struggle, they did not scruple to avail themselves of the foulest resources of Italian policy. One miracle, which implies considerable preparation and ingenuity, they practised in more than one place. On Holy Thursday, the bishop, clergy, and people, as-

sembled at a church which had obtained celebrity for this prodigy, saw that the baptistery was empty, enjoyed a marvellous fragrance unlike that of any earthly flowers or spices, which came as the vesper of the divine virtue, and then sealed up the doors of the church. On Easter eve the doors were unlocked with equal publicity; the baptistery was then found full, and all the children born within the preceding twelve months were baptized. The Arian king Theudiselo could not be persuaded that this was miraculous, and endeavoured to discover the secret. It baffled him for two years: on the third, not content with setting his own seal upon the doors, and appointing guards as before, he dug a deep trench round the church; but before the day of trial arrived he was murdered, as opportunely as Arius himself.

The catholics soon followed up their victory with penal laws, and the whole of the last book of the *Fuero Juzgo*, or code of the Spanish Wisi-Goths, consists of statutes against heretics and Jews. By these laws whoever disputed against the faith or against any of the decrees of the church, was condemned to the forfeiture of all his possessions and to perpetual banishment. Bloodier edicts were enacted against the Jews by the kings Suinthela, Recesuinthus, Sisebutus and Egica, the latter of whom raised a dreadful persecution against them upon an absurd accusation, that they had conspired with the Jews of Africa and other countries, and were about to rise upon the Christians and destroy them. For this pretended crime they were condemned to slavery, and all their children after the age of seven taken from them and made christians; a compulsory conversion was also at the time made of the parents, and laws were past, ordering, that if they were detected in the observance of any ceremony or custom of their law, they should be stoned or burnt. A curious act of abjuration by the Jews of Toledo in the days of Recesuinthus, is preserved in the *Fuero Juzgo*. In obedience to his decrees and to those of king Suinthela, they renounce the error of their fathers, for themselves and for their wives and children, and they abjure the society of all Jews who will not in like manner become converts to Christianity. We will not practise circumcision, they say, we will not keep the paschal, nor the sabbath, nor any other feast after the manner of the Jews; we will make no distinction of meats; and we will believe with pure faith and with perfect good will, and with great devotion, in Christ, the son of the living God, according to the holy evangelists and apostles. And if any among us should either do any thing contrary to the christian faith, or delay to do these things which we promise, we swear by that same Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one God in Trinity, that we will burn him or stone him. But the most remarkable part of the abjuration is one poor salvo. Concerning pork, they say, this we

promise,

promise, that if we should not be able actually to eat it, because we have not been used to it, we will nevertheless eat any thing which may have been drest with it, without dislike or loathing.— They were afraid their stomachs would be turned as well as their consciences.

A people who were thus wickedly oppressed, received the Moors as their deliverers, and they are said, though upon doubtful authority, to have betrayed Toledo, the capital of the Gothic kingdom, into their hands. The Moorish conquest obtained for them some centuries of comparative tranquillity. That revolution checked the spirit of intolerance, and for a while entirely suspended it. No heretics are heard of in the first ages of the Spanish monarchy, because none were sought for; but the names of Arius and Pelagius,* which continually appear during those ages as baptismal appellations, show that the opinions of those two great heresiarchs long held their ground. The spirit of intolerance, however, was only sleeping; after its awakening it raged with greater fury in other parts of Europe than in Spain, but no where did it become so intimately connected with the system of government, and no where did it produce so permanent an effect upon the national character, and so materially affect the fate of the nation; this arose from the peculiar circumstances of the Peninsula.

The wonderful and monstrous establishment which in the dark ages was substituted for the religion of Christ, is the greatest monument of human genius, human wickedness, and human weakness, that was ever reared. Yet it did not originate in evil; and the good which it produced, tended to counteract its baneful effects. In the twelfth century, when that establishment had reached the summit of its power, every part of Europe still felt the shock of the northern irruption; the tempest had indeed subsided, but the swell continued still. The conquerors, though they had yielded to the religion of the conquered, were as yet little ameliorated by their conversion: the superstition which they had embraced was hardly less irrational than that which they had abandoned; the same restless spirit of adventure was abroad, and kingdoms were still the prize of the successful adventurer. It is impossible to contemplate the church at this period without admiration and astonishment; nor ought it to be contemplated without gratitude also, for had it not been for the labours and persevering efforts of the clergy we might at this day have been groan-

* Brito perceives that these names indicate a cherished heresy, and endeavours to evade the inference by deriving the latter (the Pelayo of Spain and the Payo of Portugal and Galicia) from a saint of the tenth century. But how came the saint by it? and is it possible that Brito should have forgotten at the moment the founder of the Spanish monarchy, whose history he himself had written, in the very work wherein he thus represents his name as originating three centuries after him?

ing under the yoke of a feudal aristocracy like the Circassians. Perverted, dishonoured and debased as christianity has been, we owe to it even our temporal redemption. Though Europe was partitioned among different races, disunited by different languages, and disturbed by the jarring interests of ambitious families, and hostile nations, the various countries still formed one common state. Christendom was in those ages more than a name; the German and the Spaniard, the Englishman and the Italian, the Hun and the Frenchman, all were Christians; they were all brethren in faith such as their faith was, and they acknowledged the law of their common father as that from which there was no appeal. On this basis the papal dominion was erected. The Servant of the Servants of God was acknowledged wherever his religion extended, as supreme on earth; his standing army was distributed through every kingdom and province; in the castle and in the palace, in the towns and villages, the soldiers of the church militant were stationed; they had their territory assigned them in every parish throughout Christendom, and the fruits of every field, and the produce of every flock and herd were decimated for their portion.

The Benedictines brought this system to perfection. The world has never been so deeply indebted to any other body of men as to this illustrious order; but historians when relating the evil of which they were the occasion, have too frequently forgotten the good which they produced. Even the commonest readers are familiar with the history of that arch miracle-monger St. Dunstan; while the most learned of our countrymen scarcely remember the names of those admirable men who went forth from England and became the apostles of the North. Tinian and Juan Fernandez are not more beautiful spots in the ocean, than Malmsbury and Lindisfarne, and Jarrow in the ages of our heptarchy: a community of pious men devoted to literature and to the useful arts, as well as to religion, seems in those ages like a green oasis amid the desert; like stars in a moonless night, they shine upon us with a tranquil and heavenly radiance. If ever there was a man who could truly be called venerable, it is he to whom that appellation is constantly affixed, Bede, whose life was past in instructing his own generation and in preparing records for posterity. In those days the church offered the only asylum from the evils to which every country was exposed: amidst continual wars the church enjoyed peace; it was regarded like a sacred realm by men who, though they hated each other, believed and feared the same God. Abused as it was by the worldly-minded and ambitious, and disgraced by the artifices of the designing and the follies of the fanatic, it afforded a shelter to those who were better than the world in their youth, or weary of it in their age; the wise as well as the timid

timid and the gentle, fled to this Goshen of God, which enjoyed its own light and calm amid darkness and storms.

The universal corruption of Christianity in those ages was produced by many co-operating causes. Though Manichæism was extirpated as a sect, the doctrine of the two principles which it inculcated had infected the victorious religion. That doctrine, which was the basis of the only beautiful mythology of the East, led, in the hands of Catholic expositors, to the most absurd and disgusting practical consequences. The flesh and the spirit carried on in every individual the everlasting struggle between evil and good; the spirit therefore could only gain the ascendancy by the most rigorous measures, and the scourge, as well as watching and fasting, was necessary to keep in order a slave ever ready to become rebellious. The indulgence of every appetite, however innocent, became a crime, when the body was considered as at utter enmity with the soul; and volumes upon volumes have been stuffed with the follies which originated in this philosophy. Add to this the craft of such individuals as Dunstan, the ignorance of the age, and the credulity which is natural to man. Times of danger are everywhere times of superstition. When Augustus closed the temple of Janus, the Romans, who feared no new revolutions, became almost generally Epicureans;—under the wretched sons of Constantine, when the perils which impended over the Empire brought home the feeling of insecurity to every individual, philosophy itself degenerated into practices of the most childish and pitiful fanaticism.

To these causes of corruption, which existed throughout the whole of Christian Europe, others were added in Spain. It is apparent, that from a very early period the Spanish priests and chieftains had recourse to pious frauds for political purposes.* Perhaps they perceived how greatly the rapid progress of the Saracens was attributable to the military character of their faith, and therefore resolved upon opposing them with the same weapons. If a leader was about to engage against superior numbers, he assured his people upon the faith of a vision, that they would be victorious; if it were expedient to fortify a frontier town, or erect a fortress in an exposed situation, a miraculous image was found there, and the place was supposed to be under the immediate protection of the tutelary idol. The ingenuity of the knave and the imagination of the enthusiast had now their full scope. But the engine which was thus set at work could not be restricted to the use of the state; the king and the superior clergy, who had imposed upon the people for their own purposes, could not too curiously

* For proofs of this see the Introduction to the Chronicle of the Cid.

scrutinize the impositions of a petty dealer in miracles. A mine of relics was not considered as a royalty, and every adventurer who thought proper sprung a vein for himself. One specimen of the impudence with which these tricks were practised will suffice: As St. Lorenzo Mendez was walking in the plain near Chaves, and meditating a sermon, he met an angel, who gave him a box of relics, telling him it had been saved from a Christian city which had that day fallen into the power of the Turks. This box contained the rod of Moses, the mantle of the infant Christ, the kerchief of our Lady, the stone from which Christ ascended into heaven, and relics of forty-one different Saints, without reckoning those of the Innocents and the eleven thousand Virgins. That all these were authentic was never doubted. Some dispute indeed arose concerning the city from which they came; but it was concluded that it must be in Europe, because two of the saints, whose relics were found in the box, had never been in any other quarter of the globe. The result was, that a monument was erected upon the spot where the saint met the angel, and that the whole collection was venerated with implicit faith at Guimaraens, where very probably it may be found at this day, and in tolerable odour still.

It happened with this system of deceit as with quackery in our own days. A chance truth would occasionally turn up and give currency to a thousand falsehoods. Relics had actually in many places been secreted at the fall of the Gothic monarchy; sometimes also he who hid an image might perhaps die before he found it; and in all cases, miracles of that description which the faith of the patient can produce, were never wanting. The Spaniards, from these causes, soon superadded to the commonly received superstitions of the Romish church, a national mythology of their own; they believed that they were as much the favoured people of the new dispensation as the children of Israel were of the old; their gravest historian affirms, that during the night of the Nativity, there was no darkness in Spain—a luminous cloud, bright and effulgent as the noon-day sun, irradiated the whole country.

The policy of the chiefs, and the circumstances of the country, co-operating then with the system of the Romish church, the mythology of that church became, as it were, the machinery of the Spanish annals, and being thus interwoven with historical truth, with all the memorable and heroic acts of their forefathers, faith in these things became blended with patriotism and with national pride in the Spaniards. Meantime the Romish priests in other countries, with less excuse in their motives, were equally audacious in their practices; in fact, from the earliest ages of papacy down to the miracles of the pictures at Rome in 1796, being the last which were publicly enacted, a regular system of deceit has been practised

practised and encouraged by the Romish church. This was at its height in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Among those who made the noblest stand against these corruptions, the Albigenses were the most conspicuous. Their history is equally disgraceful to four countries—our own among the number; for when we remember Simon de Montford we must not reproach the Spaniards with St. Dominic.

Domingo de Guzman, better known as he stands in the Romish Kalendar by the name of St. Dominic, being employed against the Albigenses, invented the Inquisition to accelerate the effect of his sermons. This is not unlike the plan of the author of a treatise upon the Harrowgate waters, who recommends a pint of the water as an aperient—with a good dose of Glauber's salts to assist the operation! His invention was readily approved at Rome, and he himself nominated Inquisitor-general. The painful detail of his crimes may well be spared,—suffice it to say, that in one day four-score persons were beheaded, and four hundred burnt alive, by this man's order, and in his sight. St. Dominic is the only saint in whom no solitary speck of goodness can be discovered. To impose privations and pain was the pleasure of his unnatural heart, and cruelty was in him an appetite and a passion. No other human being has ever been the occasion of so much misery. The few traits of character which can be gleaned from the lying volumes of his biographers, are all of the darkest colours. He never looked a woman in the face, or spoke to one; on his preaching expeditions he usually slept in the churches, or upon a grave; he wore an iron chain round his body, and his fastings and flagellations were excessive. But if his disciples have preserved few personal facts concerning their master, they have made ample amends in the catalogue of his miracles, for St. Dominic is the Orlando Furioso of saints-errant—the Hercules Furens of the Romish demi-gods. Let the reader have patience to peruse a few of these tales, not copied from Protestant, and therefore suspected authors, but from the Dominican historians themselves, and every one of them authorized by the Inquisition.

The dream of his mother during her pregnancy is well known,—that she whelped a dog, holding a burning torch in his mouth, wherewith he fired the world. Earthquakes and meteors announced his nativity to the earth and the air, and two or three suns and moons extraordinary were hung out for an illumination in heaven. The Virgin Mary received him in her arms as he sprung to birth. When a sucking babe he regularly observed fast days, and would get out of bed and lie upon the ground as a penance. His manhood was as portentous as his infancy. He fed multitudes miraculously, and performed the miracle of Cana with great success.

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Once, when he fell in with a troop of pilgrims of different countries, the curse which had been inflicted at Babel was suspended for him, and all were enabled to speak one language. Travelling with a single companion, he entered a monastery in a lonely place, to pass the night; he awoke at matins, and hearing yells and lamentations instead of prayers, went out and discovered that he was among a brotherhood of devils. Dominic punished them upon the spot with a cruel sermon, and then returned to rest. At morning the convent had disappeared, and he and his comrade found themselves in a wilderness. He had one day an obstinate battle with the flesh: the quarrel took place in a wood, and finding it necessary to call in help, he stripped himself, and commanded the ants and the wasps to come to his assistance; even against these auxiliaries the contest was continued for three hours, before the soul could win the victory. He used to be red hot with divine love; sometimes blazing like a sun; sometimes glowing like a furnace; at times it blanched his garments and imbued them with a glory resembling that of Christ in the Transfiguration. Once it sprouted out in six wings like a seraph, and once the fervour of his piety made him sweat blood.

These are a sample of the miscellaneous miracles of St. Dominic. There remain two distinct and important classes which must be noticed,—those relating to the rosary, which are the original stock in trade of the Order; and those which refer to the Virgin Mary, having been invented to play off against the Franciscans.

When Dominic borrowed the rosary from the Moors (who themselves probably adopted it from the Hindoos), the Romish church had established an opinion, that prayer was a thing of actual, not of relative value; that it was received as currency in the treasury of heaven, where due account was kept; and that credit was given to every soul, for all which he had himself placed there, or which had been paid over for his use, for the stock was transferable by gift or purchase. The bead-string was an admirable device upon this principle, if it had been merely for abridging the arithmetic. But it had also its peculiar earthly advantages. The full rosary consists of one hundred and sixty-five beads, that is, of fifteen decads with a larger bead at the end of each, which is for the Pater Noster—the smaller ones being for the Ave Marias. It is apparent that if the Ave Marias were repeated one hundred and fifty times continuously, the words would necessarily become unconnected with thought or feeling, and soon pass into confused and scarcely articulate sounds. But by this invention, when ten beads have been dropped, the larger one comes opportunely in to jog the memory; sufficient attention is thus awakened to satisfy the conscience of the devotee, and yet no effort, no feeling, no fervour,

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are required; the heart may be asleep, the understanding may wander; the lips and the fingers are all which are needed for this act of most acceptable and efficient devotion. 'It is a means,' says one of our English Romanists, 'to kindle and nourish devotion, and with great facility to pray, and obtain, by the most effectual intercession of so great an advocate (as the Virgin) all manner of good and perfect gifts: from which so fruitful means should be excluded neither the husbandman in the fields, nor the traveller in his journey, nor the labourer with his toiling, nor the simple by his unskilfulness, nor the woman by her sex, nor the married by their estate, nor the young by their ignorance, nor the aged by their impotency, nor the poor for want of ability, nor the blind for want of sight: a devotion which repugneth to no estate or condition—not requiring more knowledge than to say the *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria*, nor more charge than the price of a pair of beads, nor any choice of place or situation of body but as it shall like the party, either to stand, sit, lie, walk, or kneel—especially having no burden of conscience or charge if it be omitted; who seeth not how easy it is?' Such manifold advantages could not fail to bring the rosary into vogue; nor indeed can the beauty of this religious implement have been without its effect. Nothing can be conceived more interesting than the bead-string with its appendant cross or crucifix, hanging round the neck of the young, or in the trembling hands of the aged.

It was naturally to be expected that the Virgin, the Magna Mater of Catholicism, would take especial delight in a form of devotion so peculiarly addressed to herself. Accordingly she often appeared garlanded with roses, in the proportion of one red to ten white ones. There is no end to the miracles by which she has proved the efficacy of this religious prescription. A knight to whom Dominic presented a rosary, arrived at such perfection of piety, that his eyes were opened, and he saw an angel take every bead as he dropped it, and carry it to the Queen of Heaven, who immediately magnified it, and built with the whole string a palace upon a mountain in Paradise. This was a saint-miracle; a much greater one was vouchsafed to a sinner. A damsel, by name Alexandra, induced by Dominic's preaching, used the rosary; but her heart followed too much after the things of the world: two young men who were rivals for her, fought, and both fell in the combat, and their relations, in revenge, cut off her head and threw it into a well. The devil immediately seized her soul—to which it seems he had a clear title—but for the sake of the rosary, the Virgin interfered, rescued the soul out of his hands, and gave it permission to remain in the head at the bottom of the well, till it should have an opportunity of confessing and being absolved. After some days
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this was revealed to Dominic, who went to the well, and told Alexandra in God's name to come up; the bloody head obeyed, perched on the well side, confessed its sins, received absolution, took the wafer, and continued to edify the people for two days, when the soul departed to pass a fortnight in purgatory on its way to heaven. These, however, are trifling miracles. When Dominic entered Thoulouse, after one of his interviews with the Virgin, all the bells of the city rang to welcome him, untouched by human hands; but the heretics neither heeded this, nor regarded his earnest exhortation to them to abjure their errors, and make use of the rosary. To punish their obstinacy a dreadful tempest of thunder and lightning set the whole firmament in a blaze; the earth shook, and the howling of affrighted animals was mingled with the shrieks and groans of the terrified multitude. They crowded to the church where Dominic was preaching, as to an asylum. 'Citizens of Thoulouse,' said he, 'I see before me an hundred and fifty angels, sent by Christ and his Mother to punish you. This tempest is the voice of the right hand of God.' There was an image of our Lady in the church, who raised her arm in a threatening attitude as he spoke. 'Hear me,' he continued, 'that arm shall not be withdrawn till you appease her by reciting the rosary.' New outcries now arose; the devils yelled because of the torment this inflicted upon them. The terrified Thoulousans prayed and scourged themselves, and told their beads with such good effect, that the storm at length ceased: the saint, satisfied with their repentance, gave the word, and down fell the arm of the image.

The manufacturers of hagiology are sometimes playful in their inventions. They tell us, that as the Saint was reading one day, the devil annoyed him in the shape of a flea, skipping backward and forward upon the page, in order to divert his attention from the devout subject of the book before him; but Dominic soon spoiled his sport, for he fixed him as a mark at the place where he left off, and used him in this manner through the whole volume. On another occasion the devil came to tease him in the form of a monkey: Dominic was too much used to such visits to be embarrassed by them; he called him to hold the candle, which he made him do till it had burnt down to the snuff, to the sore annoyance of the paw which held it. One of the few tolerable epigrams in Sautel's *Annus Sacer* is upon this legend:

'Dum tulit ardentem Phlegetontius histrio ceram,
Tunc certe aut nunquam, Lucifer ille fuit.'

In one of his visits to heaven, Dominic was carried before the throne of Christ, where he beheld many religionists of both sexes, but none of his own order. This so afflicted him, that he began to lament aloud, and inquired why they did not appear in bliss.

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Christ upon this laying his hand upon the Virgin's shoulder, said, I have committed your order to my Mother's care; and she, lifting up her robe, discovered an innumerable multitude of Dominicans, friars and nuns, nestled under it. Let not [the reader suppose that this is a Protestant invention. It stands as it is here represented in the prayer-book of the Order—(Breviarium S. Ordinis Predicatorum. Paris 1647. Officium S. Dominici, p. 68.)

This is one of the Anti-Franciscan miracles, a class of which the abominations are almost too impious to be repeated. The Dominicans—the Inquisitors—tell us that the Virgin appeared to Dominic in a cave near Thoulouse; that she called him her son and her husband; that she took him in her arms, and bared her breasts to him, that he might drink their nectar! She told him that were she a mortal she could not live without him, so excessive was her love; even now, immortal as she was, she should die for him, did not the Almighty support her as he had done at the Crucifixion! At another visit she espoused him, and the saints, and the Redeemer himself came down from heaven to witness the marriage ceremony. It is impossible to transcribe these atrocious blasphemies without shuddering at the guilt of those who invented them; and when it is remembered that those are the men who have persecuted and martyred so many thousands for conscience' sake, it seems as if human wickedness could not be carried farther. Blessed be the day of Martin Luther's birth! It should be a festival only second to that of the Nativity.

But though the Dominicans pride themselves upon the establishment of the Inquisition by their sainted founder, they do not consider him as the inventor of that tribunal. There is nothing in which the Romanists have manifested more extravagance, subtilty, and exquisite ingenuity, than in discovering types in the Old Testament for the mythology which they have added to the New. The present subject affords the most impudent proofs. At the close of the sixteenth century, Luis de Paramo, who was a canon of Leon and an Inquisitor in the kingdom of Sicily, published a work '*De Origine et Progressu Officii Sanctæ Inquisitionis, ejusque Dignitate et Utilitate.*' God, according to this writer, was the first Inquisitor, and the first auto-da-fe was held in the garden of Eden. God cited Adam, because the process would otherwise have been null; and upon the culprit's appearance he inquired, that is, made inquisition into the crime. The man accused his wife, after which the judge questioned her also; the serpent he did not examine, because of his obstinacy, for *angeli post adhesionem, immobiliter rebus adhærent; inflexibile habent liberum arbitrium, nec discurrere possunt.* Both parties were separately examined, and in secret, to prevent collusion; and no witnesses

nesses were called, because confession and conscience are as good as a thousand witnesses, and then the judge had nothing to do but to pass sentence. There is, indeed, another reason why no witnesses were called, which is, that there were none to call; this, however, the Inquisitor does not condescend to notice, it being so obvious that the whole proceedings in this great process were purposely intended as a precedent for the Holy Office. Even the garment which penitent offenders are compelled to wear, is after the pattern of the clothes which God made for Adam and Eve; and because Adam and Eve were expelled from Paradise, for that reason all the property of a heretic is to be confiscated.

Abraham was an Inquisitor, and so was Sarah, which is thus clearly proved from the words of Scripture. She turned Ishmael out of doors for idolatry. She saw him playing with Isaac: now what is intended by the word playing? It is written in Exodus 31. that the people sat down to eat and drink and rose up to play,—*ludere*, id est, says, St. Jerome, '*idololatrare*.' Nicholas de Lyra commenting upon this passage, expounds *ludentem* in the former to mean *idololatrantem*; and therefore it is plain that Ishmael was turned out for idolatry. In this manner Paramo goes through the Pentateuch and the books of Joshua and Judges. David, he tells us, was an *acerrimus* Inquisitor: Solomon, though the wisest of men, the most perverse dogmatist of all idolaters and heretics. Zimri, who slew his master, was of the Holy Office, so was Elijah, so was Elisha, so was Jehu; and, what is far more extraordinary, so was Nebuchadnezzar:—of all the strange things which have been written of Nebuchadnezzar 'in prose or rhyme,' this is surely the strangest. Under the Gospel dispensation Christ was the first Inquisitor. The very form of punishment in use by the Holy Office is pointed at in the Gospel, for did not James and John think that the Samaritans should be destroyed by fire? *Ecce hæreticorum pænam, ignem! videlicet: erant enim Samaritani, illius temporis hæretici.* All the apostles duly follow in the ranks of the Holy Office, and then come the popes.

The inquisition was suspended after its work of exterminating the Albigenses was completed; it was revived in Spain upon the Jews, who had enjoyed more intervals of prosperity in that country than in any other part of Christendom. When Alfonso VI. won the city of Toledo, the Jews who dwelt there waited upon him, and assured him that they were descended from part of the Ten Tribes whom Nebuchadnezzar had transported into Spain; not from the Jews of Jerusalem who had crucified Christ. Their fathers, they protested, had no share in that transaction; but on the contrary when Caiphas, the high priest, wrote to the synagogue of Toledo, asking their advice respecting the person that called him-

self

self the Messiah, whether he should be slain, they had returned for answer, that the prophecies appeared to be fulfilled in him, and therefore he should by no means be put to death. These letters the Toledo Jews produced in the original Hebrew, and in Arabic, as they had been translated by order of King Galifre. It was a bold stratagem, and for the time it succeeded to their wish. Alfonso caused the letters to be rendered into Latin and Castillian, and deposited them among the archives of Toledo.

Whenever these poor persecuted people were suffered to enjoy an interval of peace, they soon became far more prosperous than the nation with whom they dwelt. The kings who were too wise or too good to oppress them, favoured them as the most industrious, the most useful, and the most intelligent of their subjects. The intercourse which they kept up with their countrymen in all parts of Europe fitted them for ministers of state, and the same cause gave them advantages in commerce above all other men, which they improved the more, because they were cut off from every other pursuit than that of gain. As physicians too, they enjoyed a deserved reputation; for besides the knowledge of the Arabians, it is probable that by means of their communication with the East, they possessed drugs which were unknown to the ignorant practitioners of Europe. It might be shown also that the great effect produced upon European literature, by the introduction of Eastern fiction, is probably attributable to the Jews; but this is not the place for it. With these fair claims to favour, and with the influence which their wealth gave them, they were found about the courts of the most liberal Spanish princes, in their employment, and confidence. Other nations were at this time most intolerant. The banditti whom Bertrand du Guesclin led into Spain, in aid of Henrique of Trastamara, called themselves the White Company, because they bore a white cross on the shoulder as the symbol of a holy war, their avowed intention being to extirpate Judaism in Spain; and when Du Guesclin was asked by our Black Prince, why he had engaged in this war after having so often professed his intention of fighting against the Saracens, his answer was that Pedro was worse than a Saracen, because he had commerce with the Jews. This was alledged as a crime against Pedro by Henrique, a man who was at least as cruel and more deliberately wicked than his brother. Du Guesclin issued orders before a battle that no quarter should be given to Moor or Jew, unless he accepted baptism: 'kill all whom you take,' said he, 'with the same indifference that you would kill sheep and oxen.'

The popular feeling in Spain was of the same persecuting kind; many of the old Spaniards, it is said, used to eat pork on Saturdays, to show their contempt of the Jewish Sabbath. The government,
which

which during many generations was more liberal than the people, repressed their intolerant disposition; but it broke loose at times, and the slightest accident served as an occasion for pillaging and massacring this unhappy race. They are charged with having provoked this by their usury. Blind hoarders of money for others to plunder they have indeed ever been in all barbarous countries; but we are sure that when the cry of usury was set up for such purposes, it was begun by those who were ready to kill their creditors, and eagerly caught at by those who cast an envious eye upon the fair profits of frugal industry. About the close of the 14th century, the Spanish government became as intolerant as their Gothic ancestors had been. Benedict, the pope-pretender, issued an edict against them in Spain, ordering the Inquisitors of heretical pravity to proceed against all who had the Talmuds in their possession, and forbidding princes to grant them any privilege while they continued unregenerate, or to allow them to exercise that internal jurisdiction which they had till then enjoyed. All the entrances to the Jewries were to be blocked up except one, which was in every case to be the worst; the faithful were to have no communion with these children of wrath; a Jew was to hold no office connected with Christians, nor to be a guest at their feasts. On certain days also they were regularly to appear and hear a sermon intended for their edification and conversion. This edict continued in force only four years, because it was found injurious to the public weal.

But the evil days of the Jews were at hand; and when the union of Castille and Arragon laid the foundation of the greatness of Spain, a principle was established in the government which has acted like a dry rot in the fabric. The character of Ferdinand the Catholic King is well known: like his contemporaries Joam II. of Portugal, Louis XI. of France, and our Henry VII. he was a man who scrupled at no crime which served his purpose; and as the religion in which he was trained taught that the means were sanctified by the end, the extension of that religion by force seemed to him a compensation for all his other iniquities. The state of Isabel's mind was not dissimilar to his own; by putting herself at the head of a faction she had obtained a kingdom, to which her claim was at least doubtful, and she had obtained it at the price of the happiness and liberty of another, whose right she had herself acknowledged and sworn to respect. A crown thus purchased did not sit easy upon her head; she was unhappy in her husband and unfortunate in her children, and she sought in religion an anodyne for conscience as well as for affliction. There is reason to suppose that a morbid melancholy temperament, thus generated, or at least thus heightened, was transmitted by her to her posterity—a sort of
moral

moral scrofula, which has displayed itself in religious madness or religious fatuity in so many members of the Spanish House of Austria. She and her husband, both supposing that they could wash their hands clean in blood, obtained the privilege of creating inquisitors from Sextus IV. in 1479, and six years afterwards the work of devastation began. An auto-da-fe was celebrated at Guadalupe, where 52 persons of both sexes, convicted of judaizing, as it is termed, after their compulsory conversion, were burnt alive; the images of 25 who had escaped, and the bodies of 46 dug from their graves, were in like manner committed to the flames; 16 were condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and they who were sentenced to the galleys, or to do perpetual penance in the dress of infamy, are said to have been innumerable. All professed Jews were ordered to leave the town within a month; at the end of that term strict inquisition was made for them, and above 2000 were burnt in different parts of the country as an example; for even this was but a beginning! The inquisitors, who held their sittings at Guadalupe, in the immediate presence, as it were, of the great goddess of that celebrated temple, were earnest in their entreaties that she would favour them with some miraculous sign of her approbation. The goddess condescended to this request. One of the inquisitors, by name Francisco Sanchez de la Fuente, took upon himself the office of recording the prodigies which were manifested: sixty miracles he wrote down, and then gave up the task because his pen could not keep pace with the wonders which were worked. This is no protestant account; it is thus related not only by Paramo, the historian of the inquisition, but by Gabriel de Talavera, the prior of Guadalupe, and the historian of the idol over whose temple he presided. The system thus begun, soon extended itself over Spain. The Jews who escaped death or imprisonment were compelled to wear a peculiar dress in order that all Christians might avoid them; their children and their children's children to the latest generation were excluded from all offices of trust and honour, and prohibited from wearing any ornament, or any but the rudest garment. Before 1520, 4000 persons had been burnt in Seville, and 30,000 condemned to wear the *san benito* and to lose all their property. In the single diocese of Seville above 100,000 were destroyed, converted, or driven into exile, and in the city 3000 houses were left without inhabitants. The reader must not suppose that this is an exaggerated tale; it is the boast of the inquisitors, and grave and authentic historians have confirmed what they dared not condemn, even if they felt a human horror at such execrable deeds. A third of all the confiscated property went to the inquisitors, a third to the extraordinary expenses of the faith,—that is, it went the same way,—the remainder was the go-

vernment's share of the plunder. The relations of those who had been condemned, and the new converts complained to the king, that they were proceeded against from motives of private malice: even from Paramo himself it appears, that these complaints were well founded; he admits that regulations were made to remedy this abuse, whereby the holy office was greatly reformed, and the tumults which had been raised on account of these new and unaccustomed proceedings were appeased. Instigated by the devil, says Paramo, there were some who remonstrated with Ferdinand, and more particularly with Isabel, upon the ruin and desolation which they were bringing upon their kingdom; but the queen, whose heart may truly be said to have been hardened, replied that the destruction of heresy was more important than all other considerations. When these persecuted people found it hopeless to appeal to humanity, justice, or even policy, they tried if it were possible to work upon the cupidity of the government, and large sums were offered for general toleration, even for the safety of individuals. The inquisitor general, Thomas de Torquemada, feared that this appeal might be successful; he went to the palace, made way into the presence, and taking a crucifix from under his habit, exclaimed to Isabel, Behold the image of our crucified Redeemer whom Judas sold to his enemies for thirty pieces of silver! If you approve of what was done then, sell him now for a higher price; but for me, I abdicate my office! Nothing of this shall be imputed to me; you shall render an account of your bargain to God. Then, laying down the crucifix, he departed.

It is some satisfaction to know that this wretch did not go without some punishment even in this world. He lived in such constant dread, that he had always a guard of 50 horse and 200 familiars; and never drank out of any thing but a unicorn's horn (as he believed it to be) for fear of poison. This persecution is termed by the Jews, a calamity hardly less dreadful and extensive than the destruction of Jerusalem. When the alternative of conversion or expulsion was first tendered to this most injured people, a great number of those who adhered to their own faith, applied to Joam II. of Portugal, offering him a large sum for permission to enter his kingdom, and embark from thence for Africa. Some of the Portuguese counsellors advised the king to refuse them a passage, urging that if they were driven to despair they would submit to be baptized, which, however little it might profit the stubborn natures of the old, would prove effectual for their children. Joam, however, wanted money, and wanted the Jews also, of whom he expected to make use in his African conquests and colonies. He therefore admitted them upon payment of a toll of eight cruzados a head, babes at the breast only were exempted;

armourers

armourers and artificers in brass or iron were to enter at half price if they chose to remain in Portugal. The places by which they were to enter were specified, and toll gatherers stationed to admit them. These persecuted wretches brought the plague with them; great numbers died by the road side and in the waste country, for lack of all human help, and of all human charity. But happy were they who perished thus! eight months were allotted for their stay in Portugal; all who were found within the country after the expiration of that time, were liable to be made slaves according to the agreement: many were necessarily in this predicament; Joam ordered the youths and children to be baptized, and sent them to colonise the pestilential isle of St. Thomas, and the rest he disposed of as slaves. Those who effected their passage to Africa were not more fortunate; it was only the wealthier part of the nation who could emigrate there, and they found themselves exposed to a persecution of a different kind, their women and boys were taken from them by the Moors. Made desperate by this new calamity, many of them consented to baptism, and returned to Spain, fancying, now that they had made the sacrifice, they should be secure. Little did they foresee the curse which they thus brought upon themselves, and entailed upon their posterity.

When Emanuel succeeded to the throne of Portugal, he followed the impulse of a good heart, not yet steeled by bigotry, and set at liberty all the Jews whom his predecessor had enslaved. But upon his system of belief intolerance became a duty, and he who is under the influence of this baneful faith, may be made to perpetrate the foulest cruelties for conscience' sake. Emanuel was negotiating a marriage with an infanta of Spain, and Ferdinand and Isabel instigated her to require, that, as they had purged their kingdom of the Jews, he should follow the example. Against the advice of his best counsellors he consented, appointed a day for their departure, and named the ports in which they were to take shipping. Before that time arrived he issued orders to the magistrates to seize all their children from the age of fourteen downwards, on a certain day, that they might be separated from their parents, distributed over the kingdom, and educated as Christians, at his own cost. These orders were to be kept secret, that the Jews might not have time to conceal their children; but a report having got abroad, he then gave command that the thing should be done immediately. The effect of this atrocious act was dreadful; many of these wretched parents destroyed their children, others in a wilder frenzy threw them into the wells and rivers, chusing rather to see them dead than to endure the double evil of their loss, and their conversion to the hateful superstition which authorized these execrable cruelties. Let us however add, in justice

tice to the people of Portugal, whose feelings were not yet seared by the inquisition, that they had pity upon these afflicted people, and in defiance of the law and even of their own bigotry, assisted the Jews in hiding their children. Emanuel having thus seized as many of the young as he could find, laid a scheme for entrapping the parents, by suddenly forbidding them to embark from two of the ports which he had originally named. All who had repaired to those ports were thus compelled to remove to Lisbon, where the increase of number heightened the difficulty of finding means of transport; a little additional delay kept them beyond the term allotted, and they became liable to slavery. Many of them now offered to turn Christians provided their children might be returned to them, and that Emanuel would promise to institute no examination into their conduct for the next twenty years; he assented to their petition, and then shipped off those who still persisted in their faith, to Africa.

The massacre of the new converts at Lisbon which occurred shortly afterwards, belongs not to the history of the inquisition. That tribunal was not yet established in Portugal; and in Spain, when the first harvest of the Jewish persecution was over, it was engaged in a more important pursuit. The zeal of the inquisition against the Jews was inflamed by avarice; against the Reformers, by hatred and fear. The doctrines of the Reformation were spreading as rapidly in Spain as in France and Germany. Charles V. had sent men chosen for their learning and eloquence into the empire and the low countries, that by their preaching they might check the progress of heresy. Many of these men became themselves convinced of the errors and impostures of the church which they were sent to defend, and returned to Spain to become the apostles of the Reformation among their own countrymen. Among the converts were many of high rank, and many whose situation rendered them peculiarly exposed to observation and danger. Had not the inquisition interfered when it did, says Paramo, heresy would have run like wildfire through Spain, so disposed were persons of all degrees and of both sexes to embrace it. And another writer says, that had the remedy been delayed only a few months, all Spain would have been in a flame. This execrable tribunal, acting wisely in wickedness, and never content with half measures, boldly seized Carranza, the primate of the Spanish church, threw him into prison, and sequestered his revenues. It is probable that Carranza's views extended only to such a reformation as, by purifying the church of its manifest corruptions and grosser absurdities, might render it more secure: this seems to have been the case, for when after a confinement of nearly seven years, he had interest enough to get the *ague* removed to Rome, he was released; but died soon afterwards.

wards in consequence of his long imprisonment. The other reformers would not have been content without laying the axe to the root: there were men among them eminent for their piety and eloquence, and who had been about the person of the Emperor Charles V. Constantino Ponce had been his chaplain. In the account of Philip II's journey (when prince) into the low countries, he is called 'a great philosopher and profound theologian, and one of the most eloquent and celebrated preachers of those times:' after his condemnation these words were blotted out of the history, and Geddes says, the expurgator of the book which was in his hands, had been so liberal of his ink, that it was with much difficulty he could make out the passage. The copy which is before us of this rare volume has been fortunate enough to escape purgation. If Constantino be a heretic, said Charles when he heard of his arrest, he is no ordinary one. This admirable man died in the inquisition—the inquisition, observes Geddes, best knows how. Montano, who escaped from the persecution and wrote the melancholy history of the martyrdom of his friends and associates, and the extirpation of the reformed faith in his native country, sufficiently explains in what manner Constantino perished, when he records an exclamation which his tortures forced from him: My God, he cried, were there no savages or cannibals in the world into whose hands I might have been thrown, that I might not have fallen into the talons of these monsters! But though his torment forced from him this expression of impatience, his constancy was not shaken. *Beatus ille ac re vera felix!* says Montano—*beatum enim juxta Solonis sententiam voco, cujus exactam cum laude atque honore vitam obitus demum felix excepit.* The inquisitors falsely reported that he had killed himself. Cypriano de Valera, the translator of the Bible, learnt from a man who was present at his death, that he died of illness and cruel treatment. Donna Juana, a woman of noble birth, who was seized by these incarnate fiends when in child-bed, died in eight days after she had been put to the torture.*

In this great and effectual persecution eight hundred persons were at the same time apprehended in Seville. The prisons were not large enough to contain them, and private houses were converted into prisons for the occasion. The most exquisite tortures were used to force from them the names of their associates in the faith; and these tortures were endured with such constancy, that one of the inquisitors said,—these heretics had

* Valera bursts into a passionate exclamation when he relates this cruelty: *O Inquisidores, mas crueles que las mismas bestias fieras, hasta quando sufrira el Señor vuestras tyránias y crueldades! O Españoles que tanto amays a vuestras mugeres, y que con tanto zelo las guardays, hasta quando sufrirays, que estos malditos viejos de Susana vean vuestra mugeres y hijas en camisa, y a manera de dezir en carnes, reviciándose, y despues dandole tormento!*

it written in their inmost hearts, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, for till they were almost torn and cut to pieces, not an information could be extorted from them; and many resisted the utmost torment which could be applied. The victims were burnt by scores at successive autos-da-fe. One of the most illustrious martyrs was D. Juan Ponce de Leon, son to the Count of Baylen; Montano had been his bosom friend, and performed the mournful duty of recording his martyrdom. He relates that it was Ponce de Leon's custom to walk backward and forward upon the place of execution, contemplating it as the theatre upon which so many of his brethren had consummated their sacrifice, and where he must one day expect in like manner to bear witness to the truth. History presents few finer pictures of the effect which certain danger produces upon a mind resolved.

Juan Gonsalvez with his two sisters suffered at the same time with Ponce de Leon. Their mother and brother followed them at the next auto-da-fe. Gonsalvez was gagged, because he had exhorted one of his sisters to bear up bravely to the last. When they came to the stake, the women were asked in what religion they would die, and they replied they would die as their brother did, saying this that he might have the opportunity of speaking once more; the instrument was then taken out of his mouth, and he said to them: Be of good courage and keep the faith! the priest, who was standing near, caught at the word, and exclaiming that he died in the faith, made the executioner strangle them all three. It was not humanity which prompted this: the constancy of these martyrs wrought upon the beholders, and produced an effect which the inquisitors were anxious to prevent; they frequently, therefore, belied those whom they murdered, and gave out that they had recanted at the last. They did this with Cazalla, many years chaplain and preacher to Charles V. a man of distinguished eloquence. There is nothing so improbable as the recantation of a man at the stake. Our own histories, which we know to be authentic, do not afford a single instance, not even when life has been offered and earnestly pressed upon the sufferer as the price: still more improbable is it when the only thing to be gained is to die by strangulation instead of fire. That such a man as Cazalla was really and suddenly convinced of the truth of the superstitions against which he was come to bear witness with his dying breath—is too absurd for belief. This, however, we are told; but it happens that Feyjoo, when labouring to prove the fact, relates a tradition which outweighs all his arguments. It was a story current at Valladolid, (where Cazalla suffered,) and handed down from father to son, that when the martyr was led to the place of execution, he told the people he was about to die for the truth; in
proof

proof of which they should see him on the following day ride through the streets triumphantly, upon a white horse. That a man whose body was weakened with torments, and perhaps half delirious for want of sleep, while his spirit was yet strong, should make such a declaration, is by no means improbable. It was remembered, because, on the following day, a white horse, belonging to the Marquis of Avila Fuente, took fright and galloped wildly about the city without a rider, whether the thing were chance, says Feyjoo, or the act of the devil; for this produced such an effect upon the people, that great numbers of them believed Cazalla's prophecy was accomplished, and that he, though invisible to their eyes, was really come in triumph to prove that he had suffered for the truth. He adds, that it was difficult to dispossess them of their imagination, and hints that some were punished for it. Such was the tradition which Feyjoo related and disbelieved, because it was recorded that Cazalla confessed his errors. The converse of this conclusion appears to follow from it.

The Romanists, proceeding upon the principle of exterminating heresy, did their work effectually in Spain: if our bloody Mary, instead of dying providentially when she did, had lived to the age of Elizabeth, the same work would have been done as effectually in England. Every person whom they suspected of favouring the doctrines of the Reformation, was seized without respect to sex or rank; and all whom they failed to terrify into a recantation, were burnt. To publish any book in defence of these doctrines in Spain would have been fatal to all concerned in it: the strictest precaution was taken to prevent heretical works from being imported; and lest these doctrines should be gathered from the Scriptures or the Fathers, all versions of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue were forbidden, and the works of the Fathers castrated of such passages as could least be accommodated to the established corruptions of the church. Junius discovered this: he happened to see a friend, who acted as corrector to a press at Leyden, revising some sheets of St. Ambrose's works, which Frellonius was printing; he commended the beauty of the type, but his friend told him in confidence that this edition would be worse than any former one, and showed him the genuine sheets which had been cancelled by order of two Franciscans who acted as inspectors of the press.

History underwent the same mutilations as divinity, and the Romish Church in Spain, while they kept out all authentic accounts, circulated falsehoods with an audacity equal to that of the French government in our own times. Ribadeneyra, a well known Jesuit, published at Lisbon, in 1588, a history of the English schism, of which, of course, Queen Mary is the heroine: she is expressly praised for her humanity, and with her the peace and justice and happiness

of England are said to have perished. This historian affirms that Anne Boleyn was Henry's own daughter, that Henry knew her to be so, and that before he married her he had kept her sister as his concubine. He says also that her nominal father remonstrated with him upon the incest which she was about to commit. Ribadeneyra had been in London, and therefore could not possibly believe the falsehoods which he wrote. He tells us that hymns in honour of Elizabeth were substituted in the church service in place of those to the Virgin, and were actually used by authority in St. Paul's; that Elizabeth made a law that her natural children should succeed her; and that it was a common practice with her to send Catholic virgins of noble family to the stewes, thus condemning them to public prostitution. These falsehoods, which are as absurd as they are atrocious, are repeated in Pollini's Italian history of the same event; and are to this day believed, not merely by the vulgar, but by all except the well-informed, in all Catholic countries. It is not many years since we purchased, for a few maravedis, at Madrid, the same story*, printed like our penny histories of Jack the Giant-killer and George Buchanan's jests, for the edification of the lower classes.

The impudence with which the Spanish clergy insulted the credulity of that age, will scarcely be credited in this. From the many tales of the invention of relics, one may be selected for its singularity. In the days of Nero, (for so far back the legend carries us, though the lie is of the 16th century,) there lived at Sines on the coast of Alemtejo, a Christian lady named Celerina. It was revealed to her that some great treasure was, shortly to reach her by sea, and in the expectation of finding it, she went frequently down to the beach. One day she saw a boat driving on without sail or oar or living person to guide it; it entered the port, however, as safely as if a dexterous pilot had steered it, and came to shore. Celerina went on board, and found a cock and a dog, and the dead body of a man, mangled by various tortures. The pious lady knew by revelation, and by the incorruptibility and sweet savour of the corpse,

* Most of these fables were probably invented by the infamous Dr. Sanders. This man asserted that Anna Boleyn had notoriously been the King of France's mistress. Another writer makes her the mistress of Wolsey. Her errors, venial as they were, were cruelly expiated in this world; but this is the language in which a Catholic poet makes the Devil speak of her whom no Englishman remembers without compassion:

Hac dextrâ, hac miseros, nostrorumque artibus Anglos
E caelo everti, fidei te nota Charybdis
Bollena obtestor, Furiarum quarta barathro
Quae solium regina tenes, subterque ministrat
Henricus flammâ; nec non tua pronuba quondam
Volsus, vitis partem tibi grande colubis
Incensumque regis scaptrum per tempora quassat
Ictibus, inque aures, faucesque immittere tentat,
Ut tibi regnandi satiatur dira cupido.

that

that it was the body of St. Torpes the martyr; so she buried it in a fitting sepulchre, upon the shore, and a church was erected there; and an altar to his honour. But who was St. Torpes? He was a Roman courtier, the friend and favourite of Nero, and consequently the chief person of whom St. Paul speaks, when he says, 'all the saints salute you, but chiefly they who are of Cæsar's household;' and it must have been owing to his influence with the emperor, that the Christians were not persecuted at the beginning of that reign, and that St. Paul was enabled to preach so long in Rome; and introduced to Seneca, with whom he became so intimate. The religion of Torpes was discovered when he was with Nero at Pisa, and he was delivered up to Sattelicius the governor of that city, who, though a heathen, proceeded to convert him after a right Catholic manner. First, he put him in irons, and cast him into a dungeon; then he advised him, in a friendly manner, to consider his own interest; lastly he tortured him till the house fell in and killed Sattelicius and all the heathens with him, leaving St. Torpes unhurt. Silvinus his son went on with the persecution as if nothing extraordinary had happened to his father. A leopard was let loose upon the saint, and fawned at his feet; a lion was then unchained, who ran to devour him, and fell dead by the way. After enduring more tortures, Torpes was carried before the emperor, in the temple of Diana. This temple was a most rare device: the whole edifice was of metal; the roof was supported upon ninety columns; the sun and moon and stars were represented there, all performing their revolutions by curious mechanism. Showers were sometimes let fall to represent rain; thunder was produced in like manner by art; and the whole building, by means of underground engines, could enjoy an earthquake of its own. Here Torpes was led, and when Nero bade him offer incense and live, and be again his favourite, the saint, lifting up his eyes to heaven, called upon Christ, upon which a real earthquake shook down the temple, and destroyed the costliest of all Nero's works. No person, however, was hurt, and as miracles seldom affect a heathen, Silvinus dragged away St. Torpes to the bank of the river, cut his throat, and putting his body, with a cock and a dog, into a boat, turned them adrift. The cock, it is to be presumed, told the story, and Pope Sextus V. sent a bull to confirm it; for when, in the sixteenth century, the Archbishop of Evora, guided as he pretended by ancient tradition, sought for the relics of the saint upon the site of his ruined church, he found them, proved their authenticity by the usual process of miraculous cures, and got them approved and acknowledged. The names in this legend indicate an ignorant inventor in an ignorant age; but the planetarian temple is well imagined, and makes the story so remarkable in itself, that its insertion here

here might be excused, even if it were less pertinent to the present subject.

Yet even this was a less impudent imposture than the Granadan manuscripts and relics, discovered in the years 1588 and 1595. The manuscripts were in Arabic, Latin, and Spanish, and purported to be written in Nero's time. As they happened to contain some anti-dominican doctrines respecting the Virgin Mary, that fraternity called their authenticity in question, alleging, among other arguments, two tolerably conclusive ones,—that Arabic was a language not known either in Barbary or Spain till about 500 years after the death of Nero; and that in his reign there was no such language as Spanish in the world. These arguments were met by a bold denial: the manuscripts and relics were acknowledged to be genuine by the Archbishop of Granada, in a full assembly convened for the purpose; and it was decreed, that the said relics ought to be received, venerated, and adored. Volumes might be filled with such instances of wilful and deliberate imposition on the part of the governing and persecuting church; volumes in fact have been filled with them, and published under the authority of that church, as if, while it preyed upon the credulity of mankind, it delighted in insulting their common sense.

Such were the practices of the Romish church at this time. For its political morality we need only refer to St. Bartholomew's day and the Inquisition. The first bloody harvest of that tribunal was over in Spain before it began in Portugal. The establishment of this accursed tribunal in that country is a subject which seems to have been involved in unnecessary doubt. The popes had often attempted to introduce it without success; for the Portuguese retained their liberties long after those of Castille had been crushed in the war of the Commons; and Emanuel, though he had suffered himself to be made deeply criminal with respect to the Jews, had not a heart dead to all humanity, like Ferdinand the Catholic. Even his successor Joam III. though the most superstitious of the human race, objected to the introduction of this dreadful tribunal into his dominions, and when Paul III. had nominated an inquisitor, remonstrated so strongly, representing the proceedings of the holy office as ruinous to the treasury, detrimental to the kingdom, and injurious even to the interests of Christendom, that the office was abrogated. A swindler is said to have effected what the court of Rome had ceased to attempt. This man's name was Juan de Saavedra. Having long lived by his wits, and being especially dexterous in forging public grants, he conceived that it would be a good speculation to act as inquisitor in Portugal; and accordingly he made a journey into that country for the purpose of reconnoitring it, and learning in what

manner

manner it would be expedient to proceed. Returning towards Andalusia, he met with a member of a newly established order (probably a Jesuit) coming from Rome with certain bulls relating to its establishment: he had not been named himself to any place of honour or trust in these bulls, and this had soured him. Saavedra offered to forge new ones for him, and insert his name in the manner he desired, which was done accordingly; and the forger retained the originals for his own purpose. Having now a prototype before him, he drew up such a bull as he wanted, and affixed to it the genuine seals; this was done at Tavira in Algarve. His next measure was to return to Ayamonte, where there was a provincial of the Franciscans, who had lately arrived from Rome. Saavedra made his appearance in the character of a simple man, saying that six well dressed men, travelling post, had dropped these parchments upon the road, which he had found shortly afterwards, and knowing that the provincial understood such things, he had brought them to him, meaning, if they were of any consequence, to lose no time in following the persons to whom they must have belonged. The Franciscan examined the parchment, and was delighted to find that it was a bull for the establishment of the Holy Office, sent, as it appeared, by a cardinal. The cardinal, he supposed, was going either to Seville or Badajoz, there to remain till things were ready for his reception in Portugal, and he concluded that he must be a young man by the indecorous speed with which he travelled. He charged Saavedra therefore to lose no time, but make it a matter of conscience to follow him as fast as possible.

The impostor had two reasons for proceeding in this manner: he wished to satisfy himself that the forgery was well executed, and with all the customary forms, which the provincial was well able to ascertain; his other motive was to spread abroad the tidings, which would facilitate his operations. The next business was, by means of his accomplices, one of whom acted as his secretary, to establish a household at Seville. They engaged above six score domestics, and the chapel was fitted up for the cardinal's reception: At a fit time they gave out that they were going to Badajoz to wait for their master there; accordingly all the baggage was packed up, and they departed; but when they had proceeded a few miles, Saavedra met them; they received him with the greatest expressions of joy and surprise, and returned to Seville, where he made his entrance amid the rejoicings of the whole people. Here he was lodged in the archbishop's palace, and remained twenty days, during which he produced a bond for 13,000 ducats due to him from the Marquis of Tarifa, for money lent at Rome; the date was accurate, the signature well executed, and he found no difficulty in obtaining them. Having done this he moved on to Badajoz, and from

from thence dispatched his secretary to the king of Portugal, with letters from the Pope and the Emperor. The king was astonished and expressed displeasure by the manner of his silence; the secretary was alarmed, and hastily returning to Saavedra, entreated him to be content with what they had already gained, and to think only of enjoying it in security. The dauntless swindler, however, persisted in his project, sent his accomplice back to Lisbon, and directed him not to leave the palace till he had received an explicit answer from the king: he told him also not to fail to observe that the cardinal was a young man, and would immediately return to Rome with the answer, be it what it might. Joam, confounded, and perhaps intimidated, required twenty days to deliberate, which Saavedra readily granted, because it was not possible to communicate with Rome in that time. At the end of those days the king sent to conduct the mock cardinal into Portugal. Counsellors of course would not be wanting to recommend obedience, and Joam was too timid to risk any thing like a direct opposition to the commands of the Pope. The impostor was lodged three months in the palace, established the Holy Office, and spent three months more in travelling about the country, exercising his inquisitorial powers wherever he went, and amassing money to a degree which seems to have besotted him—otherwise he certainly would have decamped in time. The trick was discovered in Spain, and the Marquis of Barca Rota having made a priest at Moura invite the mock cardinal to a feast on St. Ildefonso's day, seized him and sent him prisoner to Madrid. Cardinal Tavera, who was at that time grand inquisitor and governor of Castille, during the Emperor's absence examined him, and sent an account of the whole proceedings to Rome. Saavedra had speculated well, and the very magnitude of the imposture contributed to save him. He had done that for the Romish church which the Pope himself had been unable to effect; and the Holy Father, concluding that it must be the especial will of Heaven to bring about so good a work by such extraordinary means, recommended a merciful sentence, and hinted that he should like to see the man who had acted so remarkable a part. The Royal Council demanded sentence of death; but the Cardinal favoured him: the inquisitor of Llerena was appointed judge; 300,000 ducats, which he had extorted from those whom he had seized and condemned or reconciled to the church, were taken from him, and he escaped with condemnation to the galleys for ten years. Light as this sentence was, it was not carried into effect. Charles V. admiring the audacity of the man, was curious to see him, and having heard his defence, admitted that so good an end might be pleaded in justification of the means, and rewarded him with a pension.

Feyjo

Feyjoo has written an essay in his *Theatro Critico* to disprove this story, and has returned to the subject in the supplement to that work; but Feyjoo had acquired a habit of historical scepticism—his favourite employment was to confute vulgar errors and received traditions, and it is not to be wondered if he sometimes erred on the side of incredulity. Some of his arguments on this subject are certainly fallacious: he says the forged bull could have been of no use without the pontifical seal, ‘and how was Saavedra to obtain that?’ The story expressly states how he obtained it. He tells us that a Portuguese inquisitor, Fr. Antonio de Sousa, has with great labour confuted the tale by references to the original bulls and records. That a Portuguese inquisitor should wish to confute it is very probable; but the historian Faria e Sousa, who wrote after Fr. Antonio, and had seen all which he alleged, believed the fact. The chronicler of Joam III. passes over the establishment of the inquisition with a single sentence, exactly as a man would do who did not chuse to say that the king had been the dupe of an impostor. Feyjoo himself refers to authors of considerable weight, who relate and believe the story. It is told by Don Pedro Salazar de Mendoza, in his *Life of Cardinal Tavira*; by Paramo, who relates the whole circumstances from the confession of Saavedra himself, as preserved in the Escorial; and by Illescas in his *Historia Pontifical*, who lived at the time, and who had seen Saavedra in the galleys. Feyjoo even concedes to these authorities, that there may be some foundation for the story, and that the *Falso Nuncio*, as the comedy calls him, which has made his adventures popular, may have acted his part in some remote province of Portugal.

Some presumption in favour of the story may be drawn from the disposition of the Portuguese court during several reigns. That the kings of Portugal resisted the introduction of this dreadful tribunal is certain, and it is equally certain that they made many attempts to protect their subjects against it after its establishment. Sebastian, for the sum of 225,000 ducats, granted the new Christians an exemption for their property for ten years, even if their persons should be seized,—sufficient proof of the rapacity of the Holy Office, and the horror in which this poor, injured, and unoffending people lived under its inexorable tyranny. Philip II. remonstrated with his nephew against this concession, urging, that if any person had proposed to purchase such an exemption from the consequences of high treason, the preposterous nature of the proposition would immediately have been perceived—how much more preposterous was it in a case of high treason against God! In 1604 Philip III. was prevailed on to sell the Portuguese new Christians a similar protection. The Pope authorized it—for at Rome the Jews have never been persecuted—that
court

court has been always too wise to apprehend danger from the synagogue, and has been cruel only towards those whom it feared. The consequences of this act, as stated by the historian of Philip III. Gil Gonzalez Davila, are such as the reader is probably not prepared to expect. On the day when the decree was signed, four homeward bound galleons were lost, having on board 1500 men, and six millions of piastres. The money which had been paid for the exemption was laid out in an armament for India, which perished by shipwreck, only one vessel escaping to bear the tidings. Peace was made the same year with England, and the river Guadiana carried away the bridge at Medellin, and great part of that at Merida. Thus Tenterden steeple was the cause of Goodwin sands. Another effect has a more discoverable connexion with the cause assigned. All the statesmen who had advised this measure, in the short space of eighteen months were punished with some signal calamity: some were dismissed from their employment, some had their property confiscated, some died by violent deaths, and some — were seized by the Inquisition.

Philip IV. was disposed to obtain for the new Christians the same protection, and the ecclesiastical states of Portugal in Cortes assembled, have not been ashamed to affirm, that the Braganzan revolution, by which this country recovered its independence, was a judgment upon him for the offence. They did not chuse to remember that Braganza himself followed the same wise and humane policy. That prince, in whom all that was good arose from his own nature, and all that was evil is clearly deducible from the circumstances in which he was placed, determined that the inquisition should no longer confiscate the property of the unhappy person who fell into their hands, but that it should, in every case, go to the rightful heir. 'He was willing,' he said, 'that those who were guilty should be punished; but he would no longer suffer the commercial interests of the country to be so deeply injured as they were by this system.' Upon this the Inquisition had the temerity to apply to Rome for sentence of excommunication against their sovereign, and the Pope, being leagued with Spain against Portugal, pronounced it. 'That sentence, to the misfortune of Portugal,' says one of the ablest statesmen whom that country has produced, 'found him lying dead.' D. Luiz da Cunha seems, by these words, to imply an opinion, that this last insult might have roused him to a direct breach with the Roman court, the injustice of which he had endured too long, or at least might have provoked him to destroy a tribunal, the head of which he had formerly detected in treason. It is said that the inquisitors so worked upon the feelings of his widow, that she permitted them to absolve the dead body, and take off the sentence of excommunication in the presence

presence of her two sons Affonso and Pedro,—for the purpose, no doubt, of impressing them with a due sense of the authority of the Holy Office.

But the greatest effort of the new Christians to obtain relief was made under the regency of Pedro II. They petitioned for an act of oblivion for the past, and required that for the future the Inquisition should act upon the same principle as that at Rome. They requested that they might send deputies to represent their case to the Pope, and promised, if this was granted, that they would, within one year, land 5000 men in any part of India which the government required, or in any other of the conquests, paying in money the difference between the cost of transporting them to India, or to a nearer point; that they would annually contribute 20,000 cruzades towards the military expenses of India; and defray the cost of all the missions and schools in the Indian dominions, and of sending out all the governors and viceroys; they would subscribe 200 milreas monthly, for the support of the resident minister at Rome; they would always be ready with a considerable subsidy in case of war; and they would form an East India Company with a large capital, all the duties upon which should go to the crown. Other things they would do of great import to the general weal, but which were of such a nature that they could not be publicly stated.

Some of the dignified clergy were in favour of the petition; these were chiefly the various professors in the universities of Coimbra and Evora, men whom the humaner studies seem to have softened and humanized; there were even some inquisitors who delivered their opinion against the tribunal to which they belonged. But the counter-petitions, and memorials presented by the bishops collectively and individually, and by the interested and bigotted party, which are now lying before us, would fill a volume of no inconsiderable bulk. These memorials are perfectly worthy of the cause which they support. Whoever favoured the pretensions of the new Christians, it was roundly asserted, must be an enemy to Portugal and a partizan of Castille. To deny that the Inquisition was a righteous tribunal, was, it was said, heretical, because to doubt the justice of its jurisdiction was to doubt that of the Pope. 'The truth is,' said one of these advocates, 'that the Inquisitors are the centinels of heaven, the shepherds of the pontifical flock, the husbandmen of the fields of Christ; what wonder that the centinels should be abhorred by the enemy whom they espy, the shepherd by the wolves whom he wounds, the husbandman by the tares which he plucks up! These perverse dogs did but bite the stone which was the corner-stone of the faith, and bark at the rod of justice with which they were chastised. They still concealed the sacrilegious

sacrilegious altar of their idolatries within their obdurate and stony hearts; and to grant them this indemnity, would be breaking the net of St. Peter, which had fished them up from the bottom of the sea of their offences, to restore them to the liberty of a state of grace! What this liberty and this state of grace were, will be seen hereafter.

The petition, or rather the remonstrance of the bishops, was in a like strain. It insinuated that the resident minister at Rome, who favoured the new Christians, was bribed by them, and enabled to live in such a manner, that the expense of every month was greater than his whole annual appointments. If, however, the Prince Regent would send an ambassador extraordinary of the highest rank to counteract this minister's proceedings, the bishops promised to maintain him, even if it were necessary to sell all they had for that purpose. They could not, they said, read the resolution which his Royal Highness had taken in favour of the new Christians—they could not read it for their tears; and they adjured him to remember that those tears were aided by the blood of Jesus Christ. Provident nature, they told him, had placed the understanding between the two ears, that it might not be at a greater distance from one than from the other: he had given one ear to one opinion upon this business—they requested him, therefore, to give one to the other, and then let the understanding hold the balance. These people, whom he had heard confess that every year they scourged our blessed Redeemer, had the audacity to complain of a tribunal which was the pillar of the church, the honour of Portugal, and the admiration of Europe! Let your Royal Highness, said they, look to Jesus! Behold the wickedness of the Jews written upon his most holy body in five wounds and in five thousand stripes! His cross is the sword of the Holy Office, and therefore it is that the Jews hate that sword: any relaxation of that holy office would be an injury to all its members, a scandal to all Catholics,—a daring act which deserved to be punished as sacrilegious, and condemned as heretical! The ecclesiastical branch of the Cortes went even beyond this. They bade the prince remember, that all the evils of Portugal were to be dated from the entrance of the Jews. The death of Prince Affonso was a judgment upon Joam II. for admitting them—that of Prince Miguel upon Emanuel for retaining them—that of Sebastian upon Sebastian himself for selling them a ten year's exemption. Philip IV. had followed that pernicious example, and his punishment was the separation of Portugal from Spain. Remember, said they, that the best use to which the money for which Christ was sold, could be applied, was to purchase a burial place. If you want money your vassals have it; there are the jewels and plate of the court, and the ornaments of the churches.

Pedro

Pedro was not wanting in firmness when his own personal interests were concerned: the manner in which he deposed his brother and married his brother's wife, shews that he was not a man of half measures. But his heart was not good enough to take a deep interest in the cause which was now at issue; and those advisers who had made some impression upon his understanding, by representing the ruinous consequences of the Inquisition to the public weal, being no longer about his person, the persecutors succeeded in making him take any steps which they recommended. The Primate of Portugal was sent to Rome with letters from the three estates in Cortes assembled, and the Pope thinking, perhaps, that if the whole kingdom was mad, it was hopeless to talk of curing them against their will, abandoned the new Christians to their fate. It was in vain that they explained to him how the Cortes had been managed,—that the members were but so many parties concerned, the Inquisition having exerted its whole influence with such effect, that many of the representatives of the people were themselves familiars; that the ecclesiastical branch consisted chiefly of bishops who were inquisitors; and that the nobles were chosen among those who were most nearly connected with the members of the Holy Office. The Cortes had, in fact, been convoked by their influence for this sole purpose, though under other pretexts; and they declared that they would not break up till they had received from Rome such an answer as they required,—thus making the people, at whose expence they were maintained, eager, for their own sakes, to have the petition of the new Christians rejected. The secretary of state, Francisco Correia de Lacerda, though in other respects neither weak nor credulous, was so earnestly interested in behalf of the inquisitors, that he used to say he would no longer believe in the pope if the general pardon was granted; and when, upon some displeasure, he resigned his office, he still retained the management of this affair, lest it should be consigned to one less anxious in what he believed to be so good a cause.

It is stated with triumph in the papers of the inquisition party, that the new Christians solicited the most wealthy and respectable of their own body to undertake the management of their cause; that no one could be prevailed upon to do it; but that, to the shame of Portugal, old Christians were found to come forward. Why it was declined by the members of their own body is apparent: any one who had ventured to appear conspicuous, would certainly have been marked by the Holy Office for its victim. They found an advocate in the Jesuit Vieyra, an author whose occasional extravagance and absurdity can only be equalled by the exquisite ingenuity which appears even in his greatest absurdities—his inexhaustible fertility—the strength and fulness of his eloquence—his

political wisdom, and his goodness. It would be difficult to give the English reader an adequate idea of *el misissimo Vieyra, en su mesma mesmedad*, to use the happy and untranslatable language of Frey Gerundio. If a part only of his character were represented, he would appear an object of pity and of scorn—but whoever examines his whole life and writings, cannot but perceive that he was one of the wisest, and greatest men that Portugal ever produced. Vieyra's memorials in behalf of the new Christians have of course never been printed in Portugal, where the press has always been under the absolute controul of the inquisition; but they have been preserved there in manuscript, and some of them have been printed by the Jews, with the false dates of Villa Franca, and Venice, but apparently in England, if any reason could be imagined for so useless a deception.

Vieyra had himself been in the inquisition, for a case of decided insanity upon one point. But there is not in these memorials the slightest appearance of any personal resentment; his imagination and his heart were always too full for any thought of selfishness. What he laboured to shew was, that the proceedings of the Holy Office towards the Jews tended inevitably to produce the evil which they proposed to remedy; and D. Luiz da Cunha reports, to this effect, the saying of an inquisitor in allusion to the mint and the inquisition, that in the Calçataria there was one house where they made money, and in the Rocio another where they made Jews. One of the Jewish editors of Vieyra's papers tells us, that in all the synagogues it was customary to pray that God would continue the Inquisition in Spain and Portugal, because that tribunal kept the Jewish faith alive in those countries. This, however, though this also was true, is not what the advocates of the new Christians meant.

The principle upon which the Inquisition acted was, that Judaism was like the scrofula—once in the system, there was no getting it out of it:—it mattered not how deeply the breed was crost,—whether a man were a half-new Christian, or a quarteron, or a half-quarteron, (for the degrees were as nicely discriminated as the shades of colour in the Spanish colonies,) the Hebrew leaven was in the blood. And so well had they succeeded in impressing this prejudice upon the vulgar, that it was believed Judaism could be sucked in with the milk of a Jewish nurse. This conduct was in direct opposition to the practice of the Romish church toward all other converts,—if the missionaries could sprinkle a savage or a Hindoo, they were satisfied. A story is told of a female devotee in Japan, who used to invoke the name of Ameda an hundred and forty thousand times in the course of the day and night, that being her whole employment. The Romish missionaries succeeded in converting

converting her, and the effect of her conversion was—that she left off invoking Ameda, and called upon the Virgin Mary an hundred and forty thousand times a day. Why, therefore, when such conversions as these were boasted of, were the new Christians dealt with after so different a measure? Because the Portuguese Inquisition was literally and truly a confederacy for the purpose of acquiring property by imprisoning, torturing, ruining and destroying whole families under false pretences of Judaism. According to the laws of the tribunal, half the confiscated property ought to have gone to the treasury. Vieyra affirms, that from the Braganzan revolution (or Acclamation as the Portuguese call that event) to the time of his writing, which was four and thirty years, more than 25,000,000 of cruzados had been confiscated in Portugal, not more than half a million of which had found its way to the crown. Hateful as the name of this tribunal has ever been to an English ear, its guilt will appear aggravated when it is known that it was actuated more by avarice than by bigotry.

The new Christians were rich, because the same causes which have always made the Jews flourish wherever they have been left in peace, held good with respect to these compulsory converts. Whenever a victim was seized, his property was immediately seized upon also. At his first examination (after a string of questions concerning his name, birth-place, &c.) he was asked whether he knew for what he was apprehended, and assured that the only way to obtain mercy was, a full and free confession. At the second, they made him name all his kin to the remotest degree of consanguinity, and carefully took down the list: and at the third he was warned that if he still denied his guilt, he would be punished with the rigour which the Holy Office always used toward those who would not confess. Till this time the wretch had not even been told of what he was accused,—he was left to guess at the crimes which he was called upon to acknowledge. If he still protested his innocence, the charges against him were read. One witness for each charge was sufficient, even though he were a fellow sufferer in the Inquisition, which was usually the case: the charges were generally—refusing to eat pork, or hare, or fish without scales, or putting on a clean shirt on Saturdays—charges, which from their nature, it was impossible to disprove. The modes of defence were twofold:—the prisoner was asked by his mock-advocates if he had enemies whom he could suspect of having borne false testimony against him, and thus made to ransack his memory for all the offences which he had given or received, or in which he could possibly suppose himself to be implicated, for the mere chance of hitting upon the name of his accusers. To establish any case of this kind, two witnesses were required, both old

Christians, free from reproach; but even if an offence were proved, if the parties had ever spoken to each other afterwards, this was considered as evidence that all enmity had ceased, and the plea was quashed. The other mode was that of proving an alibi, for which the same number of witnesses were required, and the same qualifications: and no relation within the fourth degree could be a witness in his behalf—though father might depose *against* child, and child against father. It is apparent that neither mode of exculpation could be possible in most cases. If threats, the misery of long solitary confinement, and the dread of torments, inevitably ending in a cruel and infamous death, did not now induce the unhappy man to confess himself guilty, the next step was to put him to the torture. Let not the reader fear that we shall lacerate his feelings; for our own sake as well as his this scene of the tragedy shall be past over. In other courts where the torture is applied, wicked as the practice is in all cases, if the victim holds out against it, he is acquitted; but in the Inquisition, if the requisite number of witnesses had deposed against him, neither his innocence, nor his fortitude in maintaining it, could avail him: there was no possible escape from death, except by confessing all that he was accused of, and submitting, not only to the punishment which even then would be awarded, but to utter ruin and infamy, not only for himself, but for his relations and descendants to the latest posterity. Those who persisted to the last that they were innocent of Judaism, that they were Catholics, and would die in the Catholic faith, were sentenced, as convicted and negative; and this difference was made between them and the real Jewish martyr, that they were strangled at the stake, while the latter was burnt alive. It was comparatively seldom that this took place—by far the greater number of persons whom the Inquisition has put to death as Jews, have died protesting themselves Christians, and invoking the name of Jesus with their expiring breath.

At the time when these horrible executions were in frequent use, foreign Jews were suffered to frequent Portugal on business, on condition of wearing a distinguishing dress, and being always attended by a familiar. It is related of one of them, that he went with his familiar to see an *auto-da-fe*. First in the procession came the penitents; these, he was told, had confessed that they were Jews, and besought mercy: a light punishment would be imposed upon them, and then they would be set at liberty to seek their livelihood. Those who were delivered over to the secular arm followed, and the familiar said they were to be burnt. Would not they then ask mercy? inquired the Jew. He was told that they were to suffer for being negative, and refusing to confess that they were Jews. Upon this the son of the synagogue smiled,—‘If they appointed

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me inquisitor,' said he, turning to the familiar, 'I promise you, this is exactly what I should do, I would let all who confessed themselves Jews go home again—and I would burn all who denied that they were so.'

Horrible as this is, it is not the most atrocious part of the proceeding of the Holy Office. The case of those persons who were called *Diminutos*, is even more pitiable than of those who, whether Jews or Christians, died for persisting in the truth. According to the practice of this accursed tribunal, the accused person was neither informed of the precise fact with which he was charged, nor of the names of his accusers. In most cases indeed it happened, that hope and fear, and human weakness, made him admit that he was guilty—the great object of the Inquisition being to obtain such a confession, because confiscation followed; and the fairest promises and persuasions were never spared to bring about this end. But here the unhappy man found himself caught in a net of iniquity. To confess himself guilty was not sufficient; he must declare of what he was guilty, and who were the persons whom he suspected of having borne witness against him. If he failed in this, the general confession availed nothing, he suffered as a *Diminuto*, that is, for not having confessed in full; and went to execution with the miserable reflection of having made himself infamous, and involved all whom he had named in the same calamities with himself. The consequence was, that when the wretches were guessing at names to save their lives, they spared not their nearest and dearest connections—father and mother, brother and sister, son and daughter, husband or wife, were frequently the first whom they named as the accomplices who must have accused them, because most danger was apprehended from concealing those names which natural feelings would induce them the most strongly to conceal. Then ransacking memory to save themselves by the vicarious sacrifice which this devilish tribunal required, they ran through the whole of their kin to the remotest branches; put down their bosom friends and their most distant acquaintances in the fatal list, and especially named every person whom they could remember who had the slightest fraction of a new Christian in his cast.

One instance is upon record of a man who accused in this manner his own daughter, whom at the age of five he had put into a nunnery; and from her nunnery, in consequence, she was dragged to the Inquisition. A woman who suffered as a *Diminuta* had accused above six hundred persons, yet failing to guess her own accusers, was led out to execution. On the way her daughter, who appeared in the same auto, called to her aloud to remind her of some relations, thinking that she might have forgotten them, and that

it was yet time enough, by naming them, to save her life. Child, she replied, I have left no one unmentioned either in Castille or Portugal, I have tried every one, and it avails me not. Both these persons with their dying breath protested their innocence, and declared that they had confessed themselves guilty and accused others merely in the hope of saving their own lives. The vicar general of the archbishopric of Lisbon fell into the hands of this tribunal, and accused the two sons of a washerwoman as his accomplices in exercising Jewish practices. They were both very young, and it was proved that one was no more than eight years old at the time of the supposed offence. Can you believe, they said to the inquisitors, that the vicar general would profess himself a Jew in company with us, whom he would not receive into his house as servants, or suffer to lackey his mule? I forgive him, said the one brother, that God may forgive me my trespasses; but this crime I will never confess, because I have never committed it: if I had, what should prevent me from confessing it? What honour or what property have I to lose? But God has suffered this to befall me that I may have an opportunity of saving my soul, and that opportunity I will not lose. His brother maintained the same noble sentiments. They were kept in prison till one of them was of an age to suffer capital punishment, and both were then executed as convicted and negative. The vicar general was released after some slight punishment: he past the remainder of his life in disgrace and wretchedness, and on his death-bed relieved his conscience by declaring that he had falsely accused the two Sequeiras to save his own miserable life.

A son accused his father; both appeared at the same auto, the son to receive a lighter sentence as convicted, confessing and penitent, the father to suffer death as one who denied his guilt. As he past by his son to receive sentence, the son intreated his forgiveness and his blessing. My forgiveness, replied the father, for having brought me to this state, I give thee, in the hope that God may in like manner forgive me. My blessing I will not give, for he is no son of mine who has confessed that of which he is not guilty, and being a Catholic says he is a Jew. Farewell, and God forgive thee! There was a man of rank at Elvas, whose blood had unhappily been crost; in the hope of effacing this stain, he had always distinguished himself by his unremitting inveteracy towards those who had fallen under the stigma of the Inquisition: whether in revenge for this, or throwing the lot at random as usual, some person accused him and his wife and their two sons. The wife and the sons, who had been delicately bred, and who had neither strength of heart nor of affection, accused their father, and this was sufficient

sufficient to convict him. He persisted in his innocence, and died crying upon Christ to have mercy upon him; the wife and children were then turned out beggars upon the world.

Revenge is alleged as a likely motive for the first accusers in this case. A more striking example of the natural consequence of such a system is hinted at in the *Noticias Reconditas del Procedimiento de las Inquisiciones de Espana y Portugal*;—the details are found in Fr. Luis de Sousa's Dominican history. Four new Christians were seized by the officers of the Inquisition at Beja, and thrown into the prison there, before they were conveyed to the house of the Holy Office at Evora. When they reached Evora, each of them, at his separate examination, accused eighteen of the first families in Beja, all of them persons of rank, unblemished honour, and old Christians. Nothing could be clearer than the testimony; the same persons, the same facts, the same time and place were stated by all the four accusers in their confessions. Accordingly the members of these eighteen families were seized and brought to Evora. Happily for themselves they had something more than their innocence to rely upon: the pride of rank and the consciousness of pure Catholic blood, for it was notorious that they were without stain, supported them so well, that the calmness and confidence which they displayed upon examination, staggered the inquisitors as much as the accusation against such persons had surprized them. Nevertheless the charges were direct, positive, and circumstantial, and the Holy Office, which in this case seems to have wished to find them innocent, was exceedingly perplexed; in fact the whole kingdom was astonished and afflicted: for if these persons were proved guilty, no one could ever be presumed innocent. Four years the thing remained in suspense; repeated examinations of the accusers producing only a repetition of the same clear charges, and at the end of that time, one of the accused, worn out with his long imprisonment, confessed that he was a Jew, and that he had once gone to the well of Aljustel, a little way from the walls of Beja, expecting the coming of the Messiah. The Holy Office was now more than ever astonished, and the business would probably have ended in the destruction of the whole, if one of the inquisitors, by name Fr. Manoel da Veiga, had not devised an easy means of discovering the truth. The four new Christians, who had long been kept apart from one another, without any possibility of communication, were taken out of their dungeons and placed in four contiguous cells, care being taken that they should meet in the corridor and see the situation of their new quarters; persons were then stationed to listen to their conversation, and enough was overheard to prove beyond all doubt, that the whole accusation was collusive. They were then again exam-

mined separately, and being convicted by their own words, declared what indeed was the truth. Their arrest had been made a matter of public rejoicing at Beja, which was usually the case: from their prison window they had seen these rejoicings, and marked these eighteen families as the persons who distinguished themselves by giving feasts upon the occasion; and, in the bitterness of their hearts, they had concerted this revenge upon those who exulted in their sufferings. The end was that these unhappy men were burnt, and that the Fidalgo who, being a Christian, (and now acknowledged as such,) had confessed himself a Jew, was banished to Brazil.

This was so remarkable a case that a regulation was past, enacting, that the accusation of a new Christian should not be received against an old one. But, notwithstanding this general rule, such cases sometimes occurred; and in fact every person who could not distinctly trace his family back to Joam II's. reign, before the Jews entered Portugal, and prove by incontestible documents that the breed had never been deteriorated by an alliance with a new Christian, lay under the stigma, and was exposed to all the dreadful consequences. It was in 1492 that the expulsion of the Jews from Castille took place, and this system of persecution continued till Pombal's days—above two centuries and a half. Had it been confined to the direct descendants of the Jews alone, the extent of the evil would have been enormous. Geddes says, that 300,000 men, women, and children were baptized in Emanuel's reign, and that above 800,000 were expelled from Spain. This is unquestionably a gross exaggeration: according to the best computation which the present Jews could make of their own numbers in all parts of the world, they amount only to 3,000,000, though they have enjoyed a long interval of tranquillity every where, though war never thins their numbers, and very few indeed change their religion. Geddes does not refer to his authorities, though that he had authorities is not to be doubted. He was an exceedingly prejudiced writer; because, having the abominations of popery in its worst form before his eyes, his hatred and horror at what he hourly witnessed, prevented him from seeing that any good could possibly coexist with it; and the error of his two church histories is, that he supposes whatever is not Popish must be necessarily right. But his facts may be depended upon, except where, as in the former case, he has been misled. The contemporary chroniclers Resende and Ruy de Pina, give no statement of the number of the new converts. Damiam de Goes, who is only one generation later, and had the papers of his predecessors, states it at 20,000 families. About forty years elapsed before the Inquisition was established, during which time there was nothing to prevent them from intermarrying with

with the old Christians, and from the degrees of the mixed race which are marked in the lists of the *autos-da-fe*, it is evident that intermarriages to a very considerable extent took place at all times; probably indeed few or none, but families of rank, could possibly prove their blood pure.

The consequence of thus exposing the great body of the people to such a persecution as that which the Holy Office systematically carried on, was even to the last degree ruinous, not merely to the character, strength, and resources of Portugal, but even to the very interests of that faith, which the Inquisition pretended to support, and which the government believed it was supporting. Had the new converts been unmolested, they would speedily have melted down into the mass: the manner in which they were converted would indeed have remained, a blot and a foul one, upon the religion which could require or palliate such means; but the end would have been effectually accomplished. Even in the mulatto degree, the half and half stage of intermixture, there was an equal chance that the catholic side would preponderate; but in all the remoter stages the probabilities arising from family connection and hereditary feelings, were more and more in favour of the established faith, even if nothing were allowed to the influence of education, and the atmosphere of popery in which they existed. The father of a family, beyond a doubt, was sometimes attached to the religion of his ancestors:—he had good reason to be so—between that religion and such Christianity as he found in the *flor sanctorum*, and saw in the convents, the confessionals, and at the *auto-da-fe*, there could be no hesitation. But it was impossible for him to breed up his children after his own religion; that secret must have been withheld even from the wife of his bosom;—

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Palleat infelix, quod proxima nesciat uxor:

the feeling which the Roman poet describes as the worst torture of guilt, became, in such a case as this, inseparable from virtue!* These were the men who, when they were discovered, not from any imprudence of their own, but when some poor wretch had named them upon the rack, avowed their faith when driven to the extremity, and being in the language of this devilish tribunal convicted, affirmative, obstinate, and impenitent, were rather roasted than burnt alive, amidst the shouts and exultations of a people who were taught to consider it a duty to harden their hearts. There is a story extant of a man who had been bred up in the Catholic faith, and believed it; but seeing his father thus die a martyr in the flames,

*The reader will remember how finely Mr. Cumberland has conceived such a situation as this in one of the papers of the *Observer*.

conceived

conceived such a hatred to Christianity, that upon the first opportunity he fled into Holland and became a Jew, alleging as his only reason, that a religion which authorised such barbarities could not possibly be true.

But the records of the inquisition show that these cases of martyrdom were comparatively few. The children of all new Christians were bred up in the Romish church, and if ever the father ventured to disclose to them his dreadful secret, it never could be till they were of mature age, and capable of being entrusted with the honour and possessions of the whole family, and with his own life. Now according to the notions of the inquisitors themselves, all the children of this race who died in infancy, or before they arrived at such years of discretion, were regenerate by baptism; all who left their father's house in youth; all whom he was afraid to trust. Vieyra in an admirable memoir upon the subject, (one we believe which never has been published,) urged this consideration upon Joam IV. By driving the new Christians out of Portugal into countries where liberty of conscience was allowed, those souls, he said, which in Portugal must have been safe, were lost. Men did not fly to Holland and to England because they were Jews, but because they were afraid of being accused as such; and Vieyra, who had been in those countries, knew that the greater number of those refugees went with so strong a bias towards the religion in which they had been bred, that it was long before the arguments and inducements of their kinsmen, countrymen, and companions, could prevail upon them to join the synagogue.

The emigration thus occasioned has been little heard of in history, because it was slow, silent, and continual—not the work of a sudden edict, like the expulsion of the Moriscoes, (a necessary act though executed in the worst manner,) or of the Huguenots from France. In its consequences it was more baleful than either. An account of the property employed in trade was taken by Sebastian, for the purpose of taxing it, and the taxable commercial capital of Lisbon alone amounted to fifty millions of cruzados: when Vieyra addressed his memorial to Joam IV. the capital employed in trade throughout the whole kingdom did not amount to two millions. Those new Christians who could leave the country, left it; they whom circumstances rooted as it were to the soil, sent their property abroad, that if they could not follow it themselves, it might at least be out of the reach of the Inquisition. The emigrants carried with them a natural hatred of the country from which they had escaped. They submitted plans of conquest to the Dutch, they furnished information to the enemy, they supplied money; and thus instigated, and thus aided, the Dutch wrested from the Portugeze their dominions in the East, and the best of their possessions in Africa, and

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had nearly wrested from them their far more important possessions in South America. D. Luiz da Cunha in that admirable letter of his, which (though it remains unpublished) is the best treatise extant upon the state of Portugal, dwells, as Vieyra had done before him, upon the fatal consequences of persecution. I remember, says he, going to Amsterdam to a wedding where forty or fifty Jews were present: the lady of the house, whom I called Queen Esther, asked me what I supposed that company might be worth collectively; and upon my replying that I could not guess, she said, 'Your excellency must know then that there are more than forty millions of cruzados here, which would not come amiss if they were in Portugal.' D. Luiz replied, that it would be a fine prize for the Inquisition: speaking with a smile perhaps, but feeling deeply and painfully for the guilt and folly of his country.

Even forty years of a wiser system and of prosperous commerce had not obliterated the visible marks of depopulation in the interior of that country. Roads broken up by time and neglect, not by use—mansions falling to decay, and grass growing in the streets of towns and cities which had once been flourishing and populous;—these were the melancholy sights which presented themselves to the traveller, in a country abundantly blessed by nature. The government must have become bankrupt, had not treasures unexpectedly flowed in from the mines of Brazil; and before that resource began to fail, Pombal abolished the distinction between old and new Christians, a measure almost sufficient to atone for all his offences. This great statesman did much; but he was interrupted in his plans for the regeneration of Portugal: and the Inquisition, which, from awing the government, was now become its instrument, continued its baleful influence. Its holocausts, however, were at an end. Pombal had rescued the new Christians, and there were no heretics in the Peninsula, for the same reason that there are no Christians in Japan,—they had been exterminated; the persecution had been thorough and effectual. The business of this tribunal was now to take cognizance of a few offences which, it was thought, fell more under the ecclesiastical than the common law, and to keep out opinions which were dangerous either to the church or state. Nothing, therefore, was suffered to pass the press which was in the slightest degree unfavourable to the gross idolatry, the abject superstition, the corrupt administration of government, and the complete despotism which had been established upon the ruins of a system little inferior to our own. Not merely theology and metaphysics, but history, and moral and political philosophy were, in effect, proscribed.

It is, we think, a Spanish author who relates a good instance of the stimulating power of prohibition. A child of five or six years old,

old, learning the Commandments, asked his mother what was meant by committing adultery, and she, by way of evading the question, told him it was putting his finger in the pot when it was boiling. Every time the boy saw the pot on the fire, the temptation of trying this new sin grew stronger and stronger; at length it overpowered him—and in a moment he was roaring about the house, ‘Oh, I’ve committed adultery! I’ve committed adultery!’ Just so did the Index Expurgatorius excite a desire for prohibited books; and those which, being most pernicious, were most notorious, were sought after the most greedily. The young Spaniard or Portuguese who thirsted for that knowledge which would place him on a footing with the youth of other countries, could acquire it only through this medium; and when he went to the contraband dealer in such books, the very offal of licentiousness and blasphemy was put into his hands. But even the act of reading the best books, when it was done in secret and in solitude, exposed the reader immediately to all the spiritual consequences of excommunication, and produced the most painful effects upon a good and virtuous mind. This is beautifully shown by Mr. Blanco White in his Letter upon the Influence of the Inquisition as it actually exists—a letter to which we refer the reader for a view of this part of the subject, not less affecting than philosophical. We need not attempt to do what he has done so admirably.

The reign of the Spanish Inquisition is over. Its suspension by the intrusive government on the one side, and the liberty of the press and the prevalence of good opinions on the other, tend equally to destroy it. But the tribunal still exists in Portugal; and what its temper is is exemplified in Mr. Da Costa’s narrative, who suffered ten years’ confinement there for the alleged crime of free masonry, which is not a crime by the law of the country, and who probably would have perished in a dungeon, if he had not found means to escape. It appears that our government has advised the Prince of Brazil to abolish this shame of his nation, and that he listened not unwillingly to the advice. We hope and trust that the influence of Great Britain in that country will be exerted to the best effect. The old alliance, rather, the old hereditary friendship, between the two nations, confirmed as it has been by the late splendid proofs of British valour and British generosity in their behalf, disposes the Portuguese to look favourably upon any thing which England may propose. Three things are required to bring that country to a state, for which all its sufferings will not have been an over price:—the suppression of the Inquisition, the execution of the laws, and the restoration of the old free government. That free government under an absolute monarchy is no impossibility, is shown in some excellent essays upon this subject in

in the Correio Braziliense, wherein a parallel is drawn between the English and Portuguese constitutions, which would perhaps surprise an English reader as much as it must gratify a Portuguese patriot. These measures would tend equally to the benefit of the prince and of the people. The Prince of Brazil is a man of the best and purest intentions; shew him his duty, and he has every inclination to perform it. Let him confer these boons upon his country, and uniting in himself the honourable appellations which have been bestowed upon the two greatest of his predecessors, he will be entitled *João da boa memoria*, the Restorer of Portugal. His return will be the proudest triumph that ever prince enjoyed; his name will go down to posterity without a stain, and blessings from generation to generation will be heaped upon his memory.

ART. II.—Reise um die Welt in den Jahren 1803-4-5 und 6, auf Befehl seiner Kaiserl. Majestät Alexanders des Ersten, auf den Schiffen *Nadeshda* und *Neva*, &c. *A Voyage round the World in the years 1803-4-5 and 6, by command of His Imperial Majesty Alexander I. in the Ships Nadeshda and Neva, under the orders of Captain A. I. Von Krusenstern.* Published in the Russian and German languages, 1811.

A NEW reign is always fertile in projects. It matters little whether the various schemes brought forward be wild and impracticable, or have already been submitted to the test of experiment, and failed: under new names, and new auspices, they are tried, and fail again. The sovereign, on his part, is seldom averse from the encouragement of projectors; it wears the appearance of doing something; and tends to confer on the new government the character, or, at least, the semblance, of energy and activity.

The accession of Catharine the Second to the throne of Russia, afforded a remarkable instance of the degree to which her projecting courtiers could accommodate their counsels to their sovereign's inclinations. Schemes as extravagant as were ever hatched in the academy of Laputa were pushed forward, and most of them ordered to be set in motion at once. The army and navy were to be augmented; commerce to be extended; the administration of government new modelled; agriculture encouraged; and the whole world supplied with tobacco, the produce of Russia: manufactures of silk, of cloth, of linen, of porcelaine, were to start up, at once, into perfection; foreign settlers to be invited to plant colonies in the wilds of Siberia; foundling and lying-in hospitals to be erected for the encouragement of population; and, to crown the whole, the Turk

Turk was instantaneously to be driven out of Constantinople—and all these, with many other 'visionary plans, were to be undertaken,' as the Earl of Buckinghamshire observed, 'in a country where every innovation was unpopular, by means of ignorant, indigent, and corrupt counsellors, an indolent people, averse from all manufactures, and more averse from the sea, a mutinous army, and an exhausted treasury; the sovereign hampered likewise by the obligations she had received, and unable to get rid of many of those about her, whose characters and mean abilities she could not but despise.' Catharine, however, might have felt it necessary to humour those projectors, and, by assuming the appearance of extraordinary bustle and business, to call off the attention of her subjects from the manner in which a recent revolution had placed her on the throne; for though her husband was undoubtedly a man of weak intellects, yet his good intentions, his private virtues, and public acts of munificence and kindness, during his short reign, had gained on the affection of his subjects.

Among other projects, those of advancing foreign commerce and navigation entirely failed; though the empress left untried no opening that presented itself for improving the one, and extending the other. In an attempt at a treaty of commerce, she had met with a smart retort from the Emperor of China, who plainly told her ambassador that, before his mistress solicited new treaties, it would better become her to fulfil the old ones. But her establishments on Kamschatka and on the islands which stretch across the sea of that name, as far as the opposite continent, were too favourably situated not to tempt her to embrace every opportunity which might occur for negotiating a commercial relation with the populous empire of Japan. She was fully aware of the restrictions and degradations imposed on the Dutch; but she was willing to persuade herself that the celebrity of her name and the proximity of her establishments, might carry with them their due share of influence. An event too occurred about this time, which Catharine conceived might be turned to the advantage of Russia. A Japanese vessel was stranded on one of the Aleutian islands, called Mednoi-ostroff, or the Copper island, when the master and sixteen of the sailors were saved and sent to Kamschatka. The master was taken overland to Petersburg by Professor Laxman, and instructed in the Russian and Tartarian languages; while his preceptors were directed to learn from him that of Japan. As soon as a sufficient progress appeared to be made by both parties, the son of Professor Laxman was appointed as a sort of envoy to convey this master, with such of the crew as might have survived a Siberian winter, to Japan, carrying at the same time suitable presents for the emperor. Laxman obtained for the Russians the boon of
sending

sending one vessel annually to Nangasaki for the purposes of trade, under the same restrictions as the Dutch. Either this concession did not suit the high-spirited Catharine, or the advantages to be derived from so limited a trade did not appear equivalent to the humiliating conditions on which they were to be procured; for no farther intercourse, during her reign and that of her immediate successor, appears to have taken place with Japan.

The attempt to renew the communication was one of the early projects of the present autocrat of Russia. It was supposed that the former embassy had failed from a want of propriety in the mode of conducting it; that it was deficient in shew and parade; that Laxman was of a rank too low, and of manners too coarse, to make a favourable impression; that, instead of going into Nangasaki, the ship had entered a harbour on the coast of Jesso, a sort of colony to Japan, of which they are more jealous, if possible, than of the empire itself; and that the letter, instead of being written by the sovereign, was only from the governor of Siberia, a mark of disrespect which was supposed to have given umbrage to the haughty monarch of Japan. All these errors might be corrected by a second mission; and, as it was concluded that a closer connection with the nations of the East was now become desirable, the project of a new embassy was easily grafted on the present voyage, which, in fact, had been intended originally for commercial purposes, to the Russian settlements on the north-west coast of America. M. de Resanoff was appointed ambassador extraordinary, invested with the order of St. Ann, and made a privy counsellor. Several persons of rank and science were attached to the embassy; M. counsellor Tilesius, Dr. Horner, an astronomer, Dr. Langsdorff, a naturalist, an artist from the academy, a draftsman, a botanist, a physician for each of the ships, together with several military officers, among whom were two sons, both young, of the counsellor Von Kotzebue; to this list were added five Japanese, who, in the year 1796, had been taken prisoners at the Aleutian islands, and were still in confinement. Captain Krusenstern was selected to conduct the naval part of the expedition, which was to consist of two ships. The choice of a commander for the second ship, as well as of all the officers and crews, was left entirely to his discretion, and he pitched upon Captain Lisianskoy to be his colleague in this new undertaking. Both these officers had been brought up, as it were, in the British navy, in which they served many years in America, and the East Indies.

It is worthy of remark that, although the Russians wish it to be understood that their navy has been progressively and even rapidly improving for the last century, all the naval arsenals of Russia could not furnish a couple of ships fit for the performance

ance of the voyage in question. It was proposed, therefore, to purchase them at Hamburg; but none were to be found there. From Hamburg Captain Lisianskoy, accompanied by a master builder, proceeded to London, 'the only place where the purchase of good vessels can be reckoned upon with any degree of certainty.' Here indeed two proper ships were speedily obtained, the one of 450, and the other of 370 tons, to the former of which they gave the name of *Nadeshda*, or the *Hope*, and to the latter, that of *Neva*. The *Nadeshda* was to carry the embassy to Nangasaki, and the *Neva*, separating at the Sandwich islands, to proceed to the settlement of Kodiak on the N. W. coast of America, from whence, or from Kamschatka, they were to proceed to Canton with a cargo of furs, and then make the best of their way to Russia.

Although this expedition round the world may be classed more properly as a voyage of experiment than of discovery, yet we cannot but deem it exceedingly important and interesting on many accounts. It is important to have ascertained in what manner the representative of the Emperor Alexander was received in a country which, for one hundred and fifty years, had seen no other Europeans than a few crouching Dutchmen. It is interesting to see how the natives of the 60th parallel of latitude, wholly unaccustomed to long voyages, bore the suffocating heat of the equinoctial regions, and the great vicissitude of climate to which they were exposed. It was not only the first time that the Russian flag was destined to be carried round the world, but the first time that a Russian ship had made its appearance in the southern hemisphere, the greatest extent of Russian navigation having never yet reached even the northern tropic. The ships too, though English, had been fitted out in a Russian port, and manned entirely with Russian seamen. Captain Krusenstern, it is true, might almost be reckoned an Englishman. He adopted all the measures taken in English ships of war for the preservation of their crews. He laid in a plentiful supply of clothes and linen and bedding for the seamen; of tea and sugar, sour crout, and the juice of cranberries in lieu of lime-juice. He purchased, in London, cakes of portable soup, essence of malt and spruce, dried yeast and mustard. He was supplied with six of the best chronometers that the metropolis could afford, and a very valuable apparatus of sextants, theodolites, &c. for astronomical, nautical, and philosophical purposes, most of them made by Troughton. In short, these Russians were not only furnished with English ships, but all their instruments, charts, books, and even their beef, together with all the comforts and conveniencies for a long voyage, were English.

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'But,' says Captain Krusenstern, 'the greatest treasure we possessed, and for which we were indebted to the laudable liberality of the Baron Von Zach, consisted of a perfect copy of the new lunar tables by Bürg. It was reserved for our expedition to make the first use of these tables, which were corrected up to April of the current year (1803). Their surprising minuteness enabled us to ascertain our longitude within a few minutes, while the Ephemeris, calculated according to Mason's lunar tables, occasioned an error, even in our best observations, of nearly half a degree.'

Mason's tables profess not to come much nearer the truth than half a degree; and if this statement of Captain Krusenstern be correct, (and we are not inclined to question it,) the tables of Bürg must prove a valuable acquisition to navigation.

On the arrival of the two ships at Cronstadt, they were visited by his Imperial Majesty, who, on this occasion, assigned the revenues of an estate of the annual value of 1500 roubles, for twelve years, to the wife of Captain Krusenstern, in order that his mind might be set at ease, during his absence, with regard to the welfare of his family; a gift that was not more grateful to the feelings of this excellent officer, than it was generous and considerate on the part of Alexander.

On the 7th of August the two ships left Cronstadt, and on the 20th anchored at Copenhagen, to take in brandy, unstow their holds, and re-pickle some salted beef which had been purchased at Hamburgh. On the 15th September they again put to sea, and arrived at Falmouth on the 28th, where it was deemed prudent to purchase six months' provision of Irish beef, not caring to trust too much either to that of Hamburgh or Petersburgh.

On the 5th of October the ships left Falmouth with a fair wind, and soon lost sight of the Lizard. Being now fairly launched into the ocean, and no surrounding object to draw off their attention, Captain Krusenstern began to feel strongly the weight of the enterprise in which he had engaged. The evening was fine, and all the officers had retired about midnight, when he gives vent to the following reflections, extremely natural for a man engaged in an arduous and important undertaking, the issue of which was extremely doubtful.

'This beautiful night, on our entering the ocean, was hailed by all as a favourable omen for our long voyage. To whom could the idea be of such importance as to me! I began to fancy that the eyes of the civilized part of Europe were fixed upon me; that my reputation was to be decided by the success or failure of the present expedition; and that the latter would cast a shade on my name which would in some degree be extended to my country. At that moment, when I could no longer perceive the light upon the Lizard, I was overwhelmed by feelings which

I had not the power of resisting. I could not, without the most poignant grief, bring to my recollection my dearest wife, whose tender affection for me was now the source of all my uneasiness. At length these painful sensations gave way to the hope that our voyage would have a successful issue. The idea that I should be the means of adding to the reputation of my country,—the prospect, too, of that happy hour in which I should again behold the darling of my heart and my child;—these cheering ideas restored me to firmness and composure.

Nothing of moment occurred till, in latitude $37^{\circ} 40'$ N. longitude $14^{\circ} 5'$ W. a remarkable fire-ball, passing in a horizontal direction, attracted their attention by lighting up the ship with its extreme brilliancy during the space of a full half minute. The inflammable matter of which it was composed was so strong as to leave visible a luminous belt for an hour afterwards, extending the whole length of its track, of about one fourth of a degree in width, and at the height of about 15° above the horizon.

On the 19th they got sight of Teneriffe, and on the following day came to anchor in the bay of Santa Cruz, where the Captain declined saluting the fort, 'as he would not expose the Russian flag, which now waved there for the first time, to the affront of being refused that which it had a right to demand.' They were very civilly received by the Spaniards, who seemed to regard with astonishment 'those hyperboreans who, they soon found, would bear a comparison, and that not a disadvantageous one, with the lively inhabitants of the south of Europe.' It seems, indeed, that Captain Krusenstern was less satisfied with the Spaniards of Teneriffe than they were with the Russians. He describes them generally as a very miserable set of men, and the women as remarkably depraved. The streets were filled with beggars of both sexes and of all ages, clad in rags, and afflicted with disease, mingling with fat monks, meagre and deformed thieves, drunken sailors and lewd women; and wretched, indeed, in his opinion, must be the lot of him who is here doomed to the caprice of the Inquisition, and of a governor who has an unlimited power of life and death over every citizen.

Two other subjects gave our honest Russian considerable annoyance. The one was, that an alameda, or public walk, had been formed at the public expense, yet at the entrance of it was placed a centinel, for the express purpose of preventing the public from making use of what was their own;—the other was the marble pillar in the great square, erected in honour of the Virgin de la Candelaria, who, with a lighted candle in one hand and a crucifix in the other, led on the Spaniards to the conquest of the island. He thinks that, in this enlightened age, it would be far more proper for them to erect an obelisk to the memory of that auspicious day,

day, on which the gallant Nelson was compelled to abandon his daring enterprize, than, by continuing the present monument, to keep alive a senseless superstition, and give the stamp of truth to an absurd fable. All this in a Russian is extremely amusing.

Having laid in a stock of sheep, fowls, and wine, and refreshed the ships' companies with fruits, onions, potatoes, and other vegetables, they left Santa Cruz, and made the island of St. Antonio on the 6th November, when the sparkling phosphorescence of the sea induced the naturalists to make some experiments on this well-known, but hitherto unexplained phenomenon. The results were unsatisfactory, and we forbear to copy them.

They now came into those regions of squalls, heavy rains, and a close, damp atmosphere, which are almost invariably experienced within eight or ten degrees on either side of the equator. For several days the sun was hid from their sight.

'The thermometer was constantly between 79° and 84° of Fahrenheit, the air damp and oppressive; yet with all the uneasiness which I felt for the health of our people, I had not a single invalid during the whole of the time. Every precaution indeed was taken by lighting fires, and fumigating the ship. Our supply of citrons, pumpkins, and potatoes, laid in at Teneriffe, carried us even as far as St. Catharine's. Instead of brandy I caused a pint of Teneriffe wine to be issued to each man, and every evening and morning they had weak punch served out, made very sweet, and mixed with a considerable portion of citron juice. We availed ourselves of every moment of sunshine, to air and dry the clothes and bedding, which the constant rains gave us a good opportunity of washing. The heat did not appear to affect our people so much as I had expected.'

On the 26th of November they crossed the equator in $24^{\circ} 20'$ W. longitude, between which and 20° W. the commanders of ships in the East India Company's service agree that those calms, so harassing to ships bound to the southward, may be best avoided.

'Here, under a salute of eleven guns,' says Captain Krusenstern, 'we drank the health of the Emperor Alexander, in whose glorious reign the Russian flag first waved in the southern hemisphere.'

In skirting the coast of Brazil, Captain Krusenstern endeavoured to discover the existence of the island of Ascension, in quest of which La Perouse spent several days, and on whom the editor of his voyage has passed a censure, for having dropped the search, at the very moment when he must have been close upon it. The grounds of this conclusion are, 1. That D'Après de Manivillette has determined its longitude to be 38° W. of Paris, and that La Perouse did not sail so far; and 2d. That Lepine, a French naval officer, had in 1791 touched at both Trinidad and Ascension; that the latitude of the latter was $20^{\circ} 38'$ S. and its distance from the

coast of Brazil 120 leagues. Captain Krusenstern kept the two ships at a distance from each other, on each side of the parallel mentioned by this Frenchman, and continued westerly to the longitude of $39^{\circ} 20'$ from Paris, or $1^{\circ} 20'$ more westerly than D'Après has placed the island of Ascension; at which time he was not more than 70 leagues from the coast of Brazil. We are therefore inclined to believe with him, that no such island exists; at least 'that it is very problematical whether Lepine really touched at it; and that if he actually touched at any island, the latitude is not correctly given by him, which is scarcely, indeed, to be expected from a Frenchman.'

On the 21st of December, a Portuguese pilot carried them into the harbour, formed between the Isle of St. Catharine and the mainland, of which the Portuguese charts were all found to be exceedingly incorrect. Here the main and fore masts of the *Neva* were found to be so defective as to require new ones, an operation which detained them five weeks. Little alteration appears to have taken place in this settlement since the days of Anson, and none since the visit of La Perouse. The same vile system of monopoly and restriction is still acted upon by the Portuguese government. The local advantages which this excellent harbour possesses, the healthy climate, the fertile soil, and the many valuable productions of the island, as well as the main, are sufficient to raise it into a place of very considerable importance, were it not crushed by the most miserable policy that ever degraded a civilized government. The Prince Regent has, it is true, declared it a free port; yet nothing is to be exported but such articles as are paid for in specie; and timber, the principal produce, is not to be exported at all. A free port like this, without a free trade, is as insulting to the natives, as it is injurious to the sovereign. It is favourable, however, to transient visitors, and there is certainly no place in the southern Atlantic at all to be compared with St. Catharine's. The climate is particularly healthy at all times of the year; the water very good and conveniently procured; firewood to be had for the labour of felling, or to be purchased for a trifle. Provisions of all descriptions, and fruits of various kinds, are abundant and cheap. An ox of 400 lbs. cost no more than eight dollars, a hog of 200 lbs. ten dollars, and five good fowls were purchased for one. The season was rather too early for oranges and lemons, yet the Russians procured them by thousands for a mere trifle: water melons and pumpkins were in the greatest plenty.

The command of the garrison, it seems, is, by a special privilege, vested in the descendants of the celebrated Vasco de Gama. In the year 1785, when La Perouse touched at this island, Don Antonio de Gama was the military commandant; and Don Joseph de

de Carrado, a descendant of the family, held the appointment when the Russians visited it. The population of the town did not exceed 3000, including negro slaves, who inhabited about one hundred mean houses and as many meaner huts; but the situation was delightful; and a new church, the government house, and the barracks for the troops, were objects remarkably distinguished from the rest of the buildings.

It was the 2d of February before they were ready to depart from St. Catharine's, and a strong northerly wind prevented their sailing until the 4th. This delay threw their passage round Cape Horn much later in the season than was desirable. Near this ultima Thule of the south, they found the weather extremely cold, rainy, and boisterous, and the sea running mountains high; still, however, by the unwearied attention and excellent precautions of Captain Krusenstern, they doubled the Cape without having a single invalid in either ship. He now thought it advisable to put the ship's company to an allowance of water: to the five Japanese only a larger portion was allowed; yet it seems they alone murmured at an arrangement which was considered necessary for the safety of the whole.

'I had frequently,' says Captain Krusenstern, 'during the voyage found occasion to be very much displeased with our Japanese; and indeed, it is scarcely possible to form an idea of a more worthless set of men. Although I treated them with particular kindness and attention, and bore their selfish humours with a degree of patience, at which I was myself astonished; yet this treatment, unmerited as it was on their part, had not the least effect on their turbulent character. They were indolent, filthy, ill-tempered, and passionate. They were always quarrelling with him who acted as interpreter, who was as bad as the rest, merely because he was more noticed by the ambassador.'

Fine weather and a clear horizon allowed them fortunately to take very accurate observations in passing Cape St. John, the eastern point of Staatenland, and to verify the longitude of that Cape, which as Captain Krusenstern observes, has already been determined by the celebrated Cook, with as much precision as most of the cities of Europe, although but a barren rock, at the extremity of one of the rudest and most inhospitable islands of the globe; yet, as he continues, how infinitely important is this accuracy to the safety of the navigator!

The longitude of this remarkable Cape, as determined by one of their chronometers was

By another	—	—	63° 42' 30"
By the Neva	—	—	63 49 45
By Cook	—	—	63 47 —
By Malespina	—	—	63 40 —

The greatest difference being only 7' 45". 'Captain Cook's must, therefore,' says Captain Krusenstern, 'be admitted as the true longitude, since all the others differ only a few minutes from his.'

It took them just a month, from the time they left St. Catharine's, to double Cape Horn; shortly after which, in 47° 9', they lost sight of the Neva, who did not rejoin them till the arrival of the *Nadeshda* on the 7th of May, in the bay which Lieutenant Hergest called *Anna Maria*, in *Nukahiwa*, one of the *Marquesas*;—to the group in which it lies, Captain Krusenstern has thought fit to sanction, by his adoption, the name of *Washington's Islands*. With what propriety a small cluster of islands, so contiguous to a larger as to be visible the one from the other, while the distance between the nearest of the two groups is less than the distance between many of the islands in each group respectively, can be dignified by a new name, we are at a loss to discover. The cluster of islands usually called *Marquesas* on the charts, was first seen by Meudana, in 1595, from whom they received the name of *Mendoza*, in honour of the Marquis *Mendoza* then viceroy of Peru: in 1774, the same islands were visited by Captain Cook; in 1780, by the Frenchman, *Marchand*; in 1799, they were seen, (but not visited,) by the master of an American vessel, whose name was *Ingraham*; in 1792, by Lieutenant Hergest, of the *Dædalus* transport; and in 1779, by Captain Wilson, who carried out the missionaries to the South Sea islands.

Marchand, actuated by the spirit of the times, changed their name without ceremony to that of *Isles de la Révolution*; from *Ingraham's* merely seeing them they obtained the name of *Washington's Islands*; Hergest conferred distinct names on each; and *Vancouver*, in honour of this unfortunate officer, who was afterwards murdered at *Wahoo*, gave them the name of *Hergest's Islands*: 'having thus,' as Captain Krusenstern observes, 'the singular favour of four new names bestowed upon them in the space of two years.' The endless confusion created in geographical science by such a practice, cannot be too strongly reprobated. There are no people so barbarous as not to have some name for the spot which they inhabit; it would be enough, therefore, to allow the first discoverer to give a general name to the group, but to retain the specific native names appropriated to each island respectively. 'But,' says Captain Krusenstern, with less good sense than we expected from him, 'should not an exception be made in favour of the name of *Washington*, which must prove an ornament to any chart?' We answer that truth and precision are the only ornaments that ought to be admitted in any chart. 'Is it allowed,' he observes, 'to strike out of the charts the immortal name of the

founder and protector of a great state, to which one of its grateful citizens had dedicated a new group of islands? To this we reply by another question, By what right did this citizen change a name which had been conferred 200 years ago, to gratify the inordinate vanity of himself and his countrymen at the expense of introducing confusion and perplexity; and on what chart has this name been inserted? While on this subject, we cannot help observing to Captain Krusenstern that, when he confers the names of Cape Tchitschagoff, and Tchesicoff, and Tchesma, with many others, on those capes and islands on the coast of Japan, which in all probability have been named in charts constructed 2000 years ago, it is just as if a Russian, in sailing along the coast of England, should think fit to change Flamborough-head into Cape Krusenstern, and convert Dunnose into the nose of Tchichigoff or any other celebrated Russian admiral.

On the Nadesha approaching the bay of Anna Maria, a canoe was perceived coming off, with eight persons in it, one of whom carried a white flag. He proved to be an Englishman, of the name of Roberts, who had lived seven years on this island, and two on that of St. Christina, where, according to his account, he had been landed from an English merchant ship, because he refused to join the crew in a mutiny. He appeared in all respects like the natives, having no other dress than a girdle about his loins. He told them, that being married into the royal family of Nukahiva he was held in great consideration by the islanders. He warned the Russians against a Frenchman, who had been some years among them: this man he represented as having made several attempts against his life.

'Here too, then,' says Captain Krusenstern, 'was found that inborn hatred which exists between the French and English. Not contented with disturbing the peace of the civilized world, the natives of these recently discovered islands must also feel the influence of their detestable rivalry. How deplorable is it, that even at this distance, among the rudest and most barbarous of mankind, where self-preservation alone ought to have united two civilized men, if even half the globe had interposed between their native countries,—that here two Europeans should so hate one another, as to seek each other's life—the Englishman had frequently proposed a reconciliation, adding, however, with great emphasis, 'that it was easier to float the rocks than to inspire this Frenchman with friendly sentiments.'

We are sorry to observe, that Captain Krusenstern betrays, perhaps unconsciously, a little fretfulness at the high character of the English, and a lurking desire to level it to that of other nations, at the expense of his good sense, and even of his conviction: what but this could have led to his querulous declamation, which was

totally uncalled for! We cannot discover the least cause for surprise at any want of cordiality between these two men. Roberts, by the captain's own account, was an excellent character, and highly esteemed by the natives: of his good disposition, as well as of his readiness to assist and to serve them, the Russians had a thousand proofs; while they were daily experiencing the baseness and perfidy of the 'wild Frenchman,' as they termed him. All that this man had to say against Roberts was, that he was too honest, and that his reluctance to thieving would ultimately be the cause of his dying of hunger. Of the mischievous disposition of the Frenchman, they had the following instance: he caused a report to be spread that the king was put in irons on board the *Nadeshda*, upon which the whole island flew to arms; and poor Roberts, in endeavouring to undeceive them, had nearly lost his life, while all intercourse was withdrawn from the Russian ships. As Captain Krusenstern has thought fit to transfer the 'inborn hatred' from two individuals to the two nations, can he be surprized, supposing the comparison of the national character to hold good with that of the two individuals in question, that they should not readily amalgamate? It is next to a physical impossibility, and we are old-fashioned enough to hope that it may long continue to be so; as we are not aware that, even if practicable, any good would result from such an 'union.'

It will not be necessary to detain our readers with a minute account of the people of Nukahiwa. The child of nature is pretty nearly the same restless, unfeeling, treacherous, and savage animal, whether in the warm and fertile islands within the tropics, or in the barren and frozen regions near the polar circles. Those, however, who suppose a state of nature to be a state of innocence and happiness, would probably find their opinions strengthened by a short visit to the Marquesas, the natives of which, in their manners and appearance, are highly prepossessing. By Captain Cook they are described as the finest race of people in the whole Pacific. Mendana considered them as a noble and elegant race of men, and describes the females as paragons of beauty. Seven young women, who swam off to the *Duff* quite naked, except a few green leaves tied round their middle, are represented by Captain Wilson as exquisitely handsome, and so finely shaped, that they might have served as models for the painter and the statuary; and they are described as possessing such symmetry of features, and such healthful glow of complexion, that their equals were rarely to be met with. These beautiful creatures continued to play about in the water, and to swim round the ship, till at length, by calling out piteously 'Waheine,'—we are women,—the missionaries were prevailed upon to let them come on board, where they had an excellent

cellent opportunity of surveying their persons :—a ‘temptation,’ says the journalist, ‘which no one, without great restraints from God’s grace, could have resisted.’

The favourable part of Captain Krusenstern’s account of the people of Nukahiwa differs little from those above-mentioned ; but he goes farther than they have done, and gives the whole of their character. He describes the men as tall, elegant, well-made figures, some considerably above six feet high, muscular, with handsome shaped heads, and well-turned necks ; the countenance expressive of goodness, but the eye deficient in animation. The women might be considered as beautiful in any country. The head approached more to a round than an oval form ; the eye was large and sparkling, but wanted the expression of feeling and feminine softness. Their skin was remarkably clear, a blooming colour suffused their cheeks ; their teeth were good, and their curling hair was gracefully entwined in a white band in a tasteful and becoming manner : great frankness and good humour were apparent in all their countenances. Their figures, however, were not good ; they were rather short, and ill-proportioned ; the lower part of the body was protuberant, even in girls of eighteen, and they had all of them an unseemly carriage. Both men and women manifested the best possible disposition in their intercourse with the Russians, assisting them in cutting wood and filling water, and always appearing pleased and happy. In bartering they shewed an unusual degree of confidence ; and though thieving seems to be the natural propensity of uneducated man, yet during the ten days which the Russians continued among them, the only theft committed was that of an iron hoop from a cask on shore.

We must now take a short view of the reverse of the picture. We are told, that when the men who had come on board with coconuts, bananas, and bread-fruit, were gone in the evening on shore, at least a hundred women remained swimming round the ship, sometimes for five hours together, throwing themselves into the most indecent attitudes, and entreating in the most earnest manner to be taken on board : in short, they are described as addicted to all manner of debauchery ; and it is stated that, girls of ten or twelve years of age, and one, in particular, not exceeding eight, were among the most forward to offer themselves for prostitution. Captain Krusenstern seems to think, however, that this remarkable debasement of the female character was not so much the effect of levity and unruly passions, as the consequence of unnatural and tyrannical orders from their husbands and fathers ; as it was observed, that when the women returned in the morning, the men swam off to meet and deprive them of the presents which they had received on board.

With

With every inclination to look with a charitable eye on the failings of the fair, we have our doubts how far the ladies of the Marquesas can with propriety be exculpated from the charge of 'levity.' The examination of 'a jury of matrons,' which the chastity of the missionary Harris had provoked, while asleep, indicates, at least, a turn for something very near it, even though they may not, as Captain Wilson has it, 'be abandoned and given up to wickedness.' We are told, besides, that adultery is practised with impunity; that, as a natural consequence of it, the greatest indifference prevails between husbands and wives, and between parents and children; and that mothers never suckle their infants, which are mostly brought up by the nearest relations, and fed upon fruits and raw fish.

It has been supposed by former visitors, that the Marquesas were exempt from the horrid practice of child-murder, and all the other evils produced by the accursed Arreoe society of which we have heard so much on the other southern islands; that hogs only were offered as sacrifices, and not human victims. We have now the testimony of Captain Krusenstern collected from the reports of the Englishman and Frenchman, who had long dwelt among them, and who were always glad of the opportunity of contradicting each other's statements, that these people, who possess such suavity of manners, and whose seemingly good disposition has been the theme of praise from every tongue, are, in fact, the worst of cannibals; that in times of famine, which are not uncommon, women and children are eagerly devoured; that the law only of the strongest then prevails, and the weak and helpless are sure to be selected as the first victims: that in fact they have a relish for human flesh, and that war is expressly made to enable them to gratify this horrible appetite. Both the Europeans had witnessed the scenes which then take place; both had seen them tearing the flesh of their victims with savage and disgusting avidity, and completing the feast by sipping the blood out of the skull.

In corroboration of this statement, human skulls, with a hole in the back part, were offered to the Russians for sale; all their weapons were ornamented with human hair, and human bones were attached to all their household furniture.

'Their usual mode of warfare is to be constantly watching for, and secretly butchering, their prey, which they never fail to devour on the spot. He who shews the greatest skill in these arts, who can lie the longest on his belly with the least motion, who can breathe the most softly, run the swiftest, and spring with the greatest agility from rock to rock, obtains the greatest share of reputation. In all these acquirements the Frenchman particularly excelled, and he has frequently entertained us with a relation of his exploits, and of the numbers slain by him in this mode of carrying on war, with a minute detail of all the circumstances

stances attending these events. But he assured us, and even Roberts, his enemy, did him the justice to say, that he had never eaten human flesh, but always exchanged his victims for hogs.'

Of the existence of cannibals we can no longer entertain any doubt; but we confess ourselves rather sceptical as to the usually assigned motive for their becoming so, namely, the love of human flesh. We can conceive that famine, revenge, and even superstition, may drive these wretched men to this horrible expedient; but that they should make war for the sole purpose of eating one another, is too monstrous to be believed: indeed the following passage tends to shew that they are rather averse from war.

'The war is continued until one of the chiefs demands a truce for the purpose of celebrating a dance-feast, the Olympic games of those savages; they agree upon a term, and all parties, friends as well as enemies, assist in the preparations; and as a proof that these rude and blood-thirsty men take no pleasure in a continued state of warfare, but are occasionally glad to live in peace and security, they frequently prolong the time for making these preparations. Six months had elapsed since the last truce was proclaimed, and eight months more were to pass before the feast, although the extent of the preparations is merely that of making a sort of platform, on which the dancing is to be performed. After the termination of the feast they return home, and the war re-commences in all its vigour.'

Another salutary contrivance which prevails over all the pacific islands is that of declaring a person or place *Tabboo*, or sacred. Any spot said to be *Tabboo* is a sanctuary from blood. The king and his whole family are *Tabboo*; the priests (for there are priests it seems, though no religion) are *Tabboo*; and Roberts the Englishman, from his superior knowledge, which, in fact, is power, and from a general belief that all European ships come from the clouds, was *Tabboo*: but, as Captain Krusenstern observes, a seven years' acquaintance with him had probably tarnished the lustre of his divinity. Indeed he expressed some fears that the next war or famine, or the death of the high-priest, who was then very ill (on which occasion three human beings must be sacrificed) might prove fatal to him. Captain Krusenstern offered to convey him to the Sandwich islands, from whence he would easily find an opportunity of getting to China, but he could not prevail on himself to quit his wife, who had just brought him a son. By his own account, he led a happy and independent life; he had built for himself a neat house, situated in the midst of a grove of cocoa-trees, on one side of which was a rivulet, and on the other a mineral spring trickling down a rock. He possessed a piece of land, which he cultivated with skill and diligence, introducing such improvements as suggested themselves from time to time. The Frenchman

man being less respected, had less confidence in the Nukahiwas. Having stolen on board, and stowed himself away when the Nadeshda was leaving the harbour, the Russians carried him to Kamschatka and left him there to pass a Siberian winter, or to find his way home in the best manner he could.

Being grievously disappointed in not procuring any refreshments except the bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, bananas, and water, the two ships steered for Owyhee, the principal of the Sandwich islands, where they met with no better success. The inhabitants would not part with any thing but in exchange for cloth. Iron, which a few years ago was the only object of their rapacity, they now seemed to despise; knives, scissars, hatchets, &c. they scarcely deigned to look upon. They were already arrived at such a degree of luxury, that nothing would satisfy them which was not calculated to flatter their vanity. The Russian ships being unprovided with any thing of this kind, and the crews perfectly healthy, Captain Krusenstern resolved that the Nadeshda should make the best of her way to Kamschatka. On crossing the northern tropic they had a calm of two days, the sea was without the least motion, its surface like a mirror, corresponding completely with the name of Pacific, so justly given to this vast ocean. Dr. Horner availed himself of this opportunity to ascertain the temperature of the sea at different depths. The mercury in Six's thermometer gave the following results:

	Surface	at 25 fathoms.	50 fathoms.	125 fathoms.
	20. 5.	19. 7	17. 3	13. 3
Diff. {	Reaumur	. 8	3. 2	7. 2
	Fahrenheit	2°	7½	17°

When on the equator, the mercury, at the depth of 100 fathoms, fell from 22½ to 12½ of Reaumur, making a difference of 9½ or 23° of Fahrenheit. Off Cape Horn the difference at 100 fathoms' depth was only 1½ Reaumur, the mercury at the surface being 2½, and at the depth aforesaid 1½.

Count Romanzow had given particular instructions to Captain Krusenstern to look out very diligently for an island to the eastward of Japan, abounding with gold and silver. A final hope was entertained that this El Dorado, which had in vain been sought for by the Spaniards and Dutch 200 years ago, and which had eluded the search of Cook, Clarke, Dixon, Vancouver, La Perouse, Colnet, Broughton, and many others, was reserved for a Russian discovery, and that its rich mines of gold and silver were destined to fill the coffers of the Emperor Alexander. In vain, however, did Captain Krusenstern, both in his passage to Kamschatka, and

and from thence to Japan, use all diligence to discover those golden regions which have long been exploded from the charts.

Captain Krusenstern is somewhat dissatisfied with the English government for not publishing the discoveries of Colnet and Broughton along the coasts of Japan, which omission he seems to think, 'would almost lead to the conclusion, that it purposely wished to conceal them.' We are not much afraid of any suspicion of this kind, or that our travellers and voyagers will put their candles under a bushel. Captain Broughton *has* published the very little which he did discover; and Captain Colnet probably did not publish because he had nothing to communicate. His was a voyage of private speculation; but we have seen his journal, and can assure Captain Krusenstern, that all he says of the islands to the northward of Fatsisio, which he accidentally observed to be laid down on some old charts, is to the following purport: 'I had every reason to doubt their existence; but as it continued thick weather, it was my business to avoid rather than seek for their situation.' The fact is, that on all the old Spanish and Dutch charts, islands, rocks, and shoals, are laid down on very slender authority, and frequently without any authority at all: those that have any existence are invariably misplaced several degrees with regard to their longitude; which, in the longest voyages, the Dutch even at this day are satisfied to determine by the compass and the log-line!

On the 13th of July the *Nadeshda* made the land near Shipunskoy-noss, and on the 15th came to anchor in the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul, after a passage of five months and a half from the Brazils, and 11 months from Cronstadt, having lost only one man. Here they were detained nearly two months, waiting for the governor and for supplies, both of which had to come from Nischney Kamschatsk, a distance of 700 versts: these supplies were the whole winter's stock of provisions which the governor had laid in for his own consumption. He sent likewise to Weschnoy Kamtschatsk, a distance of 400 versts, for *three* oxen belonging to the crown, and *two* others his own property, the whole that could be spared; a pretty strong proof of the scarcity of provisions in this distant and dreary corner of the globe.

On the 6th of September the *Nadeshda* left Kamtschatka, encountering many hard gales of wind, and much rain, which prevented them from making as many observations as they wished in these little frequented and almost unknown seas. It brightened up, however, on their approach towards the southern extremity of Japan, affording them an opportunity of making some remarks on the numerous islands and channels through which it is necessary to pass, in order
to

to reach the harbour of Nangasaki, where they anchored about the middle of October.

Captain Krusenstern complains, and not without reason, of the defective manner in which most of those islands and channels are laid down, in the few old charts which exist, of the coast of Japan. He speaks with becoming indignation of the Dutch, who, with more opportunities, have done less for geographical and nautical science, than any other maritime nation of Europe. All that we know of Japan is due to Kämpfer and Thunberg, neither of whom were Dutchmen. 'Can this reserve,' says Captain Krusenstern, 'proceed from fear of the government of Japan, or is it to be ascribed to indolence and a narrow policy?' The first cannot be the case; as both Kämpfer and Thunberg belonged to the Dutch factory, and were regarded as Dutchmen; and their works are read in Japan by all the interpreters. It cannot be from indolence, because a Dutchman is proverbially known as a pains-taking animal; nor is he deficient in mental capacity: one cannot therefore, as Captain Krusenstern observes,

'Forbear attributing this reserve on the part of the Dutch, to an absurd policy, at variance with the true spirit of a philosophical age, and quite unworthy a republican government. Has the commerce of England,' he asks, 'suffered any thing by the liberality of her government in this respect, or, has that of the Dutch gained any thing by her contemptible and disgusting secrecy?'

We can safely answer in the negative as far as regards her connection with every nation, except Japan; and if we are not deceived, a brief retrospect of European intercourse with this country, will shew us, that even here, their base and treacherous conduct towards other nations, and the degrading, and humiliating point of view in which they have placed their own, have been but ill compensated by the exclusive privilege of a paltry trade, and a slavish submission of two hundred years to the whim and caprice of an arbitrary and despotic government.

The empire of Japan was never heard of in Europe until the publication of Marco Polo's extraordinary travels. His Zipangu was totally new, and the account of it considered as fabulous; but its existence could not long be doubted, nor its position mistaken, the name being in fact its real Chinese appellation, *Je-pun-quo*, 'the kingdom of the rising sun.' It remained unvisited, however, by Europeans, till the year 1542, when a Portuguese of the name of Fernando Mendez Pinto, with two of his countrymen, having embarked at Macao in a Chinese vessel, on a voyage to the *Lieou-queou* islands, were thrown by a storm on the coast of Japan, where they were treated with great humanity; the Chinese Captain was allowed to trade; and Pinto was sent for to the court of the king

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of Bungo, who, having heard of the strangers, and sagaciously collected from the circumstance, that the world had in it more people than themselves and the Chinese supposed, was resolved to make some further inquiries into the matter. Pinto had the good fortune to cure the king of the gout by a Chinese drug, which procured him all sorts of honour and distinction. An unlucky accident, however, had nearly proved fatal to him. Pinto had a gun which was an object of universal admiration. The hereditary prince, having clandestinely got hold of it, charged it so high, that it burst and nearly blew off his thumb. The bonzes pretended that it was a conspiracy against the life of the prince, and recommended that Pinto should be offered as a sacrifice to the Gods. The young man, however, who had only fainted from the pain, on coming to himself, desired to be put under the care of the stranger, who succeeded in healing him. He was now loaded with presents and after some time allowed to depart. From this moment Saint Xavier and a host of Portuguese Jesuits crossed over to Japan in trading vessels from Macao Goa, and their other establishments in India. These extraordinary men, who had the knack of accommodating the Christian religion to the principles and practice of the religion of those whom they meant to convert, succeeded beyond all expectation in Japan. They baptized kings, viceroys, and magistrates; and in the great cities of Meaco and Jeddo, thousands daily enlisted under the banners of the Cross. The similarity of the functions of the spiritual sovereign at Meaco and of the Pope, the resemblance of the Holy Mother to the Virgin Mary, with all the inferior appendages of images, dress, shaved heads, tingling of bells, burning of incense, and chaunting of orisons; the state of celibacy to which bonzes as well as monks were doomed,—all tended to facilitate the introduction of the catholic religion into Japan; and the rapidity of its progress is almost incredible.

In 1609, a Spanish governor of the Phillipine isles was wrecked on his passage to New Spain, upon the coast of Japan, from whence he was forwarded to Acapulco in a ship constructed under the directions of an Englishman of whom we shall presently speak. The Spaniards returned the obligation by an embassy in 1611, and from that time shared with the Portuguese in the commerce and conversion of the Japanese.

The Dutch owed their first knowledge of Japan to an accident, and their establishment in that country to an Englishman. Four ships were fitted out in the Texel in the year 1598, for a voyage round Cape Horn to the East Indies, three of which were wrecked upon the coast of America, and the fourth, which was piloted by William Adams, an Englishman, found its way to the coast of Japan. Here they had the ill fortune to meet with some Portuguese Jesuits
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who endeavoured to persuade the Japanese to hang them up as pirates. Luckily, however, the emperor had been apprized of this vessel, and had the curiosity to send for the pilot to court. Adams was an ingenious man, and soon worked himself into favour. He explained to him the different kingdoms of the world, drew him charts, instructed him in geometry, and built him ships. In short, the Emperor took so great a liking to him, that he never would be prevailed on to suffer him to leave Japan; but at his solicitation he allowed the Dutch ship, in which he had come, to proceed to Batavia, with permission to return for the purposes of trade. The Dutch gladly availed themselves of this opening; and, on their second visit, by means of Adams, had all the difficulties which the Portuguese and Spaniards are stated to have thrown in their way easily removed; at his request they were allowed the further indulgence of establishing a factory on the island Firando, in the year 1611.

There can be little doubt that many letters written by Adams were suppressed by the Dutch, as one only reached England, addressed to his unknown friends and countrymen at Limehouse, or Gillingham. Another of his letters, however, fell into the hands of the English at Bantam, who, in consequence thereof, in the year 1613, dispatched the *Clove*, commanded by John Saris, with the view of establishing a commercial intercourse with Japan. On his arrival at Firando he was well received, and Adams shortly made his appearance to convey him to court, where a licence was without difficulty obtained for the English East India Company's ships to come to any of the ports of Japan without let or hindrance; to buy, sell, and barter, free from all duties, and at their pleasure depart; to establish a factory, and trade freely with the subjects of Japan. Such signal favours could not fail to bring upon the English the hatred of the Dutch, who, being vastly superior in point of numbers, proceeded to all sorts of violence and personal outrage against them; but the latter maintained their ground by having a good friend in Adams at court. From some unknown cause, however, (probably from some indications of the gathering storm,) the English speedily withdrew from Japan, and a violent persecution of the Christians took place, which ended in the total extirpation of Christianity out of the empire. The Dutch lay the whole blame on the Portuguese Jesuits, who, they say, instead of continuing to observe that moderation and humility which first gained them the esteem of the Japanese, grew proud, insolent and dissolute; continually intriguing at court, and meddling with state affairs; 'making the direction of consciences much less their care than the direction of councils.' On the other hand, the Portuguese

guese complain of the treacherous conduct of the Dutch, who not only propagated all manner of slanders to their discredit, but fabricated accounts of plots, the supposed object of which was to dethrone the emperor, and subvert the government; and add that, to avert the storm after the persecution had begun, they were base enough to abjure Christianity, and to take the abominable test established by the Japanese, which required them to trample on the image of the Virgin Mary, and on the cross. Thunberg, however, denies that the Dutch, in his time, were called upon to perform this disgraceful ceremony, though he admits that it is observed for two or three days annually, at Nangasaki, by the Japanese, to impress on the minds of the rising generation an abhorrence and detestation of the Christian religion, and of the Portuguese who introduced it; a ceremony which even children in the arms are called upon to perform.

The Portuguese were completely routed from Japan in the year 1639, and no farther attempts were made on the part of the English till 1673, when the East India Company sent a ship to Nangasaki with a letter from his Britannic Majesty to the Emperor of Japan. The governor, having gone on board with some Dutch interpreters, asked a number of questions, and among others, which were evidently suggested by the Dutch, what sort of Christians the English were, and if King Charles was not married to a Portuguese princess? The result of the examination was sent to the Emperor, and in the mean time the English were confined to their ship. In somewhat less than a month the Emperor's commands were brought on board with great solemnity, and pronounced in a few words. 'The Emperor cannot permit any intercourse with his dominions to the subjects of a prince who has married the daughter of the King of Portugal.'

Thus ended all communication with Japan on the part of the English till the year 1803, (the same year in which the Russians appeared there,) when a ship was sent on a mercantile speculation from Calcutta; she was refused admittance, and ordered to leave the coast in twenty-four hours. Captain Colnet had, indeed, in the year 1791, skirted the western coast with the view of entering some of the harbours, for the purpose of opening a trade with the natives, but he was every where repulsed by the guard boats which completely blocked up all access: they readily supplied him with wood and water, which they brought on board, free of expense; and having done this, they clamoured out *curré, curré*, which he conceived to signify 'get away;' but which it seems, from the account given by Captain Saris, is a term of reproach with which he and his companions were assailed by the mob in all the towns through which they passed, *Core, core, cocori ware*: 'You Coreans,

with false hearts.' To all the entreaties of Captain Colnet to be allowed to enter a harbour, they shut their eyes and stopt their ears; 'by which,' says he, 'I understood that their orders were to be deaf and blind to all that I should urge.'

In 1808, Captain Pellew, in the *Phaeton* frigate, entered the harbour of Nangasaki under Dutch colours. A boat, with a Japanese officer and two Dutchmen, came off to meet the *Phaeton's* boat; but on the latter laying hold of the former, and the Japanese making some shew of resistance, the crew drew their cutlasses, and all but the two Dutchmen immediately jumped overboard. Notwithstanding this inauspicious rencontre, the Japanese very readily sent off the following morning an ample supply of goats, vegetables, fire wood neatly cut into lengths, and water, for which they refused any payment; nor could they be prevailed on to accept the least trifle in return: all they required was, that the vessel would depart, leaving the inhabitants unmolested; and we may safely venture to say that they never wish to see an English frigate again.

It would appear from this brief sketch of European intercourse with Japan, that the exclusion of foreigners formed no part of the constitution of that government; but that all the rigid and precautionary measures adopted by it, owe their existence entirely to the conduct of those Europeans who gained an early admittance into the country; and we may farther add that the jealousy first raised by the Portuguese Jesuits has sedulously been kept up by the Dutch, who, for the sake of a pitiful monopoly, have consented to sacrifice their religion, their liberty, and every honourable and manly principle.

The Russians were fully aware of all those insulting and mortifying precautions; yet, as they had an ambassador on board of high rank, charged with dispatches, and bearing presents and assurances of friendship from the sovereign of a powerful and neighbouring empire, they were willing to persuade themselves that they should be received with civility, and probably with somewhat more distinction than it is thought necessary to shew to the Dutch and Chinese traders; at any rate, they made sure of a journey to Jeddo, which would enable them to communicate some additional and, perhaps, more authentic information respecting this extraordinary people than had hitherto been afforded. All their expectations, however, met with the most mortifying disappointment. The ambassador and his suit, the captain, officers and crew, were kept close prisoners on board the *Nadeshda* for two months, and shut up for four more on the nook of a small island projecting into the bay of Nangasaki. 'The reader must not therefore,' says Captain Krusenstern, 'expect any satisfactory account of Japan from me, although we remained there above six months.' Where the sum
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of our knowledge is so small, however, every addition must be considered as valuable.

The first proceedings of the Japanese, after the *Nadeshda* anchored, were to take possession of all the powder and fire-arms, even to the fowling pieces of the officers, and to send them on shore; the next step was to forbid any of the Russians to land, or even to row about the harbour within a short distance of the ship. In fact, she was surrounded by a circle of thirty-two guard boats, through which no one was allowed to pass. And when two Dutch vessels, that were lying in the harbour, were about to depart, a message was sent to Captain Krusenstern directing him on no account to return their salute, which he was carefully informed was not meant as a compliment to the Russians, but in honour of the Emperor of Japan.

It was not till after a negociation of six weeks that permission was obtained for them to take an occasional walk on the beach opposite to the ship. This walk was 100 paces long by 40 wide, shut in on the land side by a high fence of bamboos, and guarded by a watch-house at each end: this indulgence was granted on the plea of the ill-state of the ambassador's health. Every boat passing to and from the ship to this walk was conducted by a fleet of twelve or fifteen Japanese vessels. All intercourse with the Dutch ships was interdicted in the most positive manner; and when these sailed for Batavia, not a letter was allowed to be sent, except one from the ambassador to the Emperor of Russia, and in this he was directed to confine himself strictly to the transactions of his voyage. This letter was first translated into Dutch; a copy of it was then made with such accuracy that every line ended with the same letter as the original; this was deposited with the governor; the original was then sealed up in his presence, and carried on board by two of his secretaries. Not satisfied with all these precautions, we are told by Captain Krusenstern, that

‘When the Dutch ships sailed, he received an order on no account whatever to send a boat off to them; and when I hailed Captains Musquetier and Belmark to wish them a prosperous voyage as they passed by me, and to ask after their health, the only reply they made was a sign with their speaking trumpets; these Captains, as we afterwards learned, having been strictly forbidden to utter a single syllable in reply to any question that might be asked.’

Some little time after their arrival at Nangasaki, the director of the Dutch factory, Mynheer. Van Doeff, his secretary, a Baron Pabst, and the two Captains of the Dutch ships, attended by some of the Banjos or inferior magistrates of the town, paid a visit to the *Nadeshda*; and, as if these Japanese wished to exhibit to the Russians the state of degradation in which they held the Dutch,
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they kept the latter waiting a full hour alongside before they gave them leave to come on board. On their entering the cabin, the interpreter called out in an abrupt and insolent manner, '*Mynheer opperhoofd, compliment voor den opper Banjos.*' 'Mr. Director, pay your respects to the chief Banjos!' The compliment which '*Mynheer opperhoofd*' is thus called upon to pay to these petty officers, who have a mere temporary commission from the governor of Nangasaki, consists of an inclination of the body, so as to form a right angle, in which position Mynheer is to remain with extended arms until permitted to stand upright, which is not until a lapse of several minutes; and this abject act of servility is not returned even with a nod from the Banjos. When called on to do homage to the Emperor of Japan, the representative of the Dutch falls on his knees, and touches the ground with his forehead several times. This ceremony being performed, himself and his suit are then paraded through the streets of the capital to the houses of twelve or fourteen of the principal officers of the court, for the purpose of being exhibited to their women and children.

'When the ambassador at length received permission to land, a building, sufficiently large it is true, was appropriated for his reception; but the seven towers of Constantinople were scarcely so well guarded as our ambassador's *megasaky*. It was situated so near the sea that the tide flowed close up to the windows. When I say windows, indeed, I make use of an improper expression, which can hardly be applied to a square hole about a foot wide, filled with lattice work so as to admit only a glimmering light. A high bamboo fence surrounded the whole building, not only on the land side, but on that next the sea, in spite of the waves, the protection of which the Japanese did not consider to be sufficient. Two rows of bamboos were carried from the door down to the sea to the low water mark, so that boats could land only between this fence. A large gate with double locks closed the entrance on this side. An officer stationed in a boat near the ship was entrusted with the key of the outer lock, and another in the house with that of the inner; so that the keeper of the outer key attended every boat going on shore to open his lock, after which the officer of the inside was called upon to open his. In like manner, when the inside porter opened his lock, the porter afloat was hailed to go on shore to open the outer lock. The land side was guarded with the same precaution. A strong double locked gate closed the boundary of a small yard attached to the ambassador's house, and surrounded by guard houses, in which twelve officers and their men relieved each other daily on this duty: three other entire new buildings were run up to serve as the residence of other officers whose only employment must have been to keep a watchful look out upon us, and upon their own people. The number of persons coming on shore was always accurately taken, and the boat was not allowed to return without taking the same number, so that when any of the officers wished to pass the night at *Megasaky*, one of the ambassador's train was obliged

obliged to go back to the ship in his stead; and in like manner, if any one belonging to the ambassador had occasion to sleep on board, one of the seamen was sent on shore to supply his place.

These fellows are qualified to give instructions to Buonaparte, and we shall not be surprized if, when the Dutch factory is routed from Nangasaki, we hear of its members being transported to the mouths of the Ems and the Weser to act in the capacity of douaniers. Japanese precision, it would seem, extends only to number, and is indifferent as to quality. In fact, it is quite evident, that the officers and subjects of his Japanese majesty are mere automaton; incapable of judging of the spirit of an order, they are afraid of departing an iota from the letter of it. We recollect, in Thunberg, a ludicrous instance of their scrupulous adherence to precedent. He had obtained leave of the governor to botanize in the vicinity of the town, in consequence of its appearing that a similar permission had been given to a Dutch surgeon some years before. On examining more closely, however, it was discovered that the Dutch *bôtanist* was a surgeon's mate, whereas Thunberg was a full-grown surgeon, upon which the indulgence was immediately withdrawn, as not consistent with the laws of the empire, which, as in China, are the recorded mandates of a series of despots. Of the extreme absurdity of some of their laws, if they may be so called, the following instance, given by Captain Krusenstern, may serve as a specimen. One of the Japanese, who had been brought from Russia in the suite of the ambassador, in a fit of despondency made an attempt to put an end to his existence, by cutting his throat with a razor. The physician and the surgeon of the embassy instantly prepared to stanch the blood; but the Japanese guard interposed, asserting that it would be unprecedented to take any measures until the governor's orders had been received. It was in vain to tell them that the man might die in the interim: he was left to bleed on till the arrival of some of the Banjos, who declared that it would have been quite irregular for the Russian doctors to save the life of a Japanese; and he was accordingly turned over to the faculty to be dealt with according to the laws and institutions of Japan.

We are not told by Captain Krusenstern what was the nature of the negotiations carried on between the ambassador and the government. It would seem, however, that the mission was more of a complimentary than of a direct commercial character. They continued for nearly six months without making any apparent progress, the ambassador being in the mean time amused with a variety of fallacious promises, while expresses were constantly arriving from the temporal sovereign at Jeddo, and the spiritual ruler at Meaco, to both of which places he was led to suppose it

was intended he should proceed, especially after the receipt of an order to land all the presents. Among these were some mirrors of a remarkably large size. Captain Krusenstern inquired of the interpreter in what manner they proposed to convey them to Jeddo; he replied that, like every other present for his imperial majesty, they must be carried by men: the Captain affirmed that this would be impossible, as each of them would require at least sixty bearers, to be relieved at every half mile. The interpreter looking steadfastly at him, asked very coolly whether he really thought that any thing was impossible to the Emperor of Japan? 'Last year,' continued he, 'the Emperor of China sent a present to the Emperor of Japan, of a large live elephant, which we carried all the way from Nangasaki to Jeddo!'

The idea of the omnipotence of the Emperor of Japan is never called in question when an order emanates from the throne. A Chinese junk was wrecked in the Bay of Owang on the east coast of Japan. All foreign vessels are expressly forbidden to enter any port but Nangasaki, and if driven by accident or stress of weather into any other, they are immediately to be conveyed thither. The Chinese junk had lost her masts and rudder, and her hull was much damaged; but it was necessary to tow her to Nangasaki. The Chinese wished to break her up and sell the cargo on the spot; but such a proposal was not to be listened to: the operation of towing began, and after one hundred boats and six hundred men had been employed *fourteen months*, they got her to Nangasaki full of water.

When all the presents were landed, it was, for the first time, hinted to the ambassador, that it was just possible a plenipotentiary might arrive from Jeddo, which would spare him the necessity of so long a journey; and accordingly a few days after this, it was announced that the great personage was on the way; that, by his rank, he was of sufficient consequence to be permitted to look at the Emperor's feet; and that the ambassador ought therefore to consider the sending of such a man a high compliment paid to him. On the 30th of March this great man arrived at Nangasaki, to whose presence, after a negotiation of four days, the ambassador was admitted, on agreeing to pay to the representative of the Japanese emperor, the same compliment which Europeans are accustomed to pay to their own sovereigns; on condition, however, that he left behind him his sword and his shoes, and that he should squat on the floor with his feet tucked under him, it being quite impossible to allow him to exhibit them to so great a man. Nothing passed at this audience, but an exchange of compliments, and a few insignificant questions. A second was conducted with pretty nearly the same ceremony, and concluded by the plenipotentiary delivering

ing to the ambassador a paper containing the commands of his Imperial Majesty, to the following effect: 'That no Russian ship should thenceforward be permitted to enter any port of Japan; that the presents intended for his Imperial Majesty could not be accepted, nor the letter from the Emperor of Russia received.' Thus began and thus ended the important affair entrusted to the great plenipotentiary from Jeddo, of whom nothing more was heard or seen: but it was afterwards explained by the interpreter, that the presents and the letter could not be accepted without other presents, and an ambassador being sent in return to Russia, which would be contrary to the laws of the empire.

'Such,' says Captain Krusenstern, 'was the result of an embassy which had given rise to vast expectations. We not only gained by it no new advantages, but lost even those which we before possessed, namely, a written permission which Laxman had obtained for us to visit Nangasaki with one ship yearly. All communication is now at an end between Russia and Japan; unless indeed some great change should take place in the ministry of Jeddo, or in the government itself, and this is perhaps not to be expected, although the interpreters flattered the ambassador with assurances, that the treatment of him had created a great sensation throughout Japan; but particularly in the cities of Meaco and Nangasaki.'—And he adds in a note, 'By what Lieutenant Chwostoff, who visited the northern coast of Jesso in the years 1806 and 1807, learnt from the Japanese, a revolution did actually take place in Jeddo, for which the reason assigned was the dismissal of the Russian embassy.'

We did not expect that the sober good sense of Captain Krusenstern would have led him to give publicity to so idle a tale. Taught from infancy to consider all mankind as barbarians, who have not the good fortune to be born in Japan, and confirmed in this sentiment by daily experience of the most abject submission from a few miserable Dutchmen of the factory at Nangasaki, the only representatives of Europeans in this country, what possible interest could such a people take in any thing which might happen to a handful of Russians? The idea is too absurd to have occupied one moment's attention; unless, indeed, it was intended to flatter the vanity of Count Romanzoff.

To prevent all intercourse between the Russians and the people, the Japanese, like their jealous neighbours the Chinese, took great care to supply every thing that was necessary the moment that the demand was made. Provisions of the best kind which Nangasaki could afford, were sent off to the ship with the greatest punctuality; all materials, even to copper sheathing, were supplied for her repair; and before she left the bay, provisions for two months' consumption, together with 8000 lbs. of excellent biscuits, 2000 sacks of salt each weighing 30 lbs. and 100 sacks of rice of 150 lbs. each,

were sent on board as a present to the seamen; and 2000 pieces of silk wadding for the officers; in return for which they could not be prevailed on to accept the smallest trifle. They seemed indeed to say, 'You shall have all you want; but make the best of your way from our coasts the moment you have been so supplied.' The Russians were not sorry to obey the mandate; every man, from the ambassador to the cabin-boy, was heartily sick of Japan. The Japanese, on their part, were equally glad to get rid of their new visitors; they saw them safe out of the bay, and desired that they would on no account attempt to enter any of their harbours in future.

The *Nadeshda* had a very stormy and disagreeable passage round the Gotto islands on the east coast of Japan. She afterwards passed within sight of an island, which was supposed to be that of Oki. On opening the straits of Sangaur, which divide the great island of Japan from that of Jesso, the weather was sufficiently favourable to determine by observation the latitude and longitude of the two promontories which form the western end of these straits: continuing to the northward they examined the west coast of Jesso, and discovered that the Pic de Langle and Cape Guibert of La Perouse were not on the main land of Jesso, as laid down by that navigator, but on two different islands, between which and the N. W. coast of Jesso, the *Nadeshda* passed into the straits of La Perouse, and anchored in a bay to which they gave the name of Romanzoff.*

The *Nadeshda* was no sooner at anchor than several of the natives of Jesso came on board. Their first salutation was to drop on their knees, lay both hands on the head, then, drawing them down the face and breast, make a profound inclination of the head. The Russians presented them with biscuit and brandy, but they seemed to have no relish whatever for the latter. One of them brought with him as a present a boat load of excellent herrings, which served the whole ship's company for a meal. The dried herrings are represented by Captain Krusenstern as superior to any he had ever met with, and he sagaciously observes, that as they willingly gave one hundred of them in exchange for an old brass button, the latter must be exceedingly valuable, or the former of no value at all.

This northern extremity of Jesso is described as a dreary and

* If La Perouse had left it doubtful, whether this remarkable pic and headland were on Jesso, or on detached islands, the want of more accurate information would admit of a ready excuse; but to state positively in his journal what is not the fact, and to fill up in his chart the line of the coast, and shade it all round the northern extremity, throwing two considerable islands into the island of Jesso, between which and them is a broad passage, through which the *Nadeshda* navigated, is an assumption which merits the severest reprehension.

most miserable country. The Russians had been sanguine in the hope that their late imprisonment of six months in the bay of Nangasaki would speedily be compensated by a ramble on the northern coast of Jesso, uncontrolled by Japanese jealousy; but here also they were doomed to experience a grievous disappointment—all beyond a sandy beach strewn with pebbles, was bog, or snow, or deep clay, on which it was impossible to proceed a single step. In many places the snow lay in considerable depth, not a leaf was to be seen on any of the trees, nor the least appearance of verdure except what proceeded from a few wild leeks, and some scattered beds of samphire; yet the spring was now advanced to the middle of May, and the latitude of Romanzoff Bay is only $45^{\circ} 24'$; the parallel nearly on which Venice, Lyons, and Milan are situated. But even in Archangel, as Captain Krusenstern observes, which is eighteen degrees farther to the northward, so raw and late a season would be deemed extraordinary in the month of April, as was met with on the northern coast of Jesso in the middle of May. We pretend not to offer a solution of this remarkable fact. We do not think, however, that the proximity of the wild and mountainous regions of northern and eastern Tartary will furnish a sufficient reason for explaining an intensity of cold, and a backwardness in vegetation so disproportionate to the parallel of latitude. We are told indeed that the prevailing winds in the spring of the year blow from the south, and consequently over a vast expanse of ocean, in which case the snows of Tartary can have little influence. We should, therefore, be disposed to attribute the chilliness of the climate of Jesso, to the operation of local causes, namely, to those continued fogs, usually met with on shallow seas, and to the humid atmosphere arising from extensive swamps, and the retention of water on a deep clay; an atmosphere which requires the influence of a midsummer's sun to absorb the aqueous particles with which such a soil so abundantly supplies it. The line of no variation of the magnetic needle passes through the northern extremity of Jesso; but we are not sufficiently enamoured of theory to start the question, whether the position of the magnetic pole, and the direction of its effluvia have any influence on the temperature of the atmosphere.

The jealousy of the Japanese pursued them even to the northern extremity of Jesso. This large island may be considered in fact as one of their colonies. In every creek and bay on the coast they have an establishment of officers, resembling more the douaniers of Buonaparte in Holland and the Hanse towns, than any thing else to which we can compare them. They soon received a visit from one of these officers, who seemed to be exceedingly alarmed, and entreated most earnestly that they would immediately be
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gone; endeavouring to terrify them, as much as he could, with the extreme badness of the bay, the dreadful typhons to be expected, and above all, the sure destruction which awaited them from the Japanese squadron and its terrible *bomboms*; a word of which he frequently made use, puffing out his cheeks at the same time and making other antic gestures, to the great amusement of the Russians. On being assured that the moment the fog cleared away it was their intention to quit the bay, he became tranquillized, and communicated information respecting the neighbouring islands, which was not altogether useless.

Passing the straits of La Perouse, they again came to anchor in Aniwa bay, a deep gulph in the southern extremity of Sachalin or Saghalien called *Tchoka* by La Perouse, and Karafuta by the Japanese.* The native name, according to Captain Krusenstern, is Sandan, and that of the inhabitants, Ainos, who are precisely the same people with those who occupy Jesso, and the whole of the Kuriles islands, that is to say, Tartars. There is abundant reason to believe that this Sachalin or Karafuta is not an island, but a large peninsula connected with eastern Tartary, and that its name arises from the river Amour of the Russians, called *Saghalien Oula* by the Tartars, as mentioned by Du Halde, who adds that it forms a long narrow gulph, which may properly be called the gulph of Tartary. Captain Broughton navigated this gulph or channel to the northward, on the western side of Sachalin, till he had only two fathoms of water, and the passage to the northward appeared to be closed by low land: at this time his latitude was 52° N. La Perouse was of opinion that there is a passage through this channel of Tartary, making the great tract of land on the eastern side of it an island, which he calls *Tchoka*; but for which appellation there does not appear to be any authority. La Perouse, however, continued no farther to the northward than $51^{\circ} 30'$ where he had six and nine fathoms. We have seen an old chart, without name or date, made by some of the Portuguese missionaries, in which Saghalien is laid down as a peninsula, connected with eastern Tartary by a narrow isthmus near the spot where the Saghalien Oula empties itself into the sea of Ochotsk. Captain Krusenstern rounded the northern extremity of Sachalin on the eastern side, till he could proceed no farther for the strength of the current, obviously the stream of the Amour; and he concludes that it is not an island but a peninsula. It will probably be found hereafter to

* By Du Halde we are told that the eastern Tartars informed the missionaries, that the land opposite the mouth of the Saghalien Oula was a large island, having various names, according to its several villages; but that the general name by which it was distinguished is *Saghalien Anga hola*; the island of the mouth of the black river.

be separated, if separated at all, by a shallow strait, resembling the strait of Manaar, which divides the island of Ceylon from the continent of India, or, by an isthmus of sand, like that which divides Table Bay from Bay False, at the Cape of Good Hope.

Here too they found the gulph of Aniwa, surrounded by Japanese establishments, and many Japanese vessels taking in cargoes of dried fish, which they stowed in bulk from one end of the hold to the other, covering them over with salt. At one place the Japanese officers wore only one sword, but at another, to denote superiority in rank, each officer wore two.

Captain Krusenstern seems to think that some active European nation would do well to form a settlement in Aniwa bay. The natives have plenty of furs, the skins of dogs, wolves, foxes, and dried fish, articles which would always force a trade with Japan, Corea, and China. Even Kamschatka and Siberia might be supplied, from such an establishment, with those European articles which they are now obliged to procure with great difficulty, and at an extravagant rate. Fish indeed are represented as so plentiful on this coast, that nets are not necessary to take them; whole pail-fuls are brought up by merely dipping them in the water: whales are so abundant in the bay, that it required great precaution in steering the boat to escape being overset by them. The Japanese know nothing of the whale fishery; but spermaceti and ambergrease are in great demand among them. Broughton says, they have horses, dogs, deer of several kinds, bears, foxes, and rabbits;* he describes many of the vallies as very beautiful, with clear rivers running through them; and adds, that almost all the shrubs indigenous in England are found growing there. We cannot think, with Capt. Krusenstern, that the Japanese would offer no resistance to Europeans attempting to establish themselves on this part of Sachalin, because a failure on their part might destroy the supposed omnipotence of their Emperor. We believe with him, however, that their opposition would be perfectly impotent, and that a cutter or two well armed would be sufficient to prevent the most formidable armada which the Japanese could equip, from passing the Straits of La Perouse. An establishment on Sachalin, he seems to think, might easily be accomplished by Russia, were it not for the want of a more frequent communication by sea between Europe and the Russian territories in the north of Asia. He tells us, indeed, that Resanoff, on his return to Europe, had set on foot a military expedition against the northern possessions of Japan, intended merely to destroy the

* Du Halde states positively that they have no horses, but use a kind of deer, resembling rein-deer, to draw their sledges.

Japanese establishments in Aniwa bay, and on the north side of Jesso. Such an expedition, which had no other object but sheer mischief, hatched in the true spirit of revenge, by an angry and insulted ambassador, cannot be too severely reprobated: the other project is feasible, and might turn out a profitable speculation; while it could hardly fail to better the condition of a very harmless and well disposed race of men, held in utter subjection by the Japanese.

The concurrent testimony of all the authorities with which we are acquainted represents the Ainos, by whatever name they may be called either on Jesso or Saghalien, as a mild and inoffensive people, contented and happy among themselves without the enjoyment of any thing to which an Englishman would give the name of comfort. They are described as rather short of stature, of a dark complexion, with thick bushy beards, black rough lank hair, much resembling the natives of Kamtschatka, but in their features rather more regular, and less strong; the women tolerably ugly, and not much improved by tattooed hands and faces and blue painted lips; defects, however, which the Russians considered to be in some degree compensated by their modest and reserved behaviour: great good-nature and a strong desire to please were every where imprinted on their expressive countenances, and all evinced a peculiar simplicity of manners and singleness of heart. Captain Krusenstern says that, without exception, the Ainos are the best people he ever met with.

There is a story which has long been current, particularly among the Chinese, that the natives of Jesso have their bodies covered with hair. Capt. Saris was told in Jeddo, by a Japanese traveller, that though the skins of the people of Jesso were fair, their bodies were covered with hair like monkeys. Spanberg, the Russian, speaks of the hairiness of this people; and, if we mistake not, his ingenious French editor informs us that the Dutch called the island after *Esau*, from the extreme hairiness of the natives! Broughton, after mentioning their remarkably thick and large beards and bushy hair, observes, that 'their bodies are almost universally covered with long black hair, and that even in children the same appearance is observable.'—All this, Captain Krusenstern assures us, is an idle story. They examined several persons of all ages, at the Bay of Romanzoff, and found their breasts, legs, and arms, with just as much covering of this kind as might be expected in Europeans—he admits, however, that one of his lieutenants had seen a child of eight years old, whose body was entirely covered with hair, whilst his parents were quite smooth:—so difficult is it to get at the real truth, even in a plain matter of fact, coming immediately under the cognizance of the sense least likely to be deceived.

The

The dress of the Ainos consists chiefly of the skins of dogs and seals. Some of those at Saghalien wear furs, and others a robe of yellow stuff made from the bark of a tree, bordered with blue cloth. There is a plate, with three portraits, in the *Atlas to the Voyage of La Perouse*, in their flowing robes, for which some prints from Raphael must have sat, instead of three Saghalien Tartars—but we must not look for accuracy in a Frenchman. Their huts are in the shape of a cone, made of the bark of trees, and, in Jesso, covered with Japanese mats, apparently erected only for the fishing season, their permanent dwelling being more inland.

We can afford but little more room for tracing the proceedings of Capt. Krusenstern. From Aniwa bay, proceeding along the eastern coast of Saghalien, he entered the bay of Patience, which he explored as far as circumstances would allow. From hence, in coasting to the northward, they were obstructed by large fields of ice, which obliged them to return through the Kuriles by a new passage, in which they had nearly been lost, to the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul, in Kamtschatka. Here Mr. Resanoff and his suite left the *Nadeshda*, and set out on their journey overland, through Siberia, for Petersburg; and Capt. Krusenstern again prepares to complete the survey of Saghalien, proceeds from the bay of Patience to the northward, doubles the northern extremity, discovers the N. W. coast to be a continued series of sandy downs, sees the opposite coast of Tartary, but finds the currents so strong, owing, as he conceives, to the proximity of the Amour or Saghalien Oula, that he thinks it prudent to desist, and returns to the N. W. extremity of Saghalien, where he anchors in a bay, to which he gives the name of *Nadeshda*. After a fruitless attempt to gain the coast of Tartary a second time, the *Nadeshda* returns to Kamtschatka, where he receives information of the *Neva*, by the arrival of a vessel belonging to the Russian American Company, from Unalaschka—and here the second volume concludes. The third has not yet reached this country, nor do we know that it is yet published. It will continue the voyage of the two ships from Kamtschatka to Canton in China, and from thence round the Cape of Good Hope to Russia, where they arrived in safety in the year 1806. It will also, as we learn from the general preface, contain a detailed account of their observations, whether astronomical, meteorological, or physical, all of which we are persuaded were made with great accuracy and assiduity; and we have no scruple in saying, that the geography of the Tartarian Gulph, the Sea of Otschotz, the Kuriles Archipelago, and the coast of Japan and Jesso, has been enlarged and amended by Capt. Krusenstern's voyage. It will contain also some detached papers on subjects of natural philosophy, together with charts of bays, harbours, coasts, and islands;—

islands;—parts of the work, which however important and essential to its merit, supply but little that could be compressed within the limits of a review: we thought it best, therefore, to lose no time in communicating a brief outline of the voyage itself, as comprized within the two volumes that have come to our hands. And we cannot but take some credit to ourselves for our exertions in obtaining from Berlin the only copy, we have every reason to believe, which has yet reached England. The only remaining part of the voyage which can be considered as at all interesting, is the account of the reception of the Russians in China, and of this we happen to have some authentic information. On their arrival at Canton, about the end of 1805, they announced their wish to dispose of their cargoes of skins and furs. Permission was immediately granted, and they had nearly finished their business, when all proceedings were suddenly suspended, and they were told that they must wait patiently for the Emperor's orders from Peking. The monsoon being nearly exhausted, and the whole conduct of the Chinese bearing on the face of it a discreditable character, the Committee of the English Factory remonstrated strongly with the principal merchants, representing the disgrace and impropriety of laying an embargo on the trade of a friendly nation, under such circumstances, and without the slightest imputation against them. This had the desired effect; their cargoes were completed, and they lost no time in quitting the river of Canton.

Scarcely, however, had they passed the Bocca Tigris, when an imperial mandate arrived at Canton to stop them. It stated that the Hoppo Yen had informed the court of the arrival of two Russian ships with two foreign merchants, named Krusenstern and Lisianskoy, having on board a cargo of specie and furs; that the said Hoppo, with the approbation of the Viceroy Ho, and the Sub-vice-roy Sun, had allowed the Hong merchants to trade with them on fair and honest terms; it stated that this was a very negligent and summary mode of proceeding; that the Hoppo was very culpable, and that Ho and Sun were highly censurable for their concurrence; and the more so as the name of Russia had never before reached the court, which however they considered to be no other than the *foreign pronunciation* of *Go-lo-sé*. The Viceroy and Hoppo were therefore directed immediately to inquire whether these Russians really came from the nation of *Go-lo-sé*, and if so, how they, who had hitherto always traded by way of *Ha-ke-hta* (Kiachta) in Tartary, had now been able to find their way to Canton. They were to inquire also whether they had visited any kingdoms in their way thither; and whether they had not received information from some of them how to proceed to China. Also, whether the cargoes of the ships were on their own account,

or

or that of their sovereign—the result was to be transmitted to Pekin by express—but if the ships should have already departed, then it was directed that no foreign vessel in future, belonging to any other nation than those which have been in the habit of frequenting Canton, should on any account be permitted to trade, until the orders of the court were received on the subject.

After such a reception at the ports of the two great empires contiguous to the dominions of Alexander in the east, we do not expect to hear of the Russian flag again flying either in China or Japan.

We cannot take leave of Capt. Krusenstern without expressing the satisfaction which we have derived from the perusal of his very clear and intelligent account of a voyage round the world, concluded apparently with great good temper, discretion, and judgment, and narrated in a stile of modesty and candour which cannot fail to secure the approbation of the most fastidious; and although we cannot subscribe generally to the sentiment expressed in the former part of the motto, from De Broses, which he has prefixed to his book, when we call to our recollection the narrative of Capt. Cook, and the dispatches of the late Lords Nelson and Collingwood, yet we have no hesitation in pronouncing him justly entitled to the full praise conveyed in the concluding part, '*Les marins écrivent mal, mais avec assez de candeur.*'

ART. III. *Traité où l'on expose ce que l'Ecriture nous apprend de la Divinité de Jésus Christ.* Par feu Monsieur Pierre François le Courayer, Docteur en Théologie de l'Université d'Oxford; Auteur de la Dissertation sur la Validité des Ordinations Anglicanes;—De la Déclaration de mes Derniers Sentimens sur les différens Dogmes de la Religion;—Et Traducteur de l'Histoire du Concile de Trente, par Fra-Paolo Sarpi; et de l'Histoire de la Réformation, par Jean Sleidan. A Londres. 8vo. pp. 367. White et Cochrane. 1811.

THE mixture of good and evil is experienced by all. From Homer we learn the machinery by which this is contrived.

Δοιοι γὰρ τι τιθεὶ κατὰκρησται ἢ Διὸς ὕδρι
 Δωρὸν, διὰ δίδωσι, κακὸν ἴτερος δὲ ἐαὼν
 Ὅτι μὲν καμμιζας δὴ Ζεὺς περικλυταῖος
 Ἄλλοτε μὲν τι κακὸν ὄγῃ κρύπτει, ἄλλοτε δ' ἐσθλόν.

Dr. Bell lately excited our admiration by his munificent endowment at Cambridge; but while our hearts were yet warm with so rare an instance of pious liberality, the alloy from the 'evil tub' descended upon us. He has, in short, equally surprised and

and distressed us by the spontaneous publication of the present treatise, a treatise written by a deceased friend indeed, but contrary, as we believe, and as Dr. Bell himself must believe, to the doctrine of Scripture, and unquestionably hostile to the establishment under which he holds a conspicuous situation. We have looked round to discover, if possible, some tolerable reason for so strange and unexpected an act, but the search has been fruitless. From an attentive perusal of the book itself indeed, as well as from the advertisement prefixed to it, we are compelled to conclude that some violence must have been done to the wishes of the author, by the publication of opinions such as these—opinions which Mr. le Courayer must have been conscious would be followed by the reprobation of the country that had afforded him an asylum. We suspect too, that Dr. Bell does but tamper with his own mind in his statement of the motives by which he would fain suppose himself to be actuated.—*L'écrit, dont il s'agit ici, n'a point été fait pour être rendu public.* This is the very first sentence of the preface of M. le Courayer, which is confirmed by numerous passages occurring in the body of the work. '*Mon unique objet n'ayant été que de m'instruire, il a fallu renoncer à toute autre vue. Il suffit de lui (Dieu) faire approuver ma foi, sans entreprendre de juger de celle des autres,*' &c. &c. It appears then, that the satisfaction of his own mind was the whole object of the writer in the first instance. If his intention was afterwards changed, and if he deemed his opinions too important to be withheld from the public, we can learn it only from Dr. Bell.

'The manuscript of the following work was given to me by her Royal Highness, the late Princess Amelia,* at the same time with that of the Tract, by the same author, entitled "*Declaration de mes Derniers Sentimens sur les différens Dogmes de la Religion;*" which I published in the year 1787. And these manuscripts, fairly written in the author's own hand, were given to the Princess by Dr. le Courayer himself, with this request only; that, if they were made public, it might not be till after his own death.

'A strong dislike to being the Editor of a controversial work, upon the subject of that now before us above all others, in which the doctrine concluded upon is very widely different from that adopted by the church of England, was the real cause of my not publishing the present Treatise immediately after the former Tract.

'That dislike still continues. But I am not able to satisfy my own mind, that it would not be an act of highly blameable presumption in me, finally to suppress a work of so very respectable an author; which, it is manifest, he took particular care to preserve; and plainly signified his consent to its being published after his own decease.

* Daughter of our late Sovereign, King George the Second.

‘ In addition to this consideration, there is, in other hands, an imperfect copy of this work; which, if I should suppress the manuscript which came so honourably into my possession, may very probably be printed after my death. And, certainly, a due regard to the memory of the distinguished author requires that it should be given to the world from that copy, from which, it is beyond question certain, he meant it should be published.’—Pref. pp. iii, iv.

What are the feelings of the reader from this statement? Does he discover any thing but a forced and unnatural conclusion from Dr. Bell’s own premises? Is he prepared to admit that plain and cogent reason which is pleaded by Dr. Bell for the present act of editorship, in the cautious, timid, and apparently reluctant permission of the author? It is evident, that Mr. le Courayer had a secret unwillingness that his treatise should be generally known: for this indeed there was sufficient reason; and the probability is, that some private solicitation was used, before he gave that sort of modified consent which Dr. Bell has so faithfully recorded, and at the same time so strangely contrived to misunderstand. The author was afraid to meet in person the obvious consequences of such a publication, and only stipulated, that when the disclosure was made, he should be beyond the reach of our just reproaches. The recollection is an odious one; but the name of Bolingbroke starts up before us. Dr. Bell (a better Mallet) steps forward to gratify the doubtful will of the dead, at the expense of the best feelings of the living; he pulls the trigger, and with an impartiality which might be amiable, were it not utterly pernicious, discharges the contents against the church establishment of his own country! If any thing can add to our amazement, it is that part of Dr. Bell’s advertisement which notices his publication some years ago, of the ‘last sentiments’ of Mr. le Courayer. The only consolation which we could derive from that treatise was, that it would close our acquaintance with the author. But we mistook; and have now to lament the absurdity as well as the noxiousness of these later than the latest opinions of Mr. le Courayer on the subject of religion.

By this time perhaps the reader will feel some curiosity concerning the history of the ‘distinguished author,’ whose merits dwell so strongly on Dr. Bell’s fancy, that he cannot withhold even his mischief from us. He was a regular monk, and librarian of the Abbey of St. Genevieve at Paris, and quitted France about the year 1727. The objections of the Romish Church to our English ordinations from the time of the Reformation, are well known. He wrote in defence of their validity, and was obliged, in consequence, to quit his country: his exile was therefore connected with an important question in our own ecclesiastical history; and hence arose

the favour and the reputation which he enjoyed amongst us. It does not appear that the book itself made any deep impression here : by the public it was certainly neglected. The author, however, arrived in England with the interest and the claims of one who had suffered persecution in our cause. Nor was this overlooked by a nation ever prone to a generosity of the most easy and unsuspecting kind. He was cordially received and liberally rewarded. He was honoured with the protection of the court, and had the extraordinary fortune to receive from the University of Oxford, the highest degree which that learned and liberal body could confer. He lived till 1776, and continued to be treated with respect; for the two obnoxious dissertations were as yet kept in prudent concealment.—Here let us pause a moment, and ask, whether the circumstances now adduced do not justify us in asserting, that our interpretation of Mr. le Courayer's intentions, is more correct than that of the editor. Unless this be so, is it not obvious that Mr. le Courayer acted with the grossest duplicity, and that Dr. Bell has, unawares, contributed to injure the memory of the man, for whose sake, notwithstanding, he is ready to sacrifice the feelings of his country, and his own good name? Unless this be so, can any excuse be extended to the man who, with a vanity equally offensive and unprincipled, has placed on his title-page, the honours bestowed on him by an University which, we know, will start at the unscriptural doctrine that now aspires to circulation under its name?*

It

* We had drawn these conclusions from a comparison of Mr. le Courayer's treatise with his personal history as related by Dr. Bell, before we obtained a copy of the Oxford diploma. It strengthens all we have said, and we will insert the substance of it, not only for our own sakes, but to justify the University. It is evident from the date, which is earlier than that supposed by Dr. Bell, that the degree was a compliment conferred on Mr. le Courayer speedily after his arrival here; and his two subsequent treatises are an ingratitude to the University, as well as an offence to our establishment, and a degradation of the truth of Scripture.

† To the Rev. Dr. Mather, &c.

Mr. Vice Chancellor and Gentlemen,

Father Courayer having *deserved so well of the Church of England* by his late learned Vindication of her Ordinations, I cannot but recommend it to the University as a proper instance of their regard to true merit, to give some public testimony of their approbation of that excellent performance; and I think you cannot do this in a better manner than by conferring your highest degree of honour upon him who has so well defended the highest Order of this Church.

I am,

Mr. Vice Chancellor and Gentlemen,

Your affectionate Friend and Servant,

ABRAM.

Bagshot, Aug. 9, 1727.

Tenor Diplomatis.

CANCELLARIUS, MAGISTRI, et SCHOLARES Universitatis Oxon. &c.

Cum cum in finem gradus academici à majoribus nostris instituti fuerint, ut viri eruditione præcellentes et de Ecclesia Christiana optime meriti à reliquis distinguantur; Cumque Reverendus Clarissimusque Vir P. PETRUS FRANCISCUS COURAYERUS sacras Episcoporum nostrorum Ordinationes, quos pro veris indubitatique Apostolorum successoribus revereri semper consuevimus, tam strenuè doctèq̃ defendiderit, ut è contrà nil præter

It would yet have been tolerable, if the work of a professed Catholic, were itself Catholic: but on the principal point at issue, it recedes as far from the Romish church as from our own. It is indeed of no church or sect. It appears to be satisfied neither with Arianism nor Socinianism. It does not pledge itself to the opinions of Sabellius or Nestorius, though to the latter it is disposed to shew most complaisance. It rather endeavours to persuade all parties that they agree in effect, though not in name; and it consoles the Orthodox by the reflection, that since those who do not admit the divinity of Christ, are strenuous supporters of the unity of the Godhead, and since this is an essential article of the Catholic faith, every other point is of trivial importance, and that the disagreement among Christians is no more than 'une simple dispute de mots.' p. 17.

This discovers at once the nature of the doctrine asserted in the volume before us. We may express it in a single sentence. It is, *indifference as to the Divinity of Christ*. The degrading subject is carried on through three sections. In the first, the writer assumes it as a principle, that all which is necessary to be believed concerning Christ, ought to be, and is, so clearly revealed as to be understood without difficulty: hence it follows, that whatever obscurity or mystery occurs as to his divine nature, cannot be of any importance to our faith. In support of this position, he inquires, in the second section, what notions concerning Christ were entertained by the Jews; what by his own disciples; and what was the doctrine of the Saviour concerning himself. The object of this part of the treatise is to prove, that the divinity of his nature was believed by none, and is no where taught. In the last section, (so natural a successor of the 'derniers sentimens,') some inquiry is made into the different opinions of religious communities on this subject; and the conclusion is, that the fundamental point of the Gospel is, not the divinity of the nature of Christ, but of his mission. And all this is bestowed upon us by a 'Docteur en Théologie de l'Université d'Oxford,' through the friendly agency of another doctor in divinity from the University of Cambridge!

— alter

Alterius sic poscit opem, et conjurat amice.

The essence of religion is the knowledge of God. It is the business of Revelation to teach this knowledge; and whatever is not clearly taught, it cannot be of essential consequence to believe. This appears to be the sort of reasoning on which the treatise is

præter aniles fabulas reponi possit; Cum nostram de gravissimis controversiis sententiam sic ferè exposuerit, ut *ejus scripta legentes à Professoribus nostris quempiam in manibus habere videamur*; SCIATIS, NOS, &c. VIRUM tot tantisque meritis illustrem summo quo potuimus honore prosequi volentes, eundem Reverendum Clarissimumque unanimi suffragio, DOCTOREM in S. S. Theologia constituimus et renunciassæ, &c.

built. By denying, therefore, that any clear knowledge can be obtained from the scriptures concerning the divinity of Christ, the writer wishes to establish as an undoubted consequence, that there is a radical difference in the two subjects; that the whole purpose of Christ's appearance was to renew the knowledge of God, and that from the want of explicit information concerning his own nature, it is not necessary to believe it divine. With the fallacy of this argument, the mind of every reader will be immediately struck. It is obvious indeed, that if such reasoning were valid, the ultimate effect would be the extinction of religion. For let it be asked whether no difficulty remained on the mind of Mr. le Courayer, when he consulted the scriptures for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the Deity? When he read those sublime and mysterious notices of the divine attributes and agency, did he alone, of all mankind, succeed in knowing God as he is? Did he see him in the truth of his essence, and trace him in the way of his power? If then, notwithstanding the assumption of Mr. le Courayer, the nature of God cannot be clearly understood by us, what becomes of his objection to the divinity of Christ? That portion of knowledge which the scriptures impart of the Divine Being, is sufficient to awe the reason of man. At the same time there rests, and ever will rest, on that great and incomprehensible subject, such a degree of obscurity as will make the farther exercise of faith still necessary towards him. But is this a sufficient reason for rejecting the belief of God? If this cannot be maintained, (and it is expressly disclaimed by Mr. le Courayer himself, however inconsistently with his original position,) shall we reject the higher and more mysterious parts of the doctrine concerning Christ, those very parts too which are most intimately connected with the divine nature, because the imperfection of our mind cannot readily apprehend them? The scripture does not make that separation between the two subjects, which this writer would fain establish: it joins them together, and declares the acceptance of both to be necessary to salvation; 'this is life eternal, to know thee the only God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.' If Mr. le Courayer had been wise, he would have satisfied himself with this fact, and not have suffered a difficulty arising from the mode of understanding a revealed truth, to prevent the admission of the substantial doctrine. But as the argument is now managed, he has hazarded a position unfortunately favourable to the indolence as well as the pride of mankind. As soon as difficulties are felt, the reader learns to sooth himself by the recollection, that what is not easy to be explained cannot be a necessary object of belief: one doctrine is omitted after another; the scheme of Revelation is gradually narrowed; and the inquirer rests at last in the admission only of such moral passages

passages as strike him with most plainness and conviction, or in some low and very general notion of God and his own duty. And to defective schemes like this is insidiously or ignorantly given the name of Christian faith sufficient to salvation.

Dr. Bell may be indignant at so summary a disposal of his 'once celebrated author,' and require us, perhaps, to produce some specimen of his reasoning. We know none better than that in which he speaks of the sense to be attributed to the phrase, the 'Son of God,'—a phrase so often employed by the scripture concerning Christ, and on which principally depends the success of the argument attempted in this treatise.

In some of the preceding chapters Mr. le Courayer had stated that the Saviour was acknowledged as a prophet, and as the Messiah. In the seventh, it is equally admitted that he was acknowledged as the Son of God. But the remainder of the argument is employed in shewing that the latter title had no larger meaning than that which preceded it.

'Après les preuves rapportées dans le chapitre précédent, on ne peut pas douter que Jésus Christ n'ait été regardé, et ne soit véritablement, le *fil* de Dieu. Reste à savoir si, par ce terme, les Apôtres et les Juifs ont entendu une génération éternelle, ou simplement une mission divine et extraordinaire accompagnée de toutes les prérogatives et de tous les privilèges qui peuvent être accordés à un homme chargé d'un tel office, et supérieurs à tout ce qui avoit été jusque là accordé à aucun autre.

'Il ne s'agit pas même d'examiner ici, si effectivement Jésus Christ a été engendré de son Père de toute éternité; mais si le terme de *fil* de Dieu emporte par lui-même l'idée d'une génération éternelle, et si on le conclut incontestablement des endroits où ce nom est donné à Jésus Christ; et si les Apôtres et les Juifs, en le lui donnant, avoient quelque idée d'une telle génération, comme beaucoup de Théologiens le prétendent, mais, à ce qui me paroît, sans un fondement assez solide.

'Car il faut avouer d'abord, que le terme de *fil* de Dieu peut être, et est effectivement, équivoque par lui-même, et susceptible de différens sens, puisqu'il est donné tantôt à Jésus Christ, tantôt aux Anges, et même quelquefois aux hommes, et que ce ne peut être que dans des sens tout différens. La chose est si constante à ceux qui ont quelque usage des Ecritures, qu'on n'ose presque pas s'arrêter à le prouver. Ainsi on se contentera d'indiquer quelques endroits des Livres Saints, où ce titre est donné aux Anges, et quelques autres où il est aussi donné aux hommes.'—pp. 188, 189.

On this foundation he proceeds to examine a number of passages in which the name, 'Son of God,' is given to Christ, all of which are reduced to the standard just described. Finally, he answers a question naturally arising from the admission occasionally made by Christ himself, that he was the son of God:

'Mais, dira-t-on, les Juifs n'ont pu trouver de blasphème dans la réponse de Jésus Christ qu'en cas qu'il se soit donné pour Dieu, puis-

que le blasphème ne consiste qu'à donner à la créature ce qui ne convient qu'au Créateur.

' Il est vrai que le blasphème pris dans un sens strict et rigoureux n'est autre chose que l'attribution des droits de Dieu à la créature. Mais l'usage y a ajouté d'autres idées ; et nous voyons par l'Ecriture, que les Juifs traitoient également de blasphémateurs, et ceux qu'ils ne reconnoissoient point pour Envoyés de Dieu, ceux qui l'étoient véritablement, et ceux qui donnoient une pareille qualité à d'autres sans y être autorisés par des preuves qui confirmassent leur mission. Ainsi St. Paul et St. Etienne ont été traités de blasphémateurs par les Juifs, Act. vi. 11., et xviii. 6., parcequ'on les accusoit d'avoir parlé contre Moïse et contre la Loi ; et Jésus Christ l'a été dans un sens contraire, parcequ'il se donnoit pour le Messie, Matt. xxvi. 65., et qu'ils ne vouloient pas le reconnoître pour tel, ou qu'il s'attribuoit un pouvoir, qu'ils croyoient ne convenir qu'à Dieu, Luc. v. 21.

' Enfin une autre preuve, que St. Jean a regardé les termes de *filz de Dieu* et de Christ, ou de Messie, comme synonymes, c'est qu'en promettant le Salut à ceux qui reconnoitroient Jésus Christ pour le Messie, il faut qu'il ait cru, ou que la notion de Christ remplissoit toute celle de *filz de Dieu*, ou que celle de *filz de Dieu* ne désignoit rien davantage que la qualité de Messie ; ce qui revient toujours à ce que l'on a dit, que dans le style de l'Evangile les noms de Christ et de *filz de Dieu* ne signifient qu'une et même chose, et qu'il ne s'agit, dans aucun des endroits qu'on a cités, d'aucune génération éternelle, mais simplement de la mission de Jésus Christ, et du choix que Dieu avoit fait de lui pour l'instruction et le salut des hommes.'

The reader, we trust, is already fortified against this oft refuted reasoning : if not, we will first request his attention to the following brief and simple statement. There is one general sense, in which God may be called the father of all things. He created them ; and from their derived existence is proved his supreme paternity. Of things thus existing, those which are endowed with moral powers, and responsible for their actions to the divine judgment, may be considered as having a particular relation to God ; and hence the title of the children of God may be attributed to mankind at large. On the same principle, this title is given, in a more emphatic manner, to those who labour to promote the cause of goodness through the performance of the divine will. And of good men, those are represented as bearing the nearest relation to God, who have been distinguished by particular communications of his Spirit, and have used these gifts for the sacred purposes of revelation.

At the end of this scale of filiation begins the consideration of the modes in which Christ may be called the Son of God : and of these there are several. In his miraculous birth, we observe something which belongs to him in a peculiar manner. All natural means were superseded by the ' power of the Highest,' and there-fore

fore 'that holy thing which should be born of the Virgin was to be called the Son of God.' This title was also attributed to him on account of the office of Mediation which he sustained, a mediation, in its extent and efficacy, distinguished above every other. In his Resurrection we see another cause of this application. God is said to have raised him from the dead, and therefore the name of the 'Son of God' is given to him in a new sense. And the same is the result of his Ascension.

While, however, we recount these modes of the filiation of Christ, we must remember that there is yet a higher one which governs them all, and through which alone they derive their efficacy. He who acted for a while in a visible and delegated manner, was the son of God from the beginning, through the eternal communication of his divine essence—John v. 26. Hence we find, that when Christ was born, it was the 'word which was made flesh,'—that word which had ever been 'with God,' and 'was God.' Hence it is too, that, in the course of his mission, he displayed so much personal authority; that he forgave sins, and imparted the Holy Ghost, not in the name of another, but as God. The same distinction applies to his resurrection, and it is as expressly said that he raised himself from the dead, as that he was raised by God. Nor did he ascend to heaven for the purpose of receiving only those rewards which were to be bestowed on his followers; but we have all the sanctity of his own character for the assertion, that he went to that glory which he 'had with the father,' before the worlds began. Though called the Son of God therefore, in a peculiar manner during his earthly mission, the title is due to him in that higher, and more proper sense in which we acknowledge him the Son of God by eternal generation. 'All things whatsoever the Father hath, are mine'—John xvi. 15. And hence it is, that in ascertaining the whole signification of this important phrase, we do not stop till we have traced it into the divine nature itself, and are led to confess that unspeakable communication which Christ had with paternal Deity from all eternity. Should any reader wish for some higher and fuller authority than ours, we intreat him to refer to a single section in Bishop Pearson's invaluable treatise on the Creed, that which discusses the meaning of the words 'his only Son.' There he will see a statement of the inferior modes of filiation noticed by Mr. le Courayer and others. But besides these, he will find 'a more peculiar ground of our Saviour's filiation, totally distinct from any which belongs to the rest of the sons of God. For although to be born of a virgin be in itself miraculous, and justly entitles Christ unto the Son of God, yet it is not so far above the production of all mankind, as to place him in that singular eminence which must be attributed to the only-begotten. Besides, there were many, 'while our Saviour

preached on earth, who believed his doctrine, and confessed him to be the Son of God, who in all probability understood nothing of his being born of a virgin; much less did they foresee his rising from the dead, or inheriting all things. Wherefore, supposing all these ways by which Christ is represented as the Son of God, we shall find out one more yet, far more proper in itself, and more peculiar to him, in which no other son can have the least pretence of share or of similitude.' And this is done by proving that Christ had a subsistence before the 'power of the Highest' was announced to the virgin,—that his subsistence was not that of any created being, but essentially divine,—that the divine essence was communicated to him by the Father, and that such communication was never made to any other, and consequently, that Christ was, by that divine generation, most properly and perfectly the 'only-begotten Son of the Father.' If the reader wishes for farther authority, he will find it in the judgment of a great and kindred genius, Dr. Barrow. In his exposition on the Creed, he allows 'that Adam is called the son of God; that the angels are so entitled; and princes are somewhere stiled the children of the Most High; but all these, if we compare them with Christ's relation, are improper and inferior.' He then mentions the modes already stated, in which Christ may be called the son of God, and concludes with that which is 'the more excellent and proper foundation of his sonship.' It may be sufficient to have adduced these authorities. To the latter part of Mr. le Courayer's statement, we will reply by an argument of our own.

St. John begins his Gospel with the positive and direct assertion of the doctrine in question—'In the beginning was the word; and the word was with God, and the word was God.' This is his fundamental position; nor can it be denied, that whatever he declares concerning the character or mission of Christ in the subsequent parts of his Gospel, must be reconciled with this. It is the parent proposition which governs every other, and under which the remaining descriptions of Christ must be arranged. But St. John, who, at the first, asserts the divine nature of the Saviour, speaks of him under different relations, in the same manner with the other Evangelists, who are yet supposed by Mr. le Courayer and others not to teach his Deity. He speaks, as they do, of that incarnation by which Christ is said to be the Son of God, i. 4. He mentions, as they do, that mediatorial office, superior to the office of Moses, to which the same title is annexed, i. 17. He dwells, as they do, on the resurrection and ascension of Christ, events to which, together with the former, certain writers would confine the appellation of the Son of God. But it is obvious, that when St. John speaks of these events, he declares them to have

taken

taken place in Him, for whom he had, in the first instance, made the express claim of Godhead. It follows then, that when the other inspired writers represent Christ under the modes which have been just enumerated, the sense in which they speak cannot be exclusive of that high and transcendent sense in which Christ is declared to be eternal and divine. This primary and larger declaration may well comprehend the inferior steps or stages of that economy which was carried on by Christ on earth for the benefit of mankind: but these cannot, without the plainest contradiction of the rules of reasoning, be allowed to invalidate the great, original, and sovereign property of Christ,—a property prior and superior to every mode of his agency on behalf of man. Unless, therefore, the inspiration of St. John be disallowed, or unless it can be proved, that his declaration concerning the Saviour is to be understood in a lower sense, it must be conceded, that Christ was of the divine nature: and this being so, it follows, that his divinity is a necessary article of Christian faith. It may be well supposed indeed, that this inconvenient consequence has been foreseen by the enemies of this doctrine. Without this apprehension, we should not perhaps have witnessed so many efforts to discredit the authority of the first part of the Gospel of St. John, nor would Mr. le Courayer have made so awkward an attempt to prove, that the word being somewhat more intimately united with Jesus than with Moses or any other prophet, he might, in this qualified sense, be called God.—p. 265.

If from this brief view of the nature of such opinions as are professed by Mr. le Courayer, we pass to a moment's consideration of their history, we shall find perhaps that they have derived their principal credit and currency among us from the authority of the too celebrated Episcopus. If the reader shrinks from so bulky a volume as that of the Institutes, he may satisfy himself in a more expeditious manner by perusing the summary which is given by Bishop Bull, in his admirable treatise, *De Necessitate credendi, quòd Dominus noster Jesus Christus sit verus Deus*. There he will find an enumeration of the modes, already noticed, in which Christ may be called the Son of God. But the peculiarity of Episcopus consists not in this: he goes farther, and, in words apparently of the catholic faith, finally allows that mode of filiation for which we contend, a mode which does not belong to Christ as man, but as the only begotten of the Father before the worlds began, as the maker of the worlds, and therefore as also God. The passage is of too much importance not to be quoted. ‘*Ex Scriptura S. id liquere arbitror, et ex rationibus scriptura nixis, quia ea de Jesu Christo, i. e. de eo qui Jesus Christus postea dictus fuit, sic non rarò loquitur ut dubitari vix possit, quin*

Jesus

Jesus Christus reverà extiterit, et substiterit, tanquam vera atque unica Patris sui proles, antequam ex Mariâ matre suâ homo nasceretur; atque adedò ante rerum omnium creationem, idque ita, ut per ipsum condita fuerint universa, ac proinde Deus ipse fuerit.'—The latter part of this paragraph is summarily given by the Bishop; but that it is the substance of the opinion of Episcopus will be obvious to any one who compares it with the comment on the opening of St. John's Gospel, in the 33d chapter of the Institutes, lib. 4. sect. 2. Notwithstanding this confession, however, Episcopus deserts the consequence which ought to arise from it. If he really believed the doctrine which he thus states, or if he reasoned rightly from his own premises, he must have maintained the necessity of faith in an article so fully taught in the scriptures, and admitted by himself. But unfortunately he took a middle course, and became the father of the modern indifferents. He descended to meet the scruples or the perverseness of the schismatics who denied the divinity of Christ, and finally determined that though the orthodox doctrine were true, it was not necessary to be received as an article of faith essential to salvation! And this strange decision rests on the dangerous and untenable assertion, that our acceptance of this primary and supreme filiation of the Son of God is no where positively required; but that all the expressions of this kind, with which the New Testament abounds, are confined to the other modes; those which relate to the appearance of Christ on earth for the welfare of mankind.

There remains only one more reference to the history of the church. Mr. le Courayer, who professes to argue from the scriptures alone, disclaims the authority of the Fathers: but while he does this, he expressly charges them with having corrupted the genuine practice of the Gospel, and added to the simplicity of the scriptures the incomprehensible dogma of the divinity of Christ.

This is as unfair as it is false; and notwithstanding his disavowal of the Fathers, we have the right of arguing from them in defence of themselves as well as of scripture. And this has been done in the most satisfactory manner by the same great writer who refuted Episcopus. It is in vain, therefore, at this late time to assert (as Mr. le Courayer does in common with our Socinians) that Christ was not supposed to be of the divine nature, till the notion was introduced into the church in the second century. It is now an exploded calumny that the doctrine of his godhead was first communicated through Justin Martyr; that he was infected with the opinions of Simon Magus, and that the source of our orthodox faith was no other than the Gnostic philosophy.

In the treatise of Bishop Bull—'Primitiva et Apostolica Traditio de Jesu Christi Divinitate,' is a complete exposure of the ignorance

ignorance or malevolence of those who gave currency to this notion. Justin is vindicated from the meaning which they have attempted to fasten upon him; and the doctrine of our church is traced back through the fathers who preceded Justin, through Ignatius, Barnabas, and the earliest apologists of the faith to the age of the apostles themselves, and to the very commencement of the Christian church. In all these writings the divinity of Christ was substantially maintained. Many of them (we speak of the apologies) were directed against the Gentiles; and the assertion of the doctrine in question was a necessary and essential part of their argument. The Christians had been upbraided with idolatry. Their reply was, that the charge was founded in ignorance of the true nature of Christ. That they offered divine worship to him they joyfully confessed; and they were ready to die in that confession: but that their worship was idolatrous they constantly denied; for he who had appeared on earth as man had descended from heaven, where, before all ages, he had been 'in the form of God.' This is their regular tone; nor does there appear to have been any difference in this respect between the arguments of Quadratus or Aris- tides, and the later statements of those who are allowed by all to have maintained the doctrine of the divinity of Christ. If, however, any bosom, uninfluenced by ecclesiastical history, is open to conviction concerning the early opinions of Christianity from the unsuspected testimony of a heathen writer, that testimony is offered, with sufficient plainness, by Pliny. 'Affirmabant autem, hanc fuisse summam vel culpæ suæ, vel erroris, quòd essent soliti stato die ante lucem convenire, carmenque Christo, *quasi Deo*, dicere secum invicem.' Lib. 10. Ep. 87. This evidence of the Christian Fathers, which Mr. le Courayer has disingenuously employed for his own purpose while he professes to disclaim it, terminates in the Gospel itself. There divine worship is claimed for Christ on repeated occasions, and in the most express and pointed manner: but there too, Christ himself repeats and enforces the original command, that God alone is to be worshipped. Hence it follows that the worship demanded for Christ is the proof of his divinity. It is in vain that Mr. le Courayer endeavours to reconcile this demand with the admission that Christ did possess a divinity 'de quelque sort.' Nothing but the deity, properly and distinctly understood, can be the object of legitimate worship. If, therefore, Christ was not of the divine nature, he could not be worshipped without idolatry.

In this attempt against the evidence of the early church, we suspect that Mr. le Courayer was swayed by the corrupt practice of those whom he calls the 'masters of religion'; those Romish writers, whose summaries and arbitrary systems had been allowed, by degrees, to supersede the genuine use of the Bible and the Christian

Christian fathers together. How much the cause of both had suffered by this practice, sufficiently appeared at the time of our Reformation. That the application of criticism to the sacred text might be illuminated and directed by the early history of the church; that the fathers might be employed in fixing the real and original meaning of the inspired writers, was amply shewn, by the learning and courage of those to whom we owe our religious establishment. Had they possessed less knowledge they must have shrunk from an appeal to those authorities on which their antagonists had so long affected to place the principal strength of their cause; but they burst the barriers of darkness and ignorance, which so many ages had contributed to raise, and let in the light of primitive Christianity. The radiance fell upon the pages of the Bible; now once again opened after its long close. Our ancestors began to view it in the sense in which it had been originally understood; and from the time of that happy discovery the appeal to the fathers has been no longer Roman. The illusion is dispersed; and we challenge the severest trial which criticism can institute for the soundness of the assertion, that our faith is that of the early church, as well as of the scripture. The distinguishing mark of that faith is the divinity of Christ; and this we regularly see in the doctrines of all except the declared heretics, during the three centuries which preceded the Council of Nice.—But we restrain ourselves, and will carry the argument no farther. If any thing may yet be allowed to us, it is some short notice of the conscience which is pleaded for a publication of this kind.

We have no wish to press Dr. Bell too closely on a subject in which he has so unfortunately entangled himself. We must be at liberty to observe, however, that through an unaccountable inadvertence to the proper law of conscience, he appears to have performed one of the minor offices of social life, at the expense of a great and sovereign duty of religion.

We shall explain ourselves. If the doctrine contained in this book be contrary to the scriptures, (and this is our settled persuasion,) the publication of it is an evil in the highest degree, and therefore ought, on no account, to have taken place: and if so, it is obvious how impossible it is to plead a respect for the wishes of the deceased author in excuse of the action. It has been already proved, unless we flatter our own decision, that such wishes were not entertained by Mr. le Courayer. Let it be allowed, however, that they were, the former conclusion still remains in all its force; since it is evident that no motive, of human authority, can be innocently placed in opposition to the divine will. If, in escape from this conclusion, it be pleaded that the book is not contrary to the doctrine of scripture, we answer that, though such language, however to be lamented, might be permitted to other men, it is wholly intolerable in Dr. Bell.

Bell. He is a member of a church which openly maintains the divinity of Christ; and this is so certain that, if he should profess his acquiescence in the opinions which he has allowed himself to publish, he must resign the situation which he holds in it. This, however, Dr. Bell has not done. We must conclude then, that his sentiments are not in agreement with those of the author, and that he deems them contrary to the articles of the Church of England, and to the doctrine of scripture: whence it follows that the offence committed by this publication is of the nature already described. He confesses, indeed, that he has given to the world a treatise, of which the doctrine is 'widely different from that adopted by the Church of England.' And if he believes too, which he obviously must, that the doctrine of the Church of England is also the doctrine of the scripture, he cannot possibly escape from the conclusion which has been drawn.

We sincerely hope that Dr. Bell will excuse what has been said in the discharge of a public duty, and that we shall have no farther occasion to expose the unscriptural opinions of Mr. le Courayer. To this we are encouraged, indeed, (for we are willing to part from him in good humour,) by the remembrance of an assertion in Pin-dar that the gods distribute to mankind no more than two evils for one blessing.

Ἐν παρ' ἰσλοῖ, πηματα συν

Δυσ δαίκεται βροτοῖς

Αθαιστοί. τα μιν ὡς

Οὐ δύναται ἡπιοὶ κόσμῳ φέρειν.

Αλλ' αγαθοί, τα καλα τριψαντες εξω.—PYTH. 3.

We rest assured, therefore, on this authority, that Dr. Bell has not a third anti-scriptural dissertation in his pocket, to be produced hereafter through some awkward movement of conscience. In this confidence, we will take the liberal advice of the Theban, and turn the fair side outward. Many stronger attempts against the church than those of Mr. le Courayer have failed of their intended effect; and we will venture to hope that Dr. Bell's munificence will cheer the youth of future generations, when his injudicious acts of editorship shall be forgotten.

ART. IV.—*The West Indies, and other Poems.* By James Montgomery. 12mo. pp. 160. London. Longman and Co. 1810.
The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems. By James Montgomery. 12mo. pp. 176. Longman and Co. 1811.

THE first fruits of a poet's reputation are less to be relied upon than the promise of an orchard in spring. His immediate success

success depends upon so many adventitious circumstances, that the real merit which he may display is oftentimes either wholly overlooked, or is the last thing taken into the account. Is he a personal satirist, slandering his neighbour, and labouring to mildew the fair harvest of a well-deserved fame? Every day's experience shews that the wretches who ponder to envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, are never in want of employment or encouragement. Is he of the philosophy of the brothel? The pupils of that hopeful school commit his verses to memory,—his songs are heard at convivial meetings, and if there be but a transparent veil of sentimentalism thrown over their grossness, they find their way into the drawing-room. Folly and affectation run a career hardly less triumphant than vice; the gossamer of Della Crusca, and the brocade and buckram of Darwin have had their day, like Brunswick bonnets and Corunna shawls. Such indeed is the perversion of public taste, that even our better writers are, in many instances, most known by their worst productions. The *Damon and Musidora*, the *Celadon and Amelia* of Thompson, are chosen by extract-makers; *Edwin and Angelina* is more frequently read and reprinted than the *Traveller*; no work of Dryden's is so popular as his *Alexander's Feast*; and even Shakespear himself (a name never to be pronounced without admiration and reverence) owes more of his common fame to *Romeo*, than to *Coriolanus* or *Timon*.

In former times the public opinion was favourably influenced by the rank of an author; if a duke wrote verses, elegance was imputed to his rhymes; and if a footman or a thresher by his attempts at poetry discovered a mind worthy of a better station, public applause and private patronage were liberally bestowed. Those times are past; a titled author is now sure to be assailed with sneers, and a poor one with more cruel reproaches: we are told that it is injudicious and indeed immoral to encourage self-taught poets in their idle pursuit; that milkwomen and shoemakers are useful persons in their vocation, but that there is already too much indifferent poetry in the world. It is not because we are more enlightened than our fathers that this alteration has taken place. If the opinion be examined it will be found to proceed equally from a shallow understanding and an unfeeling heart; for it is false to assert that any harm is done by the publication of common-place verses. They defraud no person of his money, no one being compelled to purchase them; and they rob no one of his time, for no one is bound to read them, except the professional critic, who has no right to complain because they furnish him with employment in his profession. On the other hand, even the reasoner, whose dim scope of vision never looks beyond the wealth

of

of nations, will not assert that no good is done by it; for the letter-founder, the paper-maker, the printer, the bookseller, and all their dependents, confute such an assertion. The most humble volume that ever stole into oblivion from the press, has been useful to them. But if it so far succeeds as to obtain for the author the reputation which he desires and the emolument which he deserves; though little or nothing be added to the stock of literature by his labours, yet (we would ask) is it not a thing to be wished and rejoiced at, that a meritorious individual should be bettered in his worldly circumstances? that he should be enabled to advance himself, not merely a step in society, but almost, it might be said, in the scale of existence? so great and awful is the distance between intellectual and unthinking man.

There are many other circumstances besides rank, which operate to the advantage or injury of an author. The saying, that a prophet has no honour in his own country, is applicable to an English poet, but not to a Welch, still less to an Irish, and least of all to a Scotch one. The Englishman, however, though none of his countrymen take any interest in his fame on that account, derives some benefit from the spirit of sectarian or of party zeal. Cowper and Kirke White, though not estimated above their merits, owe nevertheless much of that estimation to their peculiar religious opinions. Critics are sometimes actuated by less excusable feelings, and will praise one poet in pure malice to another. Thus it has been made part of Mr. Campbell's eulogy, that he does not write like Walter Scott; and of Mr. Crabbe's, that he does not write like Wordsworth. Even Mr. Wordsworth himself is mentioned with praise when the object is to run down Montgomery.

Of all our living poets Mr. Montgomery is the one whose reputation can least be ascribed to temporary and transitory causes. He began by publishing under a fictitious signature in the newspapers; these pieces found their way into the magazines, then into miscellaneous collections, and from those collections they were selected for admiration by the public, and for praise by the majority of the critics. They were moral, they were pious, they were patriotic; but they spoke the language of no sect and of no party; they contained neither panegyric nor satire; the subjects were general, and nothing but an originality in the manner of treating them could have attracted notice. Encouraged by their favourable reception, the author ventured to publish them in a volume, (with a few other pieces,) and to acknowledge them, now that they had thus fairly succeeded. His name could add nothing to his chance of becoming popular; a printer at Sheffield was remote from the world of literature, and beneath that of fashion; the volume

lume however did become exceedingly popular, and second and third editions were speedily called for.

Never did any volume more truly deserve the reception which it found. Faults there were in it; for where is the volume without them? The longest of the poems is an experiment, treating an heroic subject in lyric measure and upon a dramatic plan. It is full of feeling, of beauty, and of power: still the experiment has not succeeded; for if there be any thing radically erroneous in the plan of an edifice, the most exquisite workmanship may be bestowed upon it in vain. There is a radical error in the *Wanderer of Switzerland*. The dialogue is carried on in short and highly polished lines of a stimulating trochaic movement; the first impression which this makes upon the reader is a sense of incongruity, and even if this were not the case, the measure is too brisk for so long a poem. For dialogue it is peculiarly unfit, and especially for impassioned dialogue, for which unquestionably the blank verse of our old dramatic writers is the best conceivable metre. But notwithstanding the inherent and irremediable defect of the poem, no person capable of appreciating poetry could read it without perceiving that it was the production of a rich and powerful mind.

The smaller poems are not without their faults; these, where they occur, are the faults of redundancy and effort—weeds which indicate the strength and richness of the soil. Sometimes, too, Mr. Montgomery has used the tinsel and taudry with which our modern poetry has so long abounded. Instances of all these faults will be found in the following poem; yet it has beauties which infinitely outweigh them.

HANNAH.

' At fond sixteen my roving heart
Was pierc'd by Love's delightful dart:
Keen transport throbb'd through every vein,
—I never felt so sweet a pain!

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantic maid:
I stole her hand,—it shrunk,—but no!
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my HANNAH's downcast eye,
'Twas kind, but beautifully shy.

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The Sun, enamour'd, wooes young May;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the Sun her blushing face.

But,

vo

But, swifter than the frightened dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love :
Ah ! that so bright a morn, so soon,
Should vanish in so dark a noon !

The angel of affliction rose,
And in his grasp a thousand woes ;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood,—and all his wrath defied ;
I stood,—though whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shun'd my nymph ;—and knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye :
I shun'd her—for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanced, like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promised happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon peace rebuilt her nest ;
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of youth and pleasure smiled.

'Twas on the merry morn of May,
To HANNAH's cot I took my way ;
My eager hopes were on the wing,
Like swallows sporting in the spring.

Then as I climb'd the mountains o'er,
I liv'd my wooing days once more :
And fancy sketch'd my married lot,
My wife, my children, and my cot.

I saw the village steeple rise,—
My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes ;
The rural bells rang sweet and clear,—
My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet :—all was gay ;
I love a rustic holiday !
I met a wedding,—stepp'd aside ;
It pass'd ;—my HANNAH was the bride !

—There is a grief that cannot feel ;
It leaves a wound that will not heal ;
—My heart grew cold,—it felt not then ;
When shall it cease to feel again ?—pp. 147, 150.

The next specimen is of a higher character.

THE GRAVE.

' There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild:
I perish;—O my Mother Earth!
Take home thy Child!

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear;
My pulse,—my brain runs wild,—I rave:
—Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
—“ I am THE GRAVE!

“ The GRAVE, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide:
O listen!—I will speak no more:
Be silent, Pride!

“ Art thou a WRETCH, of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

“ Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

“ Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, Fool! to find
A friend in me.

“ By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell!
By the dread secrets of my womb!
By Death and Hell!

“ I charge

" I charge thee, LIVE—repent and pray ;
In dust thine infamy deplore ;
There yet is mercy ;—go thy way,
And sin no more.

" Art thou a MOURNER ?—Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights ?
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights ?

" O LIVE!—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past :
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

" Art thou a WANDERER ?—Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?
A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark ?

" Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
LIVE!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home."

" —Whate'er thy lot,—Whoe'er thou be,—
Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of GOD.

" A bruised reed he will not break ;
Afflictions all his children feel ;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal !

" Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore :
'Tis done !—Arise ! HE bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

" Now, Traveller in the vale of tears !
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

" There IS a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found ;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground ;

" The Soul, of origin divine,
GOD'S glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day !

"The SUN is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The SOUL, immortal as its Sire,

SHALL NEVER DIE."—pp. 73, 80.

The same elevation is displayed in the War Ode, the Dairy, the Ocean, and the Common Lot; and the same fine strain of passion manifests itself in all its forms, especially, in that which is entitled the Pillow. The effort of the author is sometimes more than commensurate with the occasion, and the whole volume displays a mind overflowing with feelings, but in the highest degree pure and pious. Whatever indeed were the errors of his taste, throughout the whole the ardour and the strength of genius appeared; that talismanic power which ennobles and beautifies whatever it touches. Above all there was originality, without which a man may be a good versifier, but never can be a poet. The only writer to whom Mr. Montgomery bears any resemblance is Klopstock, whose odes are characterized by the same beauties and the same faults; both poets have the same keen sensibility, and fervent piety; in both, too, the imagination overpowers the judgment; but the faults of the German are far more conspicuous than those of the English poet.

It is to the honour of the age that Mr. Montgomery was welcomed with the applause which he deserved. He flattered none of the vices of mankind, nor even any of their opinions; he had no charm of story to win the attention of those who read a poem as they do a novel; he imitated no fashionable style, and he had no friends among the oligarchs of literature to go before him with a trumpet and announce his merits. In spite of these disadvantages, his book was read and admired; the name of Montgomery speedily attained a degree of celebrity, which encouraged and rewarded him; he had struggled through many difficulties and endured many afflictions, and the well deserved applause which he was now receiving came to him like sunshine to a flower which has been bent by the storm.

At this time the master of the new school of criticism thought proper to crush the rising poet. 'We took compassion upon Mr. Montgomery,' said the tender critic, 'on his first appearance, conceiving him to be some slender youth of seventeen intoxicated with weak tea and the praises of sentimental ensigns and other provincial literati, and tempted, in that situation, to commit a feeble outrage on the public, of which the recollection would be a sufficient punishment. A third edition, however, is too alarming to be passed over in silence; and though we are perfectly assured, that in less than three years, nobody will know the name of the Wanderer of Switzerland, or any of the other poems in this collection, still we

think

think ourselves called on to interfere, to prevent, as far as in us lies, the mischief that may arise from the intermediate prevalence of so distressing an epidemic.' The strictures then proceed in the usual strain. 'After all,' the critic resumes, 'we believe it is scarcely possible to sell three editions of a work absolutely without merit, and Mr. Montgomery has the merit of smooth versification, blameless morality, and a sort of sickly affectation of delicacy and fine feelings, which is apt to impose on the amiable part of the young and the illiterate. Mr. Montgomery is one of the most musical and melancholy fine gentlemen we have lately descried on the lower slopes of Parnassus; he is very weakly, very finical, and very affected.' A burlesque description of the contents of the volume follows, together with a few passages, most easily susceptible of ridicule, as specimens of the poetry; and the critique is thus wound up. 'We cannot laugh at this any longer, and feel ourselves compelled to ask pardon of our readers for having detained them so long with these paltry affectations. After all it is a little strange, and not a little humiliating, to think that, at a period when we have more eminent poetical writers than have appeared together for upwards of a century, such a performance as this should rise into any degree of public favour. When every day is bringing forth some new work from the pen of Scott, Campbell, Rogers, Baillie, Sotheby, Wordsworth, or Southey, it is natural to feel some disgust at the undistinguishing voracity which can swallow down three editions of songs to convivial societies, and verses to a pillow.'

There stands upon record only one piece of formal criticism as mischievous as this, and that is the criticism upon Kirke White in a Monthly Journal, of which the notorious folly and injustice have been reprobated by the thousands who regret and admire that extraordinary and excellent youth. Had Montgomery's poems been in reality as worthless as here represented, the volume, upon the critic's own principle of exclusion, should have been past over in silence as the remains of Kirke White have been, because he has not a heart to praise them, and has had decency enough to abstain from censure. Concerning works which require no censure and deserve no praise, a critic of a different stamp has thus expressed himself:—'They who will read such volumes would probably not have employed their hours better, and they will not rise the worse from the perusal of sentiments uniformly friendly to good morals and kindly feelings. Of the summer insects who come within our reach we destroy without compunction such as are noxious; but it were cruel to shorten the life of the golden-chaffer or the butterfly—let them enjoy the summer while it lasts.'

The prediction concerning Mr. Montgomery, like most of the predictions which have issued from the same oracle, has proved false. Twice three years have elapsed; the poems are still heard

of, still read, and admired, and purchased, and re-edited; and what must be still more alarming to the careful guardian of public taste, a second volume has been published. The first piece in this new volume appeared originally in a work on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, one of the splendid publications of Mr. Bowyer. It is entitled the *West Indies*, and contains a rapid sketch of the rise, progress, and extinction of the trade in human flesh. The plan is necessarily defective; there is neither unity in the design, nor cohesion in the parts, which follow each other without any natural or obvious connection. But with what strength the poem is written, the following picture will evince.

‘—Loathsome as death, corrupted as the grave,
See the dull Creole, at his pompous board,
Attendant vassals cringing round their lord;
Satiated with food, his heavy eyelids close,
Voluptuous minions fan him to repose;
Prone on the noonday couch he lolls in vain,
Delirious slumbers rock his maudlin brain;
He starts in horror from bewildering dreams,
His bloodshot eye with fire and frenzy gleams;
He stalks abroad; through all his wonted rounds,
The negro trembles, and the lash resounds,
And cries of anguish, shrilling through the air,
To distant fields his dread approach declare.
Mark, as he passes, every head declined;
Then slowly raised,—to curse him from behind.
This is the veriest wretch on nature’s face,
Own’d by no country, spurn’d by every race;
The tether’d tyrant of one narrow span,
The bloated vampire of a living man;
His frame,—a fungus form, of dunghill birth,
That taints the air, and rots above the earth;
His soul;—has *he* a soul, whose sensual breast
Of selfish passions is a serpent’s nest?
Who follows headlong, ignorant, and blind,
The vague brute-instinct of an idiot mind;
Whose heart, midst scenes of suffering senseless grown,
E’en in his mother’s lap was chill’d to stone;
Whose torpid pulse no social feelings move;
A stranger to the tenderness of love,
His motley haram charms his gloating eye,
Where ebon, brown, and olive beauties vie;
His children, sprung alike from sloth and vice,
Are born his slaves, and loved at market price:
Has *he* a soul?—With his departing breath,
A form shall hail him at the gates of death,
The spectre Conscience,—shrieking through the gloom,
“Man, we shall meet again beyond the tomb.”—pp. 43, 45.

The

The remainder of the volume is more in Mr. Montgomery's peculiar manner, a manner which we admire so much, that we are sorry when he quits his own path even for the king's high Dunstable road. Of such poems it is better, as well as easier, to let the reader see how beautiful they are than to tell him.

THE HARP OF SORROW.

' I gave my Harp to Sorrow's hand,
 And she has ruled the chords so long,
 They will not speak at my command;
 They warble only to *her* song.
 Of dear, departed hours,
 Too fondly loved to last,
 The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
 Snapt in their freshness by the blast :—
 Of long, long years of future care,
 Till lingering Nature yields her breath,
 And endless ages of despair,
 Beyond the judgment-day of death :—
 The weeping Minstrel sings,
 And while her numbers flow,
 My spirit trembles with the strings,
 Responsive to the notes of woe.
 O! snatch the Harp from Sorrow's hand,
 Hope! who hast been a stranger long;
 O! strike it with sublime command,
 And be the Poet's life thy song.
 Of vanish'd troubles sing,
 Of fears for ever fled,
 Of flowers that hear the voice of Spring,
 And burst and blossom from the dead ;—
 Of home, contentment, health, repose,
 Serene delights, while years increase;
 And weary life's triumphant close
 In some calm sunset hour of peace ;—
 Of bliss that reigns above,
 Celestial May of Youth,
 Unchanging as JEHOVAH's love,
 And everlasting as His truth :—
 Sing, heavenly Hope!—and dart thine hand
 O'er my frail Harp, untuned so long;
 That Harp shall breathe, at thy command,
 Immortal sweetness through thy song.
 Ah! then this gloom controul,
 And at thy voice shall start
 A new creation in my soul,
 A native Eden in my heart.'—pp. 85, 86.

The following, upon the loss of the *Blenheim*, contains some of the finest ballad poetry in our language.

‘ A vessel sailed from Albion’s shore,
 To utmost India bound;
 Its crest a hero’s pennant bore,
 With broad sea-laurels crown’d
 In many a fierce and noble fight,
 Though foil’d on that Egyptian night,
 When Gallia’s host was drown’d,
 And NELSON o’er his country’s foes,
 Like the destroying angel rose.
 A gay and gallant company,
 With shouts that rend the air,
 For warrior-wreaths upon the sea,
 Their joyful brows prepare;
 But many a maiden’s sigh was sent,
 And many a mother’s blessing went,
 And many a father’s prayer,
 With that exulting ship to sea,
 With that undaunted company.
 But not to crush the vaunting foe,
 In combat on the main,
 Nor perish by a glorious blow,
 In mortal triumph slain,
 Was their unutterable fate;
 —That story would the muse relate,
 The song might rise in vain;
 In Ocean’s deepest, darkest bed
 The secret slumbers with the dead.
 On India’s long-expecting strand
 Their sails were never furl’d;
 Never on known or friendly land,
 By storms their keel was hurl’d;
 Their native soil no more they trod;
 They rest beneath no hallow’d sod;
 Throughout the living world,
 This sole memorial of their lot
 Remains,—they *were*, and they are *not*.
 There are to whom that ship was dear,
 For love and kindred’s sake;
 When these the voice of Rumour hear,
 Their inmost heart shall quake,
 Shall doubt, and fear, and wish, and grieve,
 Believe, and long to unbelieve,
 But never cease to ache;
 Still doom’d, in sad suspense, to bear
 The Hope that keeps alive Despair.’—p. 148.

Let

Let us now appeal to the reader whether these or any of the specimens which we have quoted are 'very weakly, very finical, and very affected?' Whether the author writes like 'a slender youth of seventeen, intoxicated with weak tea and the praises of sentimental ensigns;' and whether, in publishing such poems, he has 'committed a feeble outrage on the public?'

The last poem in the volumes furnishes a case of what the critic calls 'the distressing epidemic' of Mr. Montgomery's popularity, and the 'mischief' occasioned by it. Shortly after the publication of his first poems he received a letter written, according to the signature, by 'a female whom sickness had reconciled to the notes of sorrow.' A correspondence followed, which was of no long continuance; the lady was, as she well knew herself to be, far advanced in a consumption: the melancholy with which Montgomery contemplated this world, and the faith and fervour with which he looked on to the next, accorded with her own state of feeling; and in what the critic is pleased to call his 'sickly affectations,' she found consolation and delight; they beguiled the weary hours of sickness and pain, and strewed her path to the grave with flowers. This is no fictitious tale. After her death, Montgomery learnt her name, and learnt also that she had been a woman every way as interesting as his imagination under such circumstances was so likely to represent her. To her memory he has addressed a poem, part of which we shall lay before the reader.

'My fancy form'd her young and fair,
Pure as her sister lilies were,
Adorn'd with meekest maiden grace,
With every charm of soul and face,
That Virtue's awful eye approves,
And fond Affection dearly loves;
Heaven in her open aspect seen,
Her Maker's image in her mien.

'Such was the picture Fancy drew,
In lineaments divinely true;
The Muse, by her mysterious art,
Had shewn her likeness to my heart,
And every faithful feature brought
O'er the clear mirror of my thought.
—But she was waning to the tomb;
The worm of death was in her bloom,
Yet as the mortal frame declined,
Strong through the ruins rose the mind:
As the dim moon, when night ascends,
Slow in the east the darkness rends,
Through melting clouds, by gradual gleams,
Pours the mild splendour of her beams,

Then

Then bursts in triumph o'er the pole,
Free as a disembodied soul!
Thus while the veil of flesh decay'd,
Her beauties brighten'd through the shade;
Charms which her lowly heart conceal'd
In nature's weakness were reveal'd;
And still the unrobing spirit cast
Diviner glories to the last,
Dissolved its bonds, and clear'd its flight,
Emerging into perfect light.

' Yet shall the friends who loved her weep,
Though shined in peace the sufferer sleep,
Though rapt to heaven the saint aspire,
With seraph guards, on wings of fire;
Yet shall they weep;—for oft and well
Remembrance shall her story tell,
Affection of her virtues speak,
With beaming eye and burning cheek,
Each action, word, and look recal,
The last, the loveliest of all,
When on the lap of Death she lay,
Serenely smiled her soul away,
And left surviving Friendship's breast
Warm with the sunset of her rest.

' O Thou, who wert on earth unknown,
Companion of my thought alone,
Unchanged in heaven to me thou art,
Still hold communion with my heart;
Cheer thou my hopes, exalt my views,
Be the good angel of my Muse;
—And if to thine approving ear
My plaintive numbers once were dear;
If, falling round thy dying hours,
Like evening dews on closing flowers,
They sooth'd thy pains, and through thy soul
With melancholy sweetness stole,
HEAR ME:—When slumber from mine eyes,
That roll in irksome darkness, flies;
When the lorn spectre of unrest
At conscious midnight haunts my breast;
When former joys and present woes,
And future fears are all my foes;
Spirit of my departed friend!
Calm through the troubled gloom descend,
With strains of triumph on thy tongue,
Such as to dying saints are sung;
Such as in Paradise the ear
Of God himself delights to hear:

—Come

—Come all unseen ; be only known
 By Zion's harp, of higher tone,
 Warbling to thy mysterious voice ;
 Bid my desponding powers rejoice ;
 And I will listen to thy lay,
 Till night and sorrow flee away,
 Till gladness o'er my bosom rise,
 And morning kindle round the skies.

‘ If thus to me, sweet saint, be given
 To learn from thee the hymns of heaven,
 Thine inspiration will impart
 Seraphic ardours to my heart ;
 My voice thy music shall prolong,
 And echo thy entrancing song ;
 My lyre, with sympathy divine,
 Shall answer every chord of thine,
 Till their consenting tones give birth
 To harmonies unknown on earth.
 Then shall my thoughts, in living fire,
 Sent down from heaven, to heaven aspire,
 My verse through lofty measures rise,
 A scale of glory to the skies,
 Resembling, on each hallow'd theme,
 The ladder of the Patriarch's dream,
 O'er which descending angels shone,
 On earthly missions from the throne,
 Returning by the steps they trod
 Up to the Paradise of GOD.’—pp. 155, 160.

We will not weaken by one comment the impression which the story and these lines must make upon the reader ; if he has ears to hear, and understanding to perceive, and heart to recognize what is beautiful in thought, feeling, and expression, he will find it here.

ART. V.—*On National Education*, by George Ensor, Esq.
 Author of ‘ *National Government*,’ ‘ *Independent Man*,’ and
 ‘ *Principles of Morality*.’ 8vo. Longman. 1811.

IT was some time before we could persuade ourselves that any of Mr. Ensor's writings were of sufficient importance to merit the attention of our readers. Of his ‘ *Independent Man*’ we had heard and read something ; but the other works announced in his title-page were utterly unknown to us ; and the whole, we are inclined to think, belong to that class of publications, which are a great deal too silly, and a great deal too dull to do half the mischief in the world which the authors of them intended. We could

could have been well content, therefore, to let them pass on quietly to that oblivion which awaits them, had not the subject of the last acquired a temporary popularity, and been thus likely to gain some notice, notwithstanding the general character of the writer, and the meanness of the composition.

We have toiled through the Political Justice of Mr. Godwin, and are no strangers to the virulent and vulgar publications of Thomas Paine. Mr. Ensor is a disciple in the school of both these 'friends of humanity.' He will, perhaps, disclaim all connection; and glory in the self-assumed title of Independent Man. And to say the truth, to the peculiar qualities of these celebrated writers he has superadded graces of his own, which give him an air of marked originality.

If Mr. Godwin's work has done little harm, its innocence has, perhaps, been chiefly owing to its ponderous and repulsive dullness. At the same time we must do him the justice to say, that although his chief aim is to represent the whole system of society as radically and essentially wrong, and to extirpate all those principles which uphold its present constitution; yet, his work is remarkably free from all personal rancour; nor do his most extravagant opinions seem to be tinged with any low or malignant passion. In the compound which these pages present to us, there is, however, no want of such ingredients. It is not the grave tone of philosophy lost and bewildered in its own speculations that salutes us; but the querulous snarlings of an irritable and disappointed misanthrope. His ravings against kings, priests, and nobles, are agreeably diversified by some contemptuous or opprobrious mention of almost every writer whose opinions he has occasion to controvert: nor do we recollect any living individual who is introduced for the sake of approbation, except it be once or twice Lord Erskine, and more than twenty times, himself.

Hitherto, therefore, it might seem that Mr. Ensor has been no unsuccessful imitator of the other illustrious model whom we have named; nor indeed is it easy to conceive the coarseness, the vulgarity, the bold and insolent impiety of Paine to be transfused in a more genuine and unadulterated form into any composition, than what is exhibited in this treatise on National Education. Yet the parallel is far from being complete. The most dangerous weapons of that unprincipled writer are either unknown to Mr. Ensor, or (which is more likely) he is incapable of wielding them; his perspicuity, his point, his fertility of illustration, the earnestness with which he appears to follow up his argument, and the art of insinuating his doctrines under the disguise of homely truths, the dictates of unsophisticated common sense. In lieu of all this, we are presented with a sententious quaintness, which affects to dictate rather than

than persuade, and which seems ever occupied with the idea of its own importance. But the chief peculiarity, and that upon which our opinion chiefly rested, of its inability to do any great mischief, is a cast of pedantry so excessive and ridiculous as to surpass all that was ever yet exhibited to mankind of that folly. Every character, we will venture to say, which the fancy of the satirist or caricaturist has endeavoured to pourtray, falls far short of this one authentic specimen of real life. Instead of bringing down his doctrines, like Paine, to the level of ordinary apprehensions, with a studious rejection of all authority, Mr. Ensor takes extraordinary pains to shew upon every occasion, that some Greek, or Roman, or Egyptian, or Chinese, or Siamese, has said the same thing—or something like it—or something not like it—or that though he did not say it, he might have said it—or that Mr. Ensor does not care whether he did say it or no. It is not merely upon important and controverted points that this appeal is made; but the most illustrious names of antiquity are summoned to give evidence upon the merest trifles, while others who have been rarely heard of, such as Chylo, Crates, Masurius, Sosiades, and whose claim to immortality rests perhaps upon some line and a half preserved in Athenæus, or Stobæus, are mentioned familiarly by Mr. Ensor, as some of his every day acquaintance. They are awakened from their long slumber of ages to enlighten the world with some sage apophthegm; ‘honour old age,’ or ‘speak the truth,’ or ‘be sober,’ and then are sent back to their accustomed repose.

But we cannot afford much time for exposing these petty absurdities, having a much more serious account to settle with Mr. Ensor, and owing as we do to our readers some justification of the severity with which our notice of this book was introduced. We will therefore attend him through a few of the principal divisions of his argument, and listen as patiently as we can while he is railing at every thing we most value.

Having informed us, that this treatise is part of a more extensive work on national government, he proceeds to argue in favour of diffusing knowledge as widely as possible, adding that the clergy are most averse from affording the means of liberal knowledge; because public instruction is inimical to superstition.

‘Education and its consequence, instruction, when disseminated among all the citizens of a state, acts as a universal monitor: it accuses, it convicts, it judges, and it executes its judgment: it does more, it selects, prefers, remunerates, and all these without exertion, almost without effort. Thus it pervades, controls, directs, and influences the various and complicated interests of domestic life, of civil society, of political communication; and, pervading the interests of all mankind, impresses an immortal energy on all.’ p. 22.

After

After throwing out this puerile tirade, and telling us in the language of the same school, that 'to education every thing may be referred, even the *existence* of man's mind,' he proceeds to give a sketch of the Spartan, Athenian, and Persian Education, chiefly, we presume, because those topics enable him to speak of Lycurgus, Draco, Xenophon, Diogenes, Pausanias. Nothing is told us but what is universally known; except, indeed, that the youth of Sparta exercised in a peninsula formed by the Euripus, which is just as if he had sent the youth of Rome to wrestle in an island in the straits of Gibraltar; while the chapter on the Persians affords a curious example of the use to be made of ancient authorities: for *though* Herodotus and Strabo tell us expressly, that to speak truth was the only moral part of their education, *though* Nicolaus Damascenus says, that the Persians taught truth to their children as a science, *though* Dion Cassius says no such thing of the PARTHIANS, though Mr. Ensor is anxious to shew that he knows all this; yet he assures us, the Persians did *not* speak truth, 'for,' says he, 'its government was monarchical; and truth and monarchy never have, nor ever can freely and effectually subsist together.'

It is, however, where one would least have guessed, it is in China, that the best actual system of education is to be found: 'For here no endowments solicit the acceptance of the literary teacher, nor are there bounties for qualified doctors, nor are children at great expence seduced from their parents to be taught their letters in the state creed, nor are parents compelled by penal statutes to send their children to school.' He goes on to say, that the children are carefully examined by Mandarins from time to time, and promoted strictly, according to their merit, to the administration of provinces and the government of the state. Fortunate China! Enviab! abode of taste, science, and philosophy! Education, which works such mighty wonders—education, which 'pervades, controls, directs, and influences the various and complicated interests of domestic life, of civil society, of political communication'—education, which in all other countries pursues a vicious and mistaken course, exists among the Chinese in its most perfect form; and its blessed effects are accordingly to be witnessed best among that moral, amiable, high-minded, and enlightened people. If any one should entertain a doubt of this fact, we have only to refer him to the view of society, manners, and government in China, for which we are indebted to the pen of Mr. Barrow.

Mr. Ensor next passes sentence upon all the schools of Ireland and England. In the first it seems that many abuses were found to prevail, especially in those of charitable institution. These were principally brought to light by a committee, consisting among others

others of dignitaries of the established church, who appear to have executed their office with firmness and integrity; not deterred from exposing whatever they found reprehensible, by the fear of incurring either public odium or private resentment. Such virtues, however, in the possession of an ecclesiastic, find no favour with Mr. Ensor. He concludes, that they felt a strong inclination to disguise the truth; but that the evils were so rank and crowded as to render this impossible. What practical inference he would draw from this review it is not easy to discern; for that institutions of this nature are liable to be perverted, and will be so, unless carefully watched by some controlling power, the world did not stand in need to be taught. But Mr. Ensor is one of the 'root and branch' reformers. If he hears of a single instance of corrupt practice, his logic instructs him, that the whole institution is corrupt; and this point being established, that all institutions of the same kind are equally corrupt: and, therefore, for that institutions are all destroyed the better. Such, at least, seems to be the process of his reasoning in the following instance. 'I now call the reader's attention to the management of the Blue-coat Hospital in London, and from one instance, we may conjecture the state of the whole establishment.' He then details a case of a very doubtful aspect, in which a Mr. Waithman had detected, what he calls 'an obtrusion on the charity;' and succeeded in getting it removed. In the same spirit he proceeds: 'As to schools in England of a minor description, the neglect of masters is, perhaps, not less excessive than in Ireland—I shall specify only a single instance,' &c. Does he seriously believe that this mode of dispatching a complicated and momentous question can make the slightest impression upon any reasonable mind? Or, in short, that any other feeling will be excited in his reader, than that of contempt for the morose and splenetic temper, which delights in exaggerating faults, even where it had not the sagacity to discover them?

In the same spirit he fights over again the battle of some northern adversaries, against the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. He quarrels with the fellows of Dublin, because they do marry, and talks contemptuously of those of Oxford and Cambridge because they do not. Besides, every part of their system is wrong, obsolete, injurious to the progress of science, and the improvement of mind. Into this subject we shall forbear to enter largely, having already given it a pretty ample discussion; but there is so much of dishonest chicanery as well as of impotent and imbecile railing in Mr. Ensor's renewal of these refuted charges, that for his sake it must not be entirely passed over in silence. Thus advertising to a passage written in vindication of the physical studies of Oxford, which declares, that the Newtonian had long superseded

perseded the Aristotelian physics, in formal exercises as well as in private study, he produces it as a proof that the change is recent, 'perhaps not of forty years standing;' omitting of course the words of the book he is quoting, which expressly state, in the very same page, 'that this alteration had been made for more than a century.' Again, he asks, 'is no time to be allotted to modern language?' And then assuming the fact, he tells a story out of Justin, about one Sunius, a Carthaginian, the introduction of which was probably his leading motive for fabricating the charge. Of the rest of his scurrilous invective against these bodies, it may be sufficient to say, that it proceeds partly from an ignorance of what is really done in them, and partly from an inability to judge of the tendency of those studies which he affects to vilify. His concluding charge accuses them of being enemies to civil and religious freedom. He had just observed, in a strain of impassioned eloquence, that 'instead of being luminaries, emitting beams of light and life, they send forth clouds, instinct with fire and nitre, like that which struck Satan falling ten thousand fathoms deep, and hurried him as many miles aloft.' If the reader is at a loss to comprehend the force of this simile, what will he say to the following specimen of close reasoning? We before objected to a string of universal conclusions appended to a solitary fact. Our readers will perceive that here the case is somewhat altered, and they will doubtless rejoice in seeing the boundaries of logical deduction enlarged. A universal proposition is proved not by a solitary, but by a contradictory, fact.

'Universities are so universally esteemed illiberal in politics and religion, that a few years ago an address from the University of Dublin, congratulating the king on his aversion to the Catholics, appeared in the Gazette. The editor had heard that such an address was to be offered to a board of its fellows for their approbation; and he concluded, of course, it would be adopted by them. To their honour *it was rejected*; and thence the editor of the Gazette was obliged, in a subsequent impression, to retract the whole address under an erratum.

'After this argument, it is unnecessary to declare my entire disapprobation of colleges and universities as seminaries for the education of youth.'—p. 119.

His next section is devoted to the bad effects of all societies, especially incorporated societies, for the promotion of any branch of liberal study. He asks what they have done; what did the academy of Rome accomplish? what the Neapolitan? what the Della Crusca, and so on? And because no one is at hand to tell him, he naturally concludes they have done nothing. The reasoning in this part is of the same stamp, and nearly of the same materials, with the former. He betakes himself to his common-place book of notable errors, memorable sayings, diverting stories, and frivolous

disputes

disputes of the learned—all these are set on a string, and the reader is expected to believe that such are the best productions of those societies. With Mr. Ensor the volumes which contain the transactions of the French academies, of the philosophical societies of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the several kingdoms of Europe, possess no value, but as they serve to supply him with some instances of mistaken fondness for a particular pursuit, or some specimen of misapplied learning. It is not easy to convey an adequate impression of the contempt and disgust with which the perusal of this retail dealer in literary scraps inspired us. Never, perhaps, were books of all ages and languages rifled for a meaner purpose. The labour of collection must have been considerable, unless aided by some mechanical process—but the merest antiquarian doltard who rakes into all which time has spared, for the recovery of parochial facts and the chronicles of a work-house, is engaged in a rational, a respectable and dignified pursuit, in comparison with the man whose inquiries conduct him over the most valuable works of science and literature, but who is blind to all their treasures, and extracts only the few memorials of human error and infirmity which are scattered through them.

Exactly of the same cast is his denial that literature or the arts were ever promoted by the patronage of kings or ministers.

‘Are kings and their ministers judges of the arts? Was Peter of Medici, who employed Michael Angelo in forming a statue of snow? or Catharine of Russia, who built a snow palace? or our Charles the First, who established the royal school in Ireland, and who adopted the Eikon Basilike as his own? or his son, who founded the Royal Society? or Louis the 14th, who asked the Duke de Vivonne, “*Mais à quoi sert de lire?*” or his minister Louvois, who piqued himself on never opening a book; for which of course he was praised, and particularly by La Bruyère? or Bute, who, Cumberland says, had a disposition to be a Mæcenas? or Mæcenas himself?—I suppose not; for on the authority of Seneca, Suetonius, and Tacitus, we must repute him a most affected writer. Or, to reascend from ministers to potentates, was Hadrian a judge or lover of the arts, or could he foster them? Yet he in fact originated our endowed colleges and academies. I say, he could not.’—p. 128.

Again, ‘Would you be patronized by a king or a queen, by Christina of Denmark, and live on the caprices of a weak woman’s vanity, or by the renowned Elizabeth of England? Are you a painter? she would probably require you to paint without shadows, as she had all her own portraits drawn in this blank manner; for she said that shadow was but an accident—a reason worthy of the inartificial Chinese, who wondered at a colonnade painted by Ghirardini—Are you a poet, and would you choose Charles the Ninth of France for a patron? He said poets were to be fed, not fattened. Or Dionysius of Syracuse? This man patronized

Philoxemus, who censured some of the king's poetry, for which he was condemned to the quarries—Would you choose a viceroy's patronage, and be knighted with John Carr for his tour, and with the last lord mayor for his dinner? or the minister's patronage, and stand on the same list with Stanier Clarke and M'Arthur, who have, if possible, disgraced the most fortunate champion of British power by their account of him? Would you have some private, but opulent patrician your patron? as Calvisius Sabinus,' &c. &c. p. 133.

In this manner he runs over every anecdote which he can scrape together, of the folly or ignorance of royal patrons, totally regardless whether the facts alleged support one another, or justify the same conclusion. It must be a very extraordinary fact indeed which will not furnish Mr. Ensor with a topic against kings and ministers. Thus the French government is blamed for suppressing schools in Greece and Portugal, the English for wasting money in maintaining those of their own country. One prince is accused of banishing the litterati, another of harbouring them. The expense incurred in unrolling the Herculaneum manuscripts is the fault of kings, and that no better authors were discovered is their fault also. When kings found schools and colleges it is for the malicious purpose of drawing away the people's minds from civil and political inquiries; and when kings prohibit or punish teaching, it is with the same view of keeping their subjects in the dark. If you are at all in doubt of the truth of these positions, convincing evidence is to be had in Duhalde, or Aulus Gellius, or Dion Cassius, or Diogenes Laertius, or Diotogeneus apud Stobæum.

From a review of the injudicious and abortive attempts which have been made by different governments, and more especially from the erroneous systems of those, who, in our own country, have published their opinions upon this great question, Mr. Ensor is firmly convinced that national education should not be established by law. He is equally hostile to a board of education possessed of any authority to regulate these matters. If there be such a board, of whom must it consist? The clergy are, of course, the worst members of society that could be selected. People in power are almost as bad, gentlemen are ignorant of business, and they despise economy. 'When gentlemen seem to act for the poor,' (he is led into this reflection by a recent occurrence in the city of Dublin,) 'they act for themselves: it is not that many poor may be lodged in a comfortable house, but that a few who are gentlemen, may enjoy the prospect of a palace.' There is no need, he contends, to urge or to encourage the people to educate their children well.

'Were the people treated decorously—were they not oppressed by foreign masters, and domestic tyranny—by kings, nobles, and patricians; were not religion added to the many civil causes of insult and persecution,

persecution, all would eagerly learn: did capacity and not wealth, and family, and believing, and baseness, appoint to all offices of emolument and consequence, all would endeavour to distinguish themselves.'

Yet he is far from insisting that there should be *no* board of education. But then this board should be elected by the people, and should possess no authority, except what it derived from the *respectability* of its members, and the *acknowledged wisdom* of *their proceedings*! Such is the conclusion to which, about the middle of his volume, we are led, by this acute observer of human nature—this censor general of all law-givers and philosophers from Confucius down to Lord Erskine and Mr. Edgworth of Edgworth-town.

The latter half of the work relates to the objects and means of national education. It is this part more especially which contains what is most offensive to the moral habits and religious feelings of a Christian; and which displays so much arrogance, virulence, and coarseness, and such a spirit of detraction against individuals, as would be sufficient to dishonour the best cause. It may easily be supposed, that on a subject of this kind, the respective merits of Dr. Bell and Mr. Lancaster could not fail of being noticed, and although we do not intend to tire our readers with any inquiry into the disputed points relating to them, yet we should be doing injustice to the author before us, if we kept out of sight his sentiments, conveyed as they are in a manner and tone almost peculiar to himself.

Colquhoun says, that Dr. Bell, for a most enlightened plan of education, which he some time since disclosed to the public, deserves a statue to his memory. This seems tolerably encomiastic in our inglorious times; yet I am persuaded that Bell regards it as tame, when compared with his stupendous merit; for in the fourth edition of his *Madras Establishment*, a work of infinite pedantry, pretension, tautology, conceit, and disorder of all kinds, he says, he is fearful of being wanting to his own discovery.—*Why this man* should suppose that three editions of a work claiming a discovery, were not sufficient to assert his title, *argues* either a strange anxiety for glory in him, or an unaccountable neglect on the part of the public.—p. 179.

The plan, he maintains, is as old as Lysurgus, who had the Spartan boys taught in that manner—and it was practised in a single school in France up to the period of the Revolution. Of these facts he makes a great parade, as he does of all his book-learning: and not to know them, argues the most besotted ignorance. We cannot, however, stop to discuss the question with him—a question upon which all candid inquirers, we conceive, are well agreed already. A more important topic catches our at-

tention—and one to which the author has devoted about thirty pages—the artifice and fraud of priests in procuring children to be taught the rudiments of religion.

Religion, if founded in truth, being confessedly a subject on which the greatest of human interests depend, has been naturally regarded as one of the earliest branches of instruction, wherever instruction has been conducted upon any settled system. This practice Mr. Ensor decidedly condemns; he attributes it to the selfishness and insidiousness of priests, which, to use his own words, 'is a history as long as the artifice and hypocrisy of mankind; for all the schemes that all other men have practised to promote their projects against liberty and truth, are but feeble counterfeits of their masterly performances.' It is time, he exclaims, to take arms against these evils, and against those men, who, in God's name, minister to Satan. But of all priests, those of the Christian religion appear to be the most crafty and mischievous, the teachers of doctrines most absurd and most destructive of the happiness of men. If the reader is startled at this unaccustomed charge, we can only assure him, that page after page teems with the invective, however scanty the portion of matter be upon which the accusation rests. Mankind, he says, are so early impregnated with these false notions, that a philosopher like himself has no chance of converting them.

'They are determined not to see, they avert their eyes; and when the object is again presented, they had rather lose their sight than question their belief. Were this otherwise, should we, could we be told, that such or such a thing is a miracle, and proves a divine original, when reported miracles are common to a thousand prophets, and a thousand impostors?—Whether saint or devil, no matter; every one can work miracles, every fool can collect fools, and produce witnesses to testify for him.' 'These tales of wonder—of nations of giants, and their cohabiting with women; of ghosts raised and allayed; of dreamers and interpreters of dreams; of miracle-mongers, who turned sticks into serpents, and dust into vermin; of prophets, of devils, of devils holding colloquy with gods, and with God and man, and one and the same both man and God; of devils sojourning in the bodies of men; of devils talking from these their tabernacles; of devils, and the same, at the same time, one and many, and this and these at the word of command—Good God! and such things are done in your name, and for your glory! Should such be taught even as the wanderings of doctage? or should the corresponding tales of terror be inculcated into youth—of armies destroyed, of nations extirpated by God's order, of deaths and pestilences, and inundations, as God's judgments, of hell and its torments, as among God's punishments?'

Now admitting that if Mr. Ensor disbelieves these things, it is very reasonable in him to protest against teaching them as truths

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to children; yet how can he fancy that a few pages of bold denial contained in a work on national education, shall efface the deliberate conviction from his readers' minds, of the truth of the Christian Revelation? To them religious truth must appear more valuable than any other truth, because its consequences are incalculably more extensive. It is doubtless inconvenient for Mr. Ensor and for those like him who seek to banish religion from the world, to find it thus early implanted in the mind, and in possession of the heart and affections; it renders their task doubly difficult, and we could pardon some little effusions of spleen and vexation at such a disappointment. But to address their opponents seriously, and beg of them not to take this precaution, is really such a piece of senseless trifling, that it is fitter to provoke a laugh than any serious answer. Such, however, is the ordinary proceeding of this philosophic school. Truth is the professed object of their worship. For this they will sacrifice every enjoyment of this life; and they will teach it in spite of all the taunts of reproachers, and the persecution of bigots and impostors. But when *we* say the same thing, and in addition, declare that we will endeavour to fortify our children in the possession of sacred truth; they exclaim against it as base, monstrous, intolerable, the device of crafty priests and time-serving hypocrites.

Mr. Ensor indeed attempts to shew that the doctrines of our church are destructive of all peace of mind, that they tend to embitter the poor man's sufferings, and send him out of life the victim of despair; and he sums up the description with indignantly declaring, that 'we and our peasantry pay millions and millions to have this system infused into the child, and imposed on the man.' That peasant's lot is doubtless to be pitied who has no such comforter as Mr. Ensor at hand, when he lies on his death-bed—but perhaps the assurance that his sins are forgiven through faith in his Saviour, that he will now rest from his labours and enter into the enjoyment of that reward which is promised to piety, will serve to cheer his spirits in that awful hour full as well as the prospect of annihilation or eternal sleep.

Mr. Ensor's principal quarrel is with the doctrine of future torments:

'The invention of hell,' he exclaims, 'was surely the master-piece of these subtle impostors—Hell, which under the ministry of an established priesthood has inflicted more misery, oppression, and *poverty* on nations, than Pharaoh and all the plagues did on fanatic Egypt.—If you banish hell from the liturgy of nations, or if you will but withhold it from the credulous minds of children, besides promoting *economy*, liberty, and many capital advantages to society, you will preserve mankind from a world of woe.'—p. 243.

Where the imagination is evidently disordered, it would be
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cruelty

cruelty to dwell any longer upon the subject. Let us change the theme.

It may be supposed, after the extracts we have given, that this philanthropic moralist would have education so conducted as to leave the minds of children as free as possible from any bias, any tincture of opinions received upon authority; that they should be instructed indeed in the elements of science, in the history of their country, and the nature of the things around them which may be either useful or injurious to themselves, but that no habits of thought and feeling should be formed in them by the example and discipline of their teachers. Far otherwise. Their minds are to be trained in the exercise of piety towards parents, respect to the aged, general benevolence, a sacred love of truth, with one or two more moral virtues. If it be asked why these doctrines should be inculcated to the exclusion of religion, the answer is ready. Religion is false, absurd, detestable: these are doctrines which will ensure the greatest sum of happiness to themselves and their country. We must be careful not to reply, that Christianity sanctions all these doctrines, and farther enforces them by a system of rewards and punishments far exceeding all that man can institute; that it invites and animates us to the performance of them by every motive which is most powerful with a reasonable being, and that we think we have the strongest evidence man can require of the truth of this religion—we must be careful not to answer thus, for he will fall into downright raving—call us bigots, idiots, timeservers, impostors, tell us it is a device to impose on man through his timidity, that kings and priests may be rich and lazy, and the people enslaved. We have already given so many specimens of Mr. Ensor's talent for this strain of writing, that we must forbear from adorning our pages with any more. Many other topics are indeed drawn in to enforce the necessity of a reform in our *national education*, the connection of which with the main argument is so immediate and striking, that it needs no explanation—such as the case of Mr. Gale Jones—the Walcheren expedition—and the tyrannical conduct of 'the outcast Yorke,' in shutting the doors of the gallery in the House of Commons.

There are indeed softer moments in which he indulges an elegant vein of raillery. Thus, in considering Lord Kame's project for limiting the number of schools to twelve or fifteen disciples, 'Twelve or fifteen disciples,' he observes, 'are ominous expressions in the same line, and one might be inclined to think at first reading, that something mysterious was intended.' Thus too, upon Dr. Bell's mention of three bishops as friends and patrons of his plan, Mr. Ensor pleasantly remarks, 'that the printer should have placed three mitres as notes of admiration.' A few playful beams of fancy serve in like manner to enliven his discussion of the *means*

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of education. 'One would suppose,' says he, 'that classical schools were established as vigorous assistants to baptism; and, as baptism acted ceremoniously to exorcise original sin, this was to eject from the premises said sin by forcible entry and ouster.'—p. 294.

Mr. Ensor is, as may be inferred from this passage, a decided enemy to corporal correction. Indeed he possesses a tender heart, a heart thrilling with sympathy for the vegetable as well as the animal creation. It is impossible to read the following exquisite sentiment, without calling to mind those melting sensibilities which warm the heart of many a philosophic milliner in a German tragedy, and which, but for the craft of priests and nobles, might not only serve as a substitute for religion, but render virtue itself needless.

'Benevolence embraces the whole animated world. Nor do I see, (says the philosopher gazing tenderly on a honey-suckle, while a tear which he in vain endeavours to suppress, steals gently down his cheek,) nor do I see why children should be permitted to disfigure or despoil shrubs and plants of their bloom or their branches. "I never cut a live stick from a hedge, when I can find a dead one," was the expression of a feeling man.—How superior is morality, thus interesting, to the languages, the sciences, and philosophy!'—p. 255.

The present constitution of society is, according to Mr. Ensor, so vicious, the laws of property are so defective and unjust, that it would be impracticable to communicate all the good he wishes, by means of education, till they are altered. For in the first place, it is with him a fundamental principle, that instruction shall be furnished to none either as a matter of right or of bounty. No tax must be levied on the rich to educate the poor. Every one must buy instruction like any other commodity, who can afford it; if he cannot afford it, he must go without it. This sounds rather strange from the friend of injured gooseberry-bushes—but it is the fault of the law, and not of Mr. Ensor, that all have not the means of paying for their education. In all his schools he would have *utility* made the principal object: but as this term has been variously understood, he explains it to mean, 'that which will render a man an upright, active citizen, and *agreeable* to many and himself.' We are certainly much indebted to him for this precise definition, which will go far to settle the disputes that prevail in the world about that question. But lest we should fail of catching his exact meaning, he refers us once more to that living model already held up to our admiration, the wise, the eloquent, the agreeable Chinese.

'We may learn, at least, one lesson from the Chinese: they reject theology from education, and they treat the speculative sciences as of inferior moment in the education of youth; while they love and honour those parts of knowledge which prepare men for civil affairs, as the

knowledge of eloquence, of history, of the laws. These were the studies of Helvidius Priscus.'—p. 325.

As one of Mr. Ensor's principal objects in publishing his works, is to convince the world of his prodigious acquaintance with books ancient and modern, it may not be amiss to afford some evidence of the author's accurate acquaintance with the Greek language, in which he appears to have read so much. Early in his work the following passage is quoted from Isocrates: χαλεπον εστι περι την αυτην υποθεσιν δυο λογους ανεκτως ποιειν. 'The penultimate word,' he says, 'for obvious reasons I have omitted to translate.' What his obvious reasons are we are at a loss to guess—but this we know, that it is essential to the sense of the passage. It means 'without being tiresome.' Another author whom he introduces with just as much propriety, to illustrate the course of studies prescribed by the Apothecaries Hall at Dublin, is Ptolemy on judicial astrology. Οι Αιγυπκιοι εγνωκότες την αλιν της τοιαυτης αγνοιας ουκ ιδια μεν τα ιατρικα συνταξον, ιδια δε τα αστρολογικα, και τελεισικα, αλλα αμα παντα συνεγραψαν. Which he translates, 'The Egyptians through ignorance did not distribute, &c.'—p. 266.

Not satisfied with naming in some way or other, almost every Greek writer of whom a scrap remains, he proceeds to enlarge the list by the insertion of some of his own discovering. Mr. Ensor would really confer a favour on the learned world, if he would but publish those 'fragments of Harmodius and Aristogiton,' which have hitherto met the eye of no scholar but himself. If he would but gratify us with a sight of those precious relics, we should have less reason to resent the unworthy usage which some valuable authors already in our possession, meet with at his hands. Menander, for instance, is made to say, '*credulity is the curse of man's nature.*' Happily for those who mistrust their interpreter, the original words are given below, 'Ευπιστον αλυχτων εστιν ανθρωπος φουσει.'—p. 235. Thus too, Diogenes Laertius, whose words are Ωδαις χρησηθαι προς λυραν υμνω τε θεων και ανδρων αγαθων ευλογον χαριν ειναι, is produced as evidence that 'using the lyre and offering praise to gods and good men, are connected in the same eulogy.'—p. 266.

It is time now to release our readers from this farrago of pedantry and folly. The author it seems threatens another work, on LAWS, which will probably explain to us how all people may be rich enough to enjoy the benefit of education at their own expense, and which may give the finishing blow to that unqualified system of misery, the Christian religion. In the mean time we cannot enough rejoice in seeing the liberal and enlightened views of patriots becoming every day better understood, and more zealously supported. Even writings such as these are not without their use in the furtherance of a good cause. They awaken the most indolent

lent and indifferent to a sense of their danger as well as of their duty. They convince us not only that it is an act of piety and benevolence to instruct the people, but it is one of self-defence and self-preservation. The question is not whether the poor shall be taught or not, but whether they shall be taught what is right or what is wrong—whether they shall be trained up in attachment to religion and the laws, or in hostility or indifference to both. And if only as much vigour and alacrity be displayed in behalf of these substantial blessings, as our adversaries are wont to employ in decrying them, the issue of the contest cannot be doubtful. A few discordant voices will continue to be raised, reviling our system of instruction and loading the patrons of it with abusive epithets; but they will become every day more feeble, till at length they will cease of their own accord, weary of exerting impotent efforts, which are no longer noticed because they can be no longer mischievous.

ART. VI. *A short Inquiry as to the Competency of Witnesses with reference to their Religious Opinions.* By Sir William Smith, Bart. LL. D. F.R.S. and M.R.I.A. Third Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. London, Cadell and Davis. 1811.

An Attempt to shew that Witnesses under Cross-examination ought not to be required to bear Testimony to their own Disgrace. By the same.

Some Observations on that part of the Law of Evidence which relates to the Proof of Deeds. By the same. Archer, Dublin.

A TRACT by a judge is somewhat of a novelty. Whether it be that the public functions of these eminent persons leave them but little leisure for abstract disquisitions, or that at the time of life at which they ascend the bench, there commonly remains no great activity of research or facility of composition, or whether, finally, it may not have been held indecorous in those who are to dispense the law, to commit, and, as it were, manacle themselves by the publication of any particular opinions,—whatever, we say, be the cause, it is observable that, in modern times, no science has been less indebted to the literary exertions of its superior professors than the law. This, upon the whole, we see no great reason to regret: the two former of the causes to which this effect is attributable, we may, though on other accounts, lament; the latter we apprehend to be, not only a sufficient excuse, but a complete defence, and (we may add) an imperative motive for the reserve of the judges.

Sir

Sir Richard Steele is reported to have published his 'Christian Hero' with the avowed purpose of obliging himself to lead a religious life; and Doctor Johnson suggests, that the author of 'The Whole Duty of Man' may have concealed his name, lest by any scandal of his life he should diminish the efficacy of his work. Human nature is as weak and fallible in the judge as in the moralist or divine; and his character is, at least, of as much public importance as theirs. He, therefore, does wisely to profit by these examples, and either to refrain from publishing legal opinions lest he should feel himself obliged to abide implicitly by his book, or to conceal his name, lest his practice should interfere with his doctrine. We, therefore, read the title-pages of these tracts with a strong disposition to doubt (whatever might be their intrinsic merit) of the expediency or prudence of their publication.

This doubt the perusal has strengthened by a most apposite illustration; for though the learned judge treats his subjects, in general, with great candour and moderation, and professes his anxiety 'stare decisis,' and to abide by authorities; yet we cannot conceal from ourselves, that some of the positions here laid down, if quoted to him and his brethren on the bench of the Exchequer, or to him sitting alone at Nisi Prius, might, in particular circumstances, occasion a considerable degree of inconvenience; and we more than suspect that a verdict given, under his direction, on any of these subjects, would run some risk of being set aside on appeal, to the disparagement of the judge, and the delay and, possibly, the eventual denial of justice.

We shall now endeavour to state the particular doctrines which Mr. Baron Smith endeavours to maintain:—1. The object of the first tract is, we believe, altogether new, and seems interesting as a point, not only of law, but of morals and religion; namely, whether a deist, (i. e. one of those persons popularly so called, who, born and bred in a christian country, are nevertheless not christians, such as Lord Bolingbroke, &c. &c.) be admissible as a witness in a court of law.

This question the learned judge would decide in the negative; 'for,' he says syllogistically, 'a witness must be sworn; but a deist may not be sworn on the gospels, the truth and sanctity of which he does not believe, nor yet according to any Jewish or pagan ritual or form which he acknowledges as little; therefore he cannot be sworn at all, and therefore Q. E. D. cannot be a witness.'

This reasoning would be perfectly conclusive, if both the premises assumed by Mr. Baron Smith were conceded to him; but we are not quite clear that he is entitled to the full admission of either. He considers, we think, rather the form than the substance of the testamentary obligation, and does not appear sufficiently to have

have developed the spirit in which the relaxations of the law on this point have been admitted. All witnesses, in the more ancient times, were indeed sworn on the new Testament, and infidels (including the Jews) were held inadmissible, because they would not swear, 'tactis sacris evangelis': this was the law when Lord Coke wrote, and, until the days of Lord Chief Justice Hale, there is no authority to the contrary. Why was this?—because it was reasonable? no: but because our municipal law had in those early times, little conversation with pagans or Jews, and the defect of justice, which an adherence to this rule in modern times would create, was not felt. When, however, our enlarged state of society rendered it necessary, we find that the law, which, as Lord Mansfield said in an eloquent argument on this very subject, '*works itself* pure by rules drawn from the fountain of justice,' began to admit, though at first hesitatingly, that Jews and Turks might testify in cases of absolute need: because, says my Lord Hale, (the earliest authority for swearing an infidel,) 'it were a very hard case if a murder committed here in England in presence only of a Jew or a Turk that owns not the Christian religion, should be dispensable.*' This liberality of the law continued to increase with our intercourse with pagan countries, till at last it was decided (in the great case of Omichund and Baker) † by Lord Hardwicke, with the assistance of the other chief judges of his day, that an infidel acknowledging a God and any solemn form of asseveration, might be a witness; because, says one of the judges, ‡ 'not to admit them would be destructive of trade, subversive of justice, and attended with innumerable inconveniences.' Here then is fairly stated the profane ground (not in its ill sense) of this mitigation of the rigid practice of our ancestors.

Fortunately the number of *deists*, of those notorious deists we speak whom Mr. Baron Smith would exclude from the witness-box, are so few, that we do not recollect to have ever heard of or seen a witness, to whose competency on this score any objection could be established; nor do we think that if such a one (of otherwise credible character, Mr. Hume for instance,) were to be the only witness of a murder, any objection concerning the *form* of the oath, would prevent the judge's admission of his evidence. Here Sir M. Hale's argument in favour of the Jew and the Turk would equally apply; and there would be besides the direct authority of Lord Chief Justice Willes, who was of opinion, § that 'infidels who believe in a God and future rewards and punishments may be witnesses; and that he who cannot take the christian oath, must be allowed to swear according to his notion of

* 2 Hale P. C. 379. † 1 Atkyn's Report. 25. ‡ 1 Atk. 44. § 1 Atkyns.

an oath;* and, in a more modern instance, Mr. Justice Buller, when the belief of a witness in our Lord Jesus Christ and in his gospels was directly questioned, would not suffer the examination to proceed, but asked him, whether he believed in God, the obligation of an oath, and a future state of rewards and punishments? Upon his answering in the affirmative, his evidence was admitted. Doctor Paley too, a name high amongst moralists and divines, and no mean authority even on legal questions, says, 'whatever be the form of an oath, the signification is the same; it is calling God to witness, (i. e.) to take notice of what we say, and it is invoking his vengeance, or renouncing his favour, if what we say be false.'†

The decision of Mr. Justice Buller seems now to be generally allowed as law; we, at least, have not heard it questioned, except by Mr. Baron Smith: it must, however, be admitted, that there is some apparent inconsistency in swearing a witness on the holy evangelists, yet not permitting him to be asked whether he believes them to be holy; but this we are inclined to rank among the anomalies so frequent in our laws and constitution, where an ancient form survives the original spirit. The question at this day appears to be, Does the witness believe in the essential obligation of an oath abstractedly considered? If he does, he is sworn on the holy gospels, which is the form that our law requires.

To these considerations we think that Mr. Baron Smith has not sufficiently attended: for, undoubtedly, though we all feel that he who sanctifies his evidence by a sincere and pious appeal to the gospel, is of all possible witnesses the most trust-worthy; yet we cannot deny that the conviction of the existence of a God, the belief in a state of future retribution, and finally, the sense of the obligation of an oath, are the essential qualifications for a witness:—all above this will add to his credit; but this suffices to his competency.

Mr. Baron Smith sees in this subject two separate questions, 1st, *whether* the witness should be sworn; and 2d, *how* he should be sworn; and because he knows not how he should swear a deist, he most inconclusively 'concludes' that he must not be sworn. In truth, we think this distinction of Mr. Baron Smith's overthrows his whole argument; for if a witness entitles himself to be sworn, the common sense of the judges will find out how to swear him; and it is contrary to all law, divine or human, that crimes should on account of any forms whatsoever, be, as Sir M. Hale expresses it, *dispunishable*. When we say form, let us not be misunderstood: Christianity is the very essence of our hopes of welfare here and hereafter; but, under the authority of all the sages of

* Peake, N. P. 11.

† Mor. and Pol. Phil. c. 16.

the law, we must contend that the ceremony of swearing is but a mere form of the municipal law, capable of alteration, relaxation, or even omission altogether *, as necessity, or even expediency may require.

2. The subject of Mr. Baron Smith's second tract is of more practical importance than the former; but we own that after an attentive perusal we can extract no better statement of his doctrine, than the title-page, which we have already quoted, contains. The extent to which a cross-examination might be carried, we always considered as a question of degree, and we believe it is so considered by the judges. Mr. Baron Smith seems to think that a witness is, in no case, bound to answer questions defamatory of himself; because, he says, you must either have no grounds for asking the question, or you must be able to prove it by other witnesses: and it is upon this last circumstance that the learned judge particularly relies; but he has totally forgotten that his argument relates to cross-examination—that cross-examination is only applicable to your opponent's witnesses—and that until these appear in the box you cannot tell what witnesses are to be produced. Suppose a man who had been pilloried for perjury at Charing-cross, to be produced as a witness at the assizes at Stafford: ten thousand people had seen him in the pillory, but not one of the ten thousand is at Stafford: is the counsel to be prevented from asking this witness whether he was ever in the pillory, and for what crime? We are far from denying that a great license of cross-examination has been sometimes assumed by the bar; (and, if we may judge from the reports which we have seen, by the Irish bar particularly;) but we think it belongs to the discretion of the court to repress this licence; and we have not seen many instances in which such improper conduct in the bar was not reprimanded by the court, or checked by the visible disgust of the jury. We think, therefore, that Mr. Baron Smith might have been contented with repressing (which it is his right and duty to do) irrelevant and vexatious cross-examinations, without endeavouring to make into law, what is not law, and what, if it were, the well-being of society would make it necessary immediately to abrogate. Of an infamous witness the infamy ought to be exposed; and we own that we should see but little safety for property or character, if we were forbidden to apply to testimony the touchstone of a severe cross-examination, and to measure the value of evidence by the character of the giver. And here again we are glad to refer to the authority of Dr. Paley, who has placed this matter on its true grounds of reason and of law,† discriminating what a witness owes to his oath, to the public, and to himself, and showing, we think, clearly and concisely, how little necessity there is

* As in the instance of Quakers.

† Mor. and Pol. Phil. c. 17.

for the amendment which Mr. Baron Smith has moved, to the whole-some provisions of the existing law.

3. The third tract appears to have been published separately from the other two. This is not a theoretical but a practical statement, and relates to a case in which Mr. Baron Smith had the ill-fortune to differ from his brethren of the bench, and the good fortune, as we think, to be clearly in the right. A deed, as most of our readers know, must be proved by its subscribing witnesses. If they are dead or unavoidably absent, it may then, and not till then, be established by secondary proof. If there be a subscribing witness living and capable of being examined, he alone is a competent witness to the execution of a deed.* This is the language of all the authorities. Nay, the admission on oath of a party to a deed cannot, even against himself, be substituted for the testimony of the subscribing witness.† Such, says Mr. Selwyn, is the religious adherence to this rule.

The question, in the case which forms the subject of this pamphlet, was (to omit the obscure terms of the law) whether a certain deed had been executed in the form in which it now appeared: to its execution there were two subscribing witnesses. One of those witnesses was produced in the usual form to prove the deed; but he disproved it: for, though he admitted his own signature, he swore that the deed had been altered since its execution, and that it now materially and substantially differed from that which he had witnessed. Thus failing to prove the identity of the deed, the party interested proceeded to call other persons to show that this witness was mistaken, and that the deed was in the same state in which it had been executed. To this proposition Mr. Baron Smith, before whom the cause was tried, objected as premature; because the second subscribing witness, the next best evidence on the subject, was not called, nor his absence accounted for. Nay it was notorious that this second witness was at hand, and for some unexplained, and therefore suspicious reasons, not produced. As his name was subscribed to the deed, and as he was within reach, the judge could not permit that evidence to be given, which would only be admissible if no such witness had existed, or if he were now dead; and he therefore concluded by nonsuiting the plaintiff, or, in plainer words, by deciding that he had not sufficiently proved the deed. Mr. Baron Smith's judgment appears to us so strictly and decisively correct, that we were astonished to learn, that, on an appeal to the court above, (the first decision having been at the *Nisi Prius* sittings,) the other three judges of the Exchequer not only differed from Mr. Baron Smith, but so decidedly and con-

* Peake, N. P. 30. Selwyn's Law of N. P. 474.

† Abbot v. Plumbe. Douglas, 216. Cale v. Dunning, 4 East. 53.

clusively,

clusively, that they would scarcely permit an argument on the subject; and rejected even his entreaty to postpone their decision till the morrow, that he might be the more fully prepared to state the grounds of his opinion. Mr. Baron Smith speaks with becoming respect of his brethren, and particularly of the Lord Chief Baron, whose coincidence in this hasty course he seems particularly to regret; but, in spite of his reserve on this point, he has betrayed so much of 'the secret of the prison house,' as to make us lament, 1st, that a decision should have been reversed which we think was right; and 2d, that it should be reversed under circumstances of haste, which we are sure were wrong. We know not where those who decided against Mr. Baron Smith's opinion are to find their legal* authority; but we are confident that no sufficient reason can be given to reconcile us to the refusal of the court to concede one day's delay in deference to the scruples of their learned brother.

But if we lament that the court differed 'with such marked scorn,'† from the opinion of Mr. Baron Smith, we are obliged to confess that he has, in return, placed them in a situation of great awkwardness, by the publication of his *ex parte* statement. The Court of Exchequer, one of the great fountains of justice, must now either publish a pamphlet in its own defence against one of its own members, or it must lie under an imputation of haste and error. This consideration obliges us to revert to the sentiment which we expressed at the commencement of this article, and to repeat our doubts whether upon the whole it would not have been more dignified in the learned judge, more creditable to the eminent tribunal of which he is a member, and more beneficial to the general cause of justice and the laws, if Mr. Baron Smith had contented himself with the common and legitimate expression of his sentiments in court, and trusted for their perservation to the unoffending accuracy of the term reporter, and for their effect, to the impartial judgment of the whole profession.

After all, though, for his own sake and that of others, we rather discourage him from the farther publication of legal tracts, we cannot refuse to Mr. Baron Smith the praise of an interesting, though somewhat involved and affected style—of great ingenuity, and of that spirit of attachment to our ancient law, and of reverence for our holy religion, which eminently becomes a man of learning and of feeling—a judge, and a Christian.

* Not assuredly in either *Abbott v. Plumb*, (*Douglas* 216,) or *Lowe and Joliffe*, (1 *Blackstone* 365,) where the principle for which Mr. Baron Smith contends is admitted and enforced; namely that, until the evidence of all the subscribing witnesses be exhausted, that of other persons is inadmissible.

† It is Mr. Baron Smith's own strong expression.

ART. VII. *History of Ancient Wiltshire.* By Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. Part II. from p. 96 to p. 178.

WE mount our antiquarian steeds once more to accompany Sir Richard Colt Hoare in his excursions over the Wiltshire downs. 'Little did I think,' says the worthy baronet, 'when traversing in my juvenile days this woodland district in pursuit of a fox, I should, at a more mature age, find so much food for inquiry and reflexion in this apparently desert region.' p. 104. His hall at Stourhead was then, no doubt, like those of other country gentlemen, adorned with trophies adapted to his habits; but the antiquarian chase has enriched his mansion with monuments of curiosity and perseverance in elder life, such as no other residence in the kingdom has to display: for no such systematic collection was ever before made of the arms, the ornaments, and the sepulchral relics of our British ancestors. These are, moreover, endeared to the owner by the recollection that they are not purchases but *discoveries*; not the battered fragments of old and dispersed museums, but the personal acquirements of toil and research.

The present volume, which is illustrated with maps and engravings, in a style equally satisfactory and magnificent with the former, comprizes four of those itinera into which, for the sake of his own accommodation in the pursuit as well as of distinctness in the narrative, the author has very judiciously divided his work.

In these itinera more barrows have been explored, and more British encampments as well as villages discovered, so that as far as the work has advanced, we have, on sober and solid grounds, without any wildness of fancy or latitude of conjecture, a distinct map of Belgic Britain. The general principles, however, of the work have been already considered, and though the discoveries of this volume are, perhaps, more rich and rare than those of the former, yet they are, as might be expected, 'homogeneous,' referring to the same tribe and period, and therefore to the same system of life.

But another object appears in our horizon, compared with which the barrow and the encampment sink at once into insignificance. We speak of the 'wonder of the west,' the obscure, the magnificent, the mysterious Stonehenge. On this ground we expressed some apprehension lest the author should be 'carried out of himself;' but we have the satisfaction of finding that he has conducted himself with all the sobriety, modesty, and discretion which became a modern antiquary in treating a subject of such difficulty, in which so many of his forerunners have failed. He states, with impartiality and distinctness, the several hypotheses of Giraldus Cambrensis, of Camden, of Jones, of Charlton, of Sammes, and of Stukeley;

Stukeley; besides those of some inferior writers, as to the origin of Stonehenge. On these as well as on some general considerations, connected with the history of this stupendous monument, we must, as the companions, not the servile followers of the worthy baronet, be indulged in some latitude of conjecture.

That Stonehenge was transferred, after the vain application of all the mechanical powers then known, by the magical skill of Merlin, from the plains of Kildare; and that it was placed on the downs of Ambresbury, to commemorate the slaughter of Aurelius Ambrosius and his fellow chieftains, we shall not insult the understandings of our readers by an attempt to disprove. But whether this extravagant fable of Geoffry or Giraldus do not contain, as is frequently the case, some remnant of historical truth; in other words, whether Stonehenge might not have been erected by human means, on that occasion, will demand at least a moment's reflexion. Stonehenge, whoever were the builders, must, as is well remarked by Dr. Borlase, have been the result of 'peace and leisure.' But the Romanized Britons of this period had neither the one nor the other of these advantages; abandoned and dispirited, dismayed by a recent and atrocious assassination, and harassed by continual attacks of the same barbarous enemy, they could have small heart for the undertaking of such a work: for who thinks of raising great national monuments for the dead while a war for existence itself is raging in the bowels of his country? On such an occasion a tumuluary barrow would have equalled their powers, and, in their conceptions, satisfied the manes of their slaughtered friends. Besides, had they possessed the means of achieving such a work, they wanted not skill to construct a memorial of another kind. They were in possession of a debased Roman architecture—and no one makes a voluntary retrocession in science, to encounter anew all the difficulties which centuries had been occupied in removing. But to settle the point at once; barrows adjoining to Stonehenge, of a much earlier period than that of Aurelius Ambrosius, in which instruments of brass and other unquestionable remains of the first Belgic period have been discovered by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, were found to be formed of chippings from the stones which compose that vast edifice. It follows, therefore, that they were of later date. We shall wave, however, for the present the use which might be made of this decisive fact, in order to afford scope to the argument.

Inigo Jones was a man not of science only, but of original genius. Nay, more,—he was, with the leave of some great names which followed, the first of English architects: but in his unhappy work on Stonehenge, he has established a fact, to which we have more than once adverted, the awkward and incongruous situation of

'artist commenced author.' For whether it were that his patron James the First had decreed, in the plenitude of his wisdom, that Stonehenge should be Roman, and therefore put the architect on the wretched necessity of defending such a position; or whether Inigo's evil stars directed him to the spontaneous adoption of such an absurdity—at all events, he undertook the office of demonstrating to mankind that the builders of Stonehenge and the Pantheon were the same people, and that the result of their labours on the plain of Ambresbury was a temple of *Cœlus*.

Much of what has already been urged in refutation of the former opinion will apply to this; in addition to which it may be suggested that this proud people were not wont, in other instances, to depart from their own arts and improvements in order to compliment poor and barbarous provincials, whom they thought it a condescension to instruct. Neither were the anachronisms of capricious imitation then in use. Within our early knowledge, indeed, and while the Gothic gadfly was yet in the egg, a private gentleman looking out for some mode by which he might contrive to dispose of his superfluous income, determined upon constructing a Druid's temple. Accordingly, cattle were founderred, wains broken down, and masses of rock deposited in sloughs:—but wealth and perseverance finally overcame every obstacle, and,

'Above or Persian luxe or Attic art,
The rude majestic monument arose.'

The stones were ranged, the circle complete, and now that half a century has overspread the whole with a proper coat of mosses and lichens, it might defy the eye of an antiquary to detect the imposture, on the same principle on which the poems of Ossian have baffled criticism,—simplicity, and want of features. But such vagaries, which sport with the chronology of architecture, suited not with the haughty superiority of the Romans. When *they* built, it was in their own manner; the structure told its own story; and, on the whole, it would be no less absurd to ascribe Stonehenge to that people, than the temple of Vitzliputzli, at Mexico, to the Spaniards. But the wildness of his hypothesis was not the only disgrace which Inigo brought upon himself in this instance. He failed in his own peculiar department: his measurements were as inaccurate as his conceptions were crude; and the diligence of Sir Richard Hoare has proved that the cell, which the architect had laid down as an hexagon, is, in fact, a segment of an oval.

Next appears Mr. Aylett Sammes, as advocate of the Phœnicians. And here let it be understood that his whole fabric is built on the acknowledged but too general fact, that this active and industrious people traded to the south coast of Britain at a very early period.

period. In the total absence, therefore, of all positive evidence, any hypothesis may be encountered and overthrown by opposite improbabilities.

In the first place, then, it is not even pretended that the Phœnicians ever made any permanent settlements on this island, or that they ever penetrated far beyond the coast. But Stonehenge is no work of a trading factory, and is moreover situated at least thirty miles from the nearest seaport.

In the next place, the most enthusiastic advocates for the antiquity of this wonderful pile will not carry it beyond the time of the temple of Solomon. A thousand years before the Christian æra, the whole island of Britain was, in all probability, a solitary desert. But at this very period the Tyrians were assisting in the most delicate and artificial parts of the Jewish temple: they cast ornaments in bronze, and they were masters in the construction of wooden roofs and other ingenious inventions. For what was the temple itself? Not like Stonehenge, a shapeless group of uprights and imposts, but a finished work of squared and polished masonry. Not like Stonehenge, a mere *ὑπαίθρος*, with the exception of the adytum, (though this also has been asserted,) any more than a college with its cloisters and quadrangles is an *ὑπαίθρος*. And though we really believe that the zeal of Villalpandus* has ascribed to this magnificent structure some features of a later period, such as the arch, for which his authority is not that of Ezekiel, chap. xl. v. 21, but his translators, still we have indubitable evidence that a work in which the Tyrians bore a principal part at this early æra, indicated a state of the arts far beyond what the builders of Stonehenge had attained, and from which that ingenious people never after declined into barbarism. And here let us pause for a moment to contemplate the triumphs of true religion over the most elaborate efforts of idolatry in the construction and magnificence of religious edifices. The temple of Solomon, with its porticos, covered an area of nearly twenty acres; that of the Ephesian Diana, about one. The generality of heathen temples, exquisite as they were in their proportions and decorations, were mere chapels. The Pantheon, indeed, is a mighty work; but Vitruvius would have thought Bramante a madman for the idea of raising such a structure upon columns; which has actually been achieved in the dome of St. Peter's. Nor is this all. The magnitude of Christian churches surpasses not only the boldest conceptions of heathen antiquity, but many of the most astonishing among the works of nature, which have been supposed to be their archetypes: the Cathedral of York, for example, a single apartment, without courts or cloisters, covers a

* See the *TRIVIALION* in the Prolegomena to Walton's Polyglot.

space of nearly two acres; and after all the exclamations of the unskilful admirers of nature, 'What are the puny works of art when compared with the cave of Staffa!' this one structure would easily contain that wonder within its nave. In comparison of such works of Christian zeal and perseverance what, we may in our turn ask, is Stonehenge? A circle one hundred feet in diameter; puny, therefore, in its dimensions; but, as we frankly allow, in the bulk and simplicity of its component parts wonderfully august.

The only remaining candidates for this great work are the Danes and the primeval Britons.

That the descendants of Japhet, soon after they had passed the Bosphorus or the Hellespont, divided themselves into two great branches, of which one, pursuing their course on the right bank of the Danube, gradually peopled the western and southern countries of Europe; while the other, more unfortunate in their choice, taking a north-western direction, spread themselves by degrees to the shores of the Baltic, and passing the straits of that inland sea became in succession the progenitors of the Scandinavian tribes, is universally agreed. Of these two great divisions of the human race the limits were, with some exceptions, the Danube and the Rhine. These then were the Celts and the Teutones: two tribes, notwithstanding their common origin, radically different in their manners, dissonant in their languages, and agreeing perhaps in no one particular which might denote that origin, but in the habit of constructing rude, uncovered, majestic monuments of stone. It is for this reason alone that we have not disposed of the claim preferred on the part of the Danes to Stonehenge, without inquiry. The consistency of such an erection with the general habits and manners of that people, entitles them to the ceremony of a civil though brief dismissal. The *existence* of such a phenomenon as Stonehenge might easily have passed unnoticed by the historians of that period; its *execution* could not. On this subject, therefore, we conceive the silence of the Saxon chronicle decisive. But the invading Danes were heathens, and Stonehenge is a heathen temple. Be it so; yet in the records of that stormy but not unlettered period, the operations of all their inroads are accurately noted:—rapid movements, plunder, bloodshed, alternate victory and defeat constitute the sum and substance of their adventures in this island, till they were beaten by the zeal and courage of the Saxon monarchs into something which, though far from Christianity, was at least no longer open and established idolatry. In the midst of such scenes, where was the possibility of accomplishing a work which demanded the undisturbed and long continued efforts of a settled nation?

The architects of Stonehenge were, then, the primeval Britons.

But

But does not this decision impute to the first settlers of our island a degree of proficiency in geometry and mechanics to which savages, or tribes just emerging from the savage state, can have no claim? The question is a fair one, and we will endeavour to meet it.

The periphery of Stonehenge is a perfect circle: the adytum is a segment of an oval—Now the first time that a savage threw a stone into a pool of water, he would be attracted by the beauty and symmetry of those concentric outlines which would be thrown off from the point of impulse. No less would he be struck with the optical effect produced by the rotation of his sling. This would soon be followed by an operation easily effected, the tracing of a similar figure from a centre upon the sand. The process is so obvious that we have little doubt of the art of drawing circles having been attained before that of numbering to ten. No great geometrical skill, therefore, was required to draw the outline of Stonehenge. To construct an oval certainly requires some geometrical skill; more indeed, we fear, than the Druids possessed: but here is a considerable fallacy. For if the position of the stones in the adytum of Stonehenge be really such that Inigo Jones could mistake it for an hexagon, the result of more accurate measurements could only be that an oval might be so drawn as to come into contact with some portion or other of their vast masses. In short, it is such an oval as a gardener would tread out; a fortuitous and inartificial approach to the geometrical form.

The sum of mechanical skill and the possession of mechanical advantages, which this vast work implies, certainly involve greater difficulty in imputing it to savages. One of the great uprights of the adytum, now fallen down, according to the accurate measurement accompanied by the engraving of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, appears to contain twenty-eight feet in length, seven in width, and nearly four in depth—now $28 \times 7 \times 4 = 784$ and a fraction. But a cubical foot of ordinary sandstone (we speak from actual experiment) weighs nearly 200lb. so that about eleven feet constitute a ton. This single mass, therefore, with every allowance for the different specific gravity of stones, contains at least seventy tons. It remains then to be considered by what enginery this enormous weight could be moved from its place, or whether it had been moved at all.

He who should undertake to produce the noble scenery of parks and pleasure grounds out of the wilds of an American forest, would not have to await the slow process which discourages and delays the operations of European artists. He would merely have to remove incumbrances, to clear away lawns and vistas, and to leave, in the most interesting situations, the giants of the wood; the growth of unrecorded centuries. Thus also, in many parts of the

north of England, if we may be allowed the expression, Stonehenges exist in the quarry, that is, masses of perpendicular stone which require nothing more than the removal of casual obstructions and the elevation of imposts, already on the spot, for the production of such a wonderful work. The author supposes (and is warranted by appearances in supposing) that the sarsen stones, which compose the greater circle and the adytum of Stonehenge, have been brought from no considerable distance.

What, then, if the builders were directed in the choice of their situation by some great mass of native columns on the very spot? This removes at once the difficulty of conveyance. Still, however, they lay prostrate. Some therefore were to be placed perpendicularly, and others elevated upon their heads. What means then, it will be asked, did the Britons possess adequate even to this latter purpose?

Every savage, who takes a pole into his hand, is possessed of a lever; and he who pushes one stone beneath another for the purpose of raising it from the ground, applies a wedge. Two of the mechanical powers, therefore, they must have possessed; and the combined effects of these would be aided by the physical powers of as many muscular arms as could be brought at one time within the sphere of acting upon these mighty masses. But in the operation of savages what is wanting in mechanical power is compensated by perseverance. One set of wearied workmen is withdrawn and another applied; no labour appals, no disappointment disconcerts; an inch gained in a year is an approximation to the end, and though successive generations perish before the accomplishment of the design, still it advances. With respect to the wheel and axle, as the difficulty of conveyance is partly removed, we shall only say that, before the æra of Cæsar's invasion, the Belgæ undoubtedly possessed them. Whether the Britons were possessed of another mechanical power, which would at once remove the difficulty, must for ever remain undetermined. The most powerful modification of the lever, the pully, was known to the Romans in the time of Vitruvius, and for some indefinite portion of time before that period, to the Greeks; but it has eluded the search and perplexed the erudition of Salmasius to discover its origin. We must, therefore, try to solve the phenomena of the imposts at Stonehenge without it.

We have conversed with a prelate of great philosophical knowledge, lately deceased, who gave it as his opinion that after the uprights of Stonehenge were erected, inclined planes of chalk and other hard materials, which compose the downs, might have been constructed, and that upon these the imposts, which scarcely equal in weight one fourth of the greater uprights, might, without difficulty have been protruded into their present situation by the mere application

cation of wedges and levers. The inclined planes would afterwards be removed of course, as scaffolds from a finished building. If the hints here suggested throw any light on so obscure a subject, our purpose is answered. At all events, we cheerfully concur with the author in his modest and rational conclusion, that the primeval Britons were the founders of Stonehenge.

Of the *Chorea Gigantum*, a well-imagined name, which assimilates this magic circle to a company of giants dancing the hay, ground plans have been given by the author according to the second hypothesis. To these are added a prospect, perhaps rather too distant, of the remains in their present state; and a most accurate and satisfactory engraving (for the fallen parts are easily supplied from those which remain) of the whole when perfect. In this last, the retiring elevation of the uprights, which compose the adytum, have a very majestic effect, and prove the builders, whoever they were, either to have had no contemptible knowledge of perspective, or to have been more than commonly fortunate in the production of a fine effect. No wonder that such a design in such an age fastened upon its author the imputation of magic. It is farther remarkable that the stones which compose the smaller circles are of a different species from the rest, and have certainly been brought from a distance. They are supposed, with great probability, by our author, to be an afterthought, and they certainly detract something from the majestic simplicity of the whole.

That nothing might be wanting to a disquisition so elaborate, Sir Richard Colt Hoare has, in the last place, adduced the ancient and curious testimony of Hecateus, (as quoted by Diodorus Siculus,) who speaks of a circular temple of Apollo in an hyperborean island, *ὑπερβόρης Κελτικῆς*. This our author would gladly persuade himself is Stonehenge. We too are willing to believe; 'premitur ratione animus vincique laborat:' but we, like him, have the best editor of Diodorus, the learned Wesseling, against us.* Neither does Sir Richard seem aware that, in contending for the hyperborean honours of Stonehenge, he has a rival in the zealous Swede, Olaus Rudbeck, whose 'vapoured ear' hears the pæans which resounded from this remote temple of Apollo, within the precinct of some Scandinavian circle; and whose heated imagination discovers in his own rugged country, a land

'Of man and steel, the warrior and his sword,'

all the delights which antiquity has fabled of the unknown Atlantis, the groves of the Hesperides, or the gardens of Alcinoüs, and much that inspiration has recorded of Paradise itself.

* Diod. Sic. Wesselingii, v. l. p. 158.

A great cathedral at present implies a neighbouring, and usually a considerable city. Stonehenge was the metropolitan church of Druidism; yet there are no traces of a capital about it. Still its environs must at one time have been extremely populous.

The Druids and inferior ministers of worship, with their several households, of whose dwellings all vestiges have disappeared, must alone have formed a large establishment; and the more permanent memorials of the dead on the adjoining downs prove the population of the neighbourhood, though scattered, to have been considerable. But when it is remembered that so laborious a memorial as the barrow could only have covered the remains of the opulent, and consequently of the few, the numbers of the British Belge, who were once scattered over these downs, must be allowed to be very great. Of these barrows, within a circuit of little more than two miles around Stonehenge, our author has counted 177, and might have counted many more. In fact, the whole surface of the ground is studded with them. Of these the most conspicuous have been explored by him, and never without success. Still, however, a murmur of expiring superstition is sometimes heard against the impiety of disturbing the ashes of the dead. But surely when the body has long since been resolved into its parent dust; when all memory and tradition of the individual have ceased; when not a survivor exists, we do not say of the family, but of the nation and language to which he belonged; and when, above all, the investigation is sure to bring to light many buried remnants of ancient arts and manners, we may be allowed to pronounce the pursuit as commendable as it is interesting. Though gold has sometimes rewarded his research, curiosity is a very different principle from avarice; and we are convinced that the liberal investigator of the Wiltshire barrows will never receive a similar rebuke to that which appalled an ancient *τυμβωρυχος*—ΕΙ ΜΗ ΑΠΛΗΣΤΟΣ ΤΕ ΕΑΣ ΧΡΗΜΑΤΩΝ ΚΑΙ ΑΙΣΧΡΟΚΕΡΑΗΣ, ΟΥΚ ΑΝ ΝΕΚΡΩΝ ΘΗΚΑΣ ΑΝΕΩΤΕΣ.*

ART. VIII.—*Christian Researches in Asia.* By the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, D. D. late Vice Provost of the College of Fort William, in Bengal, 8vo. pp. 272. Cambridge, Deighton; London, Cadell and Davis. 1811.

IN diffusing civilization and Christianity through the world, as a secondary agent in the divine counsels, no kingdom is more responsible than our own. The activity of her full population has carried the arts which minister to human comfort to unexampled

* Herod. Clio. 187.

perfection;

perfection; the transmission of the produce of these arts has gradually given her access to the remotest and rudest countries of the world; and the wealth resulting from such commercial influence has rendered her power commensurate with her opportunities. Nor has England been deaf to the call of duty. We are incidentally informed in a sermon prefixed to the volume before us, that there are at this time upwards of thirty different places where missionaries 'are engaged in introducing the most valuable temporal and spiritual blessings.' We say temporal as well as spiritual; for increasing civilization has hitherto been the instrument appointed for spreading Christianity; and experience has proved that the gospel cannot take root without ameliorating and enriching the soil in which it flourishes. It appears too, from other sources of information, that there are no less than forty-three languages in which the scriptures are at this time promulgated. These and other proofs of the religious spirit of the present age have produced so strong an impression upon the mind of Dr. Buchanan, that he considers it as an æra in the diffusion of light worthy of comparison with that of the Reformation. 'The vital spirit,' he says, 'of our religion has revived, and is producing the fruits of the first century. Christianity has assumed its true character, as the light of the world. The holy scriptures are multiplying without number. Translations are preparing in almost all languages; and preachers are going forth into almost every region, to make the ways of God known upon earth, his saving health among all nations.'

The widest and grandest theatre of our exertions in this honourable cause, is opened to us, without doubt, in our eastern empire; and to this object the public attention has been actively directed during the last ten years, chiefly through the laudable exertions of Dr. Buchanan, who by contributing his own personal information to the discussion which he invited, has given the subject the most reasonable chance of success, from the collision of various opinions and various minds. The '*Researches*' now published bring to the general fund so much that is new, and so much that is interesting, that we shall be unpardonable in saying more than is necessary in order to place in one point of view, the principal reasons which made it a duty in us to introduce Christianity among our Hindoo subjects; the chief difficulties which oppose that design; and the peculiar advantages which seem to offer at the present period a more auspicious prospect than before. On the first and last of these points little more will be necessary, than to concentrate the information to be obtained from Dr. Buchanan's '*Researches and Notices*.'

As to the promulgation of Christianity in India, a sufficient inducement is to be found in the moral and religious degradation of the Hindoos. Their religion is, to a greater degree than any other, pervaded by the error of all pagan systems, that of substituting ceremonious rites and observances for moral obedience. The delusion in which Europeans were for a long time held by the apparent simplicity of the Hindoo dress and mode of living, has yielded to a more intimate and impartial acquaintance with that people; and lies buried in the same grave with the 'murdered Rajahs and starved natives,' which were once so frequently introduced 'to point a moral and adorn a tale.' It is now pretty generally understood, that so far from furnishing an exemplification of the golden age, their simplicity results from cunning, their peaceableness from cowardice; and that their leading characteristics are selfishness, pride, and superstition, fraud, hypocrisy, and revenge.

What now are the rites which supersede morality, with this people? Upon this subject the author's journal, 'warm from the heart,' speaks volumes.

"*Buddruck in Orissa, May 30th, 1806.*

"We know that we are approaching Juggernaut (and yet we are more than fifty miles from it) by the human bones which we have seen for some days strewn by the way. At this place we have been joined by several large bodies of pilgrims, perhaps 2000 in number, who have come from various parts of Northern India. Some of them, with whom I have conversed, say that they have been two months on their march, travelling slowly in the hottest season of the year, with their wives and children. Some old persons are among them who wish to die at Juggernaut. Numbers of pilgrims die on the road; and their bodies generally remain unburied. On a plain by the river, near the pilgrim's Caravansera at this place, there are more than a hundred skulls. The dogs, jackals, and vultures, seem to live here on human prey. The vultures exhibit a shocking *tameness*. The obscene animals will not leave the body sometimes till we come close to them. This Buddruck is a horrid place. Wherever I turn my eyes, I meet death in some shape or other. Surely Juggernaut cannot be worse than Buddruck." p. 130.

"*Juggernaut, 18th of June.*

"I have returned home from witnessing a scene which I shall never forget. At twelve o'clock of this day, being the great day of the feast, the Moloch of Hindoostan was brought out of his temple amidst the acclamations of hundreds of thousands of his worshippers. When the idol was placed on his throne, a shout was raised, by the multitude, such as I had never heard before. It continued equable for a few minutes, and then gradually died away."

"The throne of the idol was placed on a stupendous car or tower about sixty feet in height, resting on wheels which indented the ground deeply, as they turned slowly under the ponderous machine. Attached to it were six cables, of the size and length of a ship's cable, by which
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the people drew it along. Upon the tower were the priests and satellites of the idol, surrounding his throne. The idol is a block of wood, having a frightful visage painted black, with a distended mouth of a bloody colour. His arms are of gold, and he is dressed in gorgeous apparel. The other two idols are of a white and yellow colour.—Five elephants preceded the three towers, bearing towering flags, dressed in crimson caparisons, and having bells hanging to their caparisons, which sounded musically as they moved.”—

“After the tower had proceeded some way, a pilgrim announced that he was ready to offer himself a sacrifice to the idol. He laid himself down in the road before the tower as it was moving along, lying on his face, with his arms stretched forwards. The multitude passed round him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the tower. A shout of joy was raised to the God. He is said to smile when the libation of the blood is made. The people threw cowries, or small money, on the body of the victim, in approbation of the deed. He was left to view a considerable time, and was then carried by the *Hurries* to the Golgotha, where I have just been viewing his remains. How much I wished that the Proprietors of India Stock could have attended the wheels of Juggernaut, and seen this peculiar source of their revenue.” pp. 136—139.

“*Juggernaut, 21st June.*”

“The idolatrous processions continue for some days longer, but my spirits are so exhausted by the constant view of these enormities, that I mean to hasten away from this place sooner than I at first intended.—I beheld another distressing scene this morning at the Place of Skulls;—a poor woman lying dead, or nearly dead, and her two children by her, looking at the dogs and vultures which were near. The people passed by without noticing the children. I asked them where was their home. They said, ‘they had no home but where their mother was.’—O, there is no pity at Juggernaut! no mercy, no tenderness of heart in Moloch’s kingdom! Those who support his kingdom, err, I trust, from ignorance. ‘They know not what they do.’” p. 141.

The rites of Juggernaut are by no means confined to the temple in Orissa. Even ‘close to Ishera, a beautiful villa on the river’s side, about eight miles from Calcutta, once the residence of Governor Hastings, and within view of the present Governor General’s country house, there is a temple of this idol which is often stained with human blood.’ Dr. Buchanan visited this place at the festival of the Rutt Juttra in May, 1807, and witnessed a similar scene to that which has been just described. The worshippers were computed at a hundred thousand.

The sacrifice of females at the tomb of their husbands forms another of the tragedies acted at the instigation, and under the superintendence, of the Brahmins. But with this subject the public are now become so well acquainted, that it is only necessary to say that ‘by an account taken in 1803, the number of women sacrificed during

during that year within 30 miles of Calcutta, was two hundred and seventy five.*

When the refreshing contrast which Christianity displays to these sanguinary horrors, has been extracted from the same journal, it will be superfluous to enforce by argument the reasons for introducing the gospel. 'The native Christians of Tanjore till the light of Revelation was brought to them by Ziegenbalg in 1707, worshipped an idol also, called the great black bull of Tanjore.' Here, says Dr. Buchanan, Sept. 2, 1806,

"As I returned from the Church, I saw the Christian families going back in crowds to the country, and the boys looking at their ollas.* What a contrast, thought I, is this to the scene at Juggernaut! Here there is becoming dress, humane affections, and rational discourse. I see here no skulls, no self-torture, no self-murder, no dogs and vultures tearing human flesh! Here the Christian virtues are found in exercise by the feeble-minded Hindoo, in a vigour and purity which will surprise those who have never known the native character but under the greatest disadvantages, as in Bengal. It certainly surprised myself; and when I reflected on the moral conduct, upright dealing, and decorous manners of the native Christians of Tanjore, I found in my breast a new evidence of the peculiar excellence and benign influence of the Christian Faith." p. 169.

In the same district are extensive forests, inhabited till lately by predatory bands. The exertions of the present pastor, the worthy successor of Swartz, have prevailed among these most unpromising subjects; 'and many who were professed thieves only a few years ago, are now an honour to the Christian profession,† and industrious peasants.' p. 170.

We shall conclude by comparing with the coercive destruction of widows, which disgraces the dominion of Brahma, our author's observations on the state of the women among the Syrian Christians.

"The sight of the WOMEN assured me that I was once more (after a long absence from England) in a Christian country. For the Hindoo women, and the Mahomedan, and in short, all women who are not Christians, are accounted by the men an inferior race; and, in general, are confined to the house for life, like irrational creatures. In every countenance now before me I thought I could discover the intelligence of Christianity." p. 210.

* The *Olla* is the Palmyra leaf, on which the students and catechists take down the sermon in Tamul in short hand.

† A farther account of these converts is given in the report of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, anno 1809. It must not be forgotten, that this society, under whose auspices the first Protestant mission was sent, and is still supported in Hindostan, is, as Dr. Buchanan justly styles it, 'the Venerable Mother' of all those which are now exerting their influence in the same cause.

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If, however, we are here furnished with forcible persuasives towards diffusing the blessings of the gospel in Hindostan, it must be acknowledged that there remain certain difficulties to be placed in the opposite scale, which can only be surmounted gradually, and by perseverance. The original command, 'go and teach all nations,' was accompanied with supernatural assistance. When the gospel had been thus firmly rooted, its future propagation was committed to the powers and opportunities of its professors. In the full conviction of this, Dr. Buchanan advises, in all endeavours for this desirable purpose, 'to avoid as much as possible what may be called enterprise,' and to direct them in preference to those parts, where there are the greatest facilities for the conversion of the people.' Now these facilities have hitherto been found greatest in that complete and permanent connection which arises from colonization. But, Europeans in British India have never yet been settled; and even in the character of birds of passage, they have not so much resembled the stork or swallow who build their nests and rear their young in the scene of their temporary residence, as those less interesting birds who range the country at will, but lay no foundation of affection in it, and never seem to forget that they are only to inhabit it for a season. 'Accordingly, the bulk of the population scarcely ever see an Englishman.' And the prohibition which prevents Europeans from becoming landholders, however popular among the natives, and congenial to our own local policy, throws an almost impassable barrier in the way of assimilation.

Another serious obstacle is found in the opposite characters of the English and Hindoos, and in the unfavourable views which each nation entertains of the other. They are looked upon by the English residents as a cowardly and superstitious race; and we are despised by them as a polluted and irreligious people. In other countries the superiority of Europeans in all the means of comfortable subsistence and all the arts of civilization has been so generally acknowledged, that the new comers have been first admired, and then imitated; but in Hindostan the natives live under the roof of a master whom their intolerant bigotry leads them to consider in all respects beneath themselves: and their stipulations as to the services which they shall perform, and their frequent encroachments on those stipulations under pretence of religious honour, render a domestic connection which would civilize a negro, a source of still wider difference between the English and Hindoo. It is remarkable, that although the average of native servants, throughout the country, may be reckoned as at least thirty to each English resident, which might be expected to form an assimilated body of sufficient force to shake the established superstition, yet no instance is

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on record of any conversion following this close but temporary connection, excepting in the families of missionaries.

A third difficulty which certainly renders the subject a matter of peculiar delicacy, is the alarm which it has excited among many of the Anglo-Indians, who seem to apprehend that any visible preference in favour of Christianity—a preference which, it must be confessed, they have been too long unaccustomed to witness, might awaken the natives from their sleep of cowardice and inactivity, and draw on the English in Hindostan, the fate of the Roman residents in the kingdom of Mithridates. Mr. Malcolm, in his late publication, though himself somewhat of an alarmist, has spoken upon this subject with a moderation that gives weight to his sentiments, and strongly deprecates any such interference on the part of government as may possibly excite an apprehension that the business of conversion will be taken up by them. This feeling is too natural, perhaps too reasonable, to be lightly treated. The conviction of numerical inferiority must be familiar to every British resident, who is conscious that the assembly at Juggernaut alone outnumbered in a fourfold proportion the whole European population of India, and who cannot shake off the unwelcome idea that superstition might instantaneously rouse them from their habitual state of apathy and dependence. It is therefore hardly wonderful, that they who have witnessed the Hindoo defilements so long, and with so little opportunity of comparison, that they have learnt to view them with complacency, should ridicule the directors for thinking Christianity a better faith, or for refusing to derive a profit from the manufactory of porcelain idols. Much less are those persons to be blamed, who, while they are most sincerely anxious that we should communicate to India something more permanent than a regular police, or more perfect than Mahommedan law, still require that caution should co-operate with zeal, and prudence with piety. We have no warrant, as Dr. Buchanan observes, ‘to look for a miracle under the finished dispensation of the gospel.’ We must trust to those human means which reason points out as most promising, and experience approves as most efficacious; though often too slow for our wishes, and particularly for the wishes of those on whom the labour of conversion devolves. Nor ought we too rudely to suppress the sanguine temperament which is ill satisfied without the speedy accomplishment of an object sincerely at heart, when it is an inseparable part of the same disposition which is willing to make the first adventure in dangerous paths, and encounter untried enemies. The spirit must be controuled, but not subdued; the fire must be moderated, but not extinguished. Moderated and controuled, we should imagine, it must necessarily be by the recollection, that if the stream which is now so easily confined, were to sweep away its embank-

embankments, and burst upon the English in India, the overthrow of the present establishment, however tremendous, would not be the limit of the evil: it would require at least another century to lay anew a basis for the erection of Christianity, and to raise it to the height which it has at present attained.

If, however, the conversion of the Hindoos is opposed, as all must admit, by peculiar difficulties, there are corresponding advantages, at the present moment, which open a brighter prospect, and seem to mark this as the season appointed for diffusing a holy light over the vast population of Asia. In the college of Fort William, an institution which will for ever reflect honour on the Marquis Wellesley's administration in India, 'there was a department for translating the Scriptures into the Oriental languages; learned natives from remote regions were assembled by the influence of the supreme government to assist in the work;' and when the establishment was reduced within narrower limits, the translations were continued by the exertions of the individual superintendants of the college. The fruits of this institution and patronage we shall concisely detail in their order.

First must be reckoned the introduction of the Chinese language to the knowledge of Europeans. In the year 1800, it was said that no individual in the Company's service could read a common Chinese letter. In the year 1807, a copy of the gospel of St. Matthew, in the Chinese language, translated by Mr. Lassar, an Armenian Christian, was transmitted to the Lambeth library. And since that period a considerable portion of the New Testament has been struck off from blocks after the Chinese manner. Lord Minto has justly appreciated these important advances, when he characterises them as 'throwing open a precious mine, with all its religious and moral treasure, to the largest associated population of the world.'

With respect to the Hindoos, for whom, as our own subjects, we are more immediately interested, the task was easier. The Scriptures had been formerly translated into two of the five languages spoken generally in British India, viz. the Tamul and Bengalee. The remaining three were in progress of translation when Dr. Buchanan published his notices; and subsequent information has been received in England, that the translation by Mr. Martyn and Mirza Fitrut of the New Testament into Hindostanee, 'the grand popular language of Hindostan,' has been completed, and will be immediately printed, and is expected in India to form an acquisition of the highest importance to literature as well as to religion.

A new empire has been added to Great Britain in the east, which may be called the Malay empire. The extensive dominions
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of the Dutch in the Indian ocean have devolved upon the English, and Britain is now mistress of the whole of the Malayan archipelago. 'The Scriptures were translated by the Dutch into the eastern Malay. But the eastern Malay is different from the western Malay, or that of Sumatra. Into this language Mr. Jarret, who had resided 12 years in Sumatra, is preparing a version. But the author who chiefly claims our notice in regard to the Malay regions, is Dr. Leyden,* well known to the learned world for his dissertation on the language and literature of the Indo-Chinese nations. He has undertaken to conduct translations of the Scriptures into seven new languages, including those of Affghan and Cashmire, regions in which, according to Dr. Buchanan's conjecture, 'the greater part of the ten tribes which now exist, are still to be found.'

'The Persian language is next in importance to the Arabic and Chinese, in regard to the extent of territory through which it is spoken, being generally understood from Calcutta to Damascus.' The gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke, translated by Sabat, in conjunction with Mirza Fitrut and Mr. Martyn into the Persian language, have already been printed. But the Arabic is of still greater consequence. 'Were a traveller,' says Mr. Jackson, 'to proceed from Marocco to the farthest shore of Asia, opposite the island of Japan, he would find the Arabic generally spoken or understood wherever he came. In Turkey, in Syria, in Arabia, in Persia, and in India, it is understood by all men of education.'

'Soon after Sabat had been converted to Christianity, the object which chiefly occupied his thoughts was a translation of the Scriptures for his native country. He himself could easily read and understand the existing translation, for he is a learned man, and acquainted radically with every dialect to the language: and it was by means of that translation that he himself became a Christian; but he says he should be ashamed to offer the Bible to his countrymen in its present form; such a version would neither be acceptable to the learned nor intelligible to the unlearned.' This noble Arabian has been now three years or more employed in translating the Scripture into the Arabic language: and the proposal for publishing the New Testament, in a splendid form, for the use of the chief men in Arabia and Persia, has already met with a very liberal patronage in India. It was expected by the last accounts to be finished about the end of the present year, 1811.

* Since this was written, accounts have been received of the death of this most zealous and indefatigable scholar. He accompanied Lord Minto in his expedition to Java, where he fell a victim to the country fever. His loss will be long and deeply felt, both by his friends, and the country of which he was the boast, and promised to be the ornament.

The fact is much more generally known now, than before Dr. Buchanan communicated to the public his researches amongst them, that the Syrian Christians inhabiting the interior of Travancore and Malabar have been settled there from the first ages of Christianity. Two centuries had elapsed without any particular information respecting them, so that it was even doubted by many whether they existed at all, when Dr. Buchanan undertook a visit to their reputed residence; proposing to himself, 'First, to investigate their literature and history, and to collect Biblical manuscripts: Secondly, if he should find them to be an intelligent people, and well acquainted with the Syrian Scriptures, to endeavour to make them instruments of illuminating the southern parts of India, by engaging them in translating their Scriptures into the native languages.' The difficulties of such a journey, which were not inconsiderable, were overcome by Dr. Buchanan's uniform zeal and perseverance: and how amply he was repaid will appear from the following extract:

'Chinganvor; a Church of the Syrian Christians, Nov. 10, 1806.

'From the palace of Travancore I proceeded to Mavelly-car, and thence to the hills at the bottom of the high Ghauts which divide the Carnatic from Malayala. The face of the country in general in the vicinity of the mountains, exhibits a varied scene of hill and dale, and winding streams. The streams fall from these mountains, and preserve the vallies in perpetual verdure. The woods produce pepper, cardamoms and cassia, or common cinnamon; also frankincense and other aromatic gums. What adds much to the grandeur of the scenery in this country is, that the adjacent mountains of Travancore are not barren, but are covered with forests of teak wood; the Indian oak, producing, it is said, the largest timber in the world.

'The first view of the Christian churches in this sequestered region of Hindostan, connected with the idea of their tranquil duration for so many ages, cannot fail to excite pleasing emotions in the mind of the beholder. The form of the oldest buildings is not unlike that of some of the old parish churches in England; the style of building in both being of Saracenic origin. They have sloping roofs, pointed arch windows, and buttresses supporting the walls. The beams of the roof being exposed to view are ornamented; and the ceiling of the choir and altar is circular and fretted. In the cathedral churches, the shrines of the deceased bishops are placed on each side of the altar. Most of the churches are built of a reddish stone squared and polished at the quarry; and are of durable construction, the front wall of the largest edifices being six feet thick. The bells of the churches are cast in the foundries of the country; some of them are of large dimensions, and have inscriptions in Syriac and Malay-alim. In approaching a town in the evening, I once heard the sound of the bells among the hills; a circumstance which made me forget for a moment that I was in Hindostan, and reminded me of another country.'—p. 207.

The metropolitan bishop of the Syrian church resides at Cando-rad. It appears that he had himself meditated the translation of the Scriptures into the Malabar language, a work greatly needed by upwards of two hundred thousand Christians in the south of India. The representations of Dr. Buchanan excited the good bishop to the immediate prosecution of his design, and the year following our author himself carried the manuscript of the New Testament to be printed at Bombay. 'The version will be continued till the whole Bible is completed, and copies circulated throughout the Christian regions of Malabar.'

This detail, though somewhat tedious, was necessary, in order to put our readers in possession of the gratifying information which it conveys. Gratifying indeed is it to learn, that among the many and various languages spoken by those with whom our political and commercial intercourse has given us connection in the East, there is not one of any importance remaining to which English exertions will not in a short time have communicated the Holy Scriptures. And we are justified in entertaining very warm hopes, from the establishment of the College at Calcutta, which led the way to the translation of the Bible, and that of the Bible Society* in England, which is facilitating the diffusion of the versions, as fast as they can be prepared, in every quarter of the globe. Neither of these institutions could have availed to any extensive degree in India, without the other: but the good which, under Providence, they may produce united, it is impossible to calculate. It is impossible, we repeat, to estimate the good which may be confidently expected from the general diffusion of the Bible. Its silent operation excites no jealousies, is liable to no misinterpretations, commits the important cause by no imprudences. No false religion has yet been proof against its influence: and those who distrust the success of Christianity in India, arguing from the bigotted attachment of the Hindoos to their native superstition, must certainly allow that their superstition has never hitherto been thus fairly met and assailed. We are not, however, so sanguine as to imagine that the present generation will reap the fruits of their labours. Indeed they have done wisely in directing their culture first where the ground has been already cleared, in supplying the wants, and refreshing the faith of the native Christians, whose number, including

* The members of the Bible Society, who have sometimes been accused of lukewarmness towards the establishment, have now a glorious opportunity of refuting such suspicions, by stepping forward in strenuous support of a measure which has always had their warmest approbation, the education of children; and which does not surely less deserve their patronage now, when it is proposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and conducted on the principles of the Established Church, than formerly, when it was recommended by Mr. Lancaster, and conducted on no religious principles at all.

the Ceylonese, amounts to nearly a million. There was a tedious and gloomy interval, before the light gradually disseminated by Wickliffe's translation of the Bible burst out in the flame of reformation. When once kindled, its force was irresistible. So it may prove some generations hence in India. The absurdities of penance, and the sanguinary rites of human sacrifice, will no more be able to stand against the spiritual worship and the rational obedience which the Bible enjoins, than absolution could be substituted for actual virtue, or holy water for real purity, with those who now enjoy the opportunity of deriving their religion from its uncontaminated source.

Our readers will perhaps have collected from those observations that we consider the Bible as the best missionary. But we would by no means be understood to insinuate that those pious persons ought to be discouraged, who, in the hope of converting a few from their errors, are willing to make every sacrifice and undergo every danger. There is little fear of this number being increased beyond the demand which will be created by the diffusion of the Scriptures in the native tongues. Let them settle in Bengal, as Ziegenbalg and Swartz settled in Tanjore, and form, wherever they settle, a circle from which the rays of useful knowledge may diverge in all directions. It seems now understood that even the alarmists apprehend nothing, unless the government were to employ their active interference. Mr. Malcolm speaks clearly to the point. Now surely we possess a strong pledge from those resident on the scene of danger, if danger exists, that they will not hazard their personal security by real experiments, even if it were possible that any friends of Christianity were so imprudently zealous, as to desire a conversion enforced by the executive power. But with regard to the fact, the natives respect those established Christians who shew an appearance of sincerity in their religion, and even encourage them. The Rajah of Tanjore, says Dr. Buchanan, 'discoursed with me a considerable time concerning Mr. Swartz, whose portrait he has placed among those of his ancestors, and whom he ever looked up to as his father and guardian. I smiled to see Swartz's picture among the Hindoo kings, and thought with myself that there were many who would think such a combination scarcely possible. The missionaries had just informed me that the Rajah had erected a college for Hindoos, Mahomedans, and Christians; in which provision was made for the instruction of *fifty Christian children.*' No one indeed can read our author's journal without feeling convinced that the arts of persuasion and the process of assimilation may go on without the slightest danger of exciting a jealous alarm among the natives. 'There have been for ages past numerous casts of missionaries in Hindostan, Pagan,

Mahomedan,

Mahomedan, and Christian, all seeking to proselyte individuals to a new religion. The difficulty in regard to the Protestant teachers, is to awake attention to *their* doctrine.

For the satisfaction of those who lately expressed so much prophetic alarm lest the Bible should be read to the natives at their public assemblies, it may be necessary to prove by example the apathy of the Hindoos with respect to other doctrines, even at a moment when the strongest excitement might be apprehended. Dr. Buchanan incidentally mentions, that when he was present at the festival of Rutt Juttra on the banks of the Ganges, he had not witnessed one voluntary sacrifice of a young man at the idol's tower, his attention having been engaged by a more pleasing scene.

"On the other side, on a rising ground by the side of a tank, stood the Christian Missionaries, and around them a crowd of people listening to their preaching. The town of Serampore, where the Protestant Missionaries reside, is only about a mile and a half from this Temple of Juggernaut. As I passed through the multitude, I met several persons having the printed papers of the missionaries in their hands. Some of them were reading them very gravely; others were laughing with each other at the contents, and saying, 'What do these words mean?'"—p. 146.

Now the missionaries who met with such ill success at the Friendly Isles, lived in tolerable tranquillity for a time; but an assembly of the people, or a season of public tumult, always foreboded them danger, and at last terminated in their destruction. Here was an assembly of Hindoos, amounting to an hundred thousand, with a few Christians in the midst of them; whom, however, a scene of that tumultuous nature excited to no more dangerous feelings than those of doubt, or at the worst, contempt. While this instance may tranquillize our fears, we add another which may raise our hopes. We allude to a practical proof of the possibility of wearing off those prejudices which, under another branch of the subject, we mentioned as one great obstacle to the conversion of the Hindoos; a proof afforded by the conduct of the Sepoys, in the late expeditions. Their rigid tenets, it is well known, forbid their going to sea, and government never insist upon their compliance in this point. But within a month after notice of the late expeditions had been given in Calcutta, many more had volunteered their services than the number required. The army too is familiar with instances, which, trifling as they may appear in this country, are not so in India, when even the high cast Raypoots have sacrificed their superstitious feelings to the wants of their officers, and suffered their vessels to be polluted by the touch of an European. These are the first steps towards assimilation, and prove that the way, though tedious and difficult, is open and practicable.

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One assistance only is required from the government, and that much more for the sake of the British residents, than for any benefit to be derived from it by the natives; we mean the establishment of a local church. It is a forcible argument which Dr. Buchanan urges, that 'of the individuals engaged in the late disturbances at Madras, there were perhaps some who had not witnessed the service of Christian worship for twenty years; whose minds were impressed by the daily view of the rites of the Hindoo religion, and had lost almost all memory of their own.' All writers, who know the East, agree in the expediency of this measure. Let every attention, says Mr. Malcolm, be paid to our own church establishment. 'Nothing,' observes Mr. Morier, 'excites a better impression of our character than an appearance of devotion and religious observance. If therefore there were no higher obligation on every Christian, religious observances are indispensable in producing a national influence.' It is notorious that our total neglect of public worship in India degrades us in the opinion of the Hindoos as a people without religion.

The expediency of employing the arm of power to suppress the idolatrous rites and human sacrifices of the natives, is more problematical: and in spite of the accusations which have been lately urged with more zeal than understanding against the directors, the measure will be best left where it rests at present, with the government in India. The example of the Marquis Wellesley shews that an European does not see without horror the existence of such abominable customs, and in all probability the immolation of widows might be prevented by us as easily as by the Mahomedans, or as the sacrifice of infants by ourselves. We dare not affirm so much of the idolatry at Juggernaut. A multitude of 200,000 pilgrims* collected from all parts of India to a ceremony which has been sanctioned in their minds by the force of custom, as well as the associations of religion, might not be dispersed without some exasperated efforts, dangerous at least to the immediate vicinity if not to the body of the empire.

The reader who has accompanied us thus far in our remarks, will perhaps think it hard to be told that there remains much in the work which has led to them, which it is impossible to communicate in an article pretending to any kind of method. The accounts of the author's visit to the inquisition, still existing, we are sorry to say, in full force at Goa, of his conferences with the

* The tax however paid by these pilgrims, if still levied for the original purpose, the preservation of order, must in future be applied to another equally obligatory, such as alleviating the misery of the scene, of which Dr. Buchanan has given such striking instances. At all events, now the facts have once been discussed, the price of blood can no longer find its way into the Company's treasury.

Syrian Christians, and his researches among the Jews in Cochin, are too long to be extracted, too full of matter to be abridged, and too interesting to be neglected. For these we must refer to the work. Those who turn to it, will find, within a small compass, no inconsiderable quantity of original information; strung together, it must be owned, rather than arranged, and retaining with its journal-like form, all the characteristics of the most unmethodical accuracy. We regret that this mode of composition, if composition it is to be called, does not impress the memory as forcibly as it attracts the attention. It is of more consequence to add, that the book, though in some parts warmly coloured, preserves throughout a tone of candour and moderation which it would be well in the opponents of Dr. Buchanan and his cause always to imitate.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Dramatic Works of John Ford; with an Introduction and Explanatory Notes.* By Henry Weber, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Edin. Constable & Co. London. Longman. 1811.
2. *A Letter to William Gifford, Esq. on a late Edition of Ford's Plays, chiefly as relating to Ben Jonson.* By Octavius Gilchrist, Esq. 8vo. pp. 45. Murray, London. 1811.
3. *A Letter to J. P. Kemble, Esq. involving Strictures on a recent Edition of Ford's Dramatic Works.* 8vo. pp. 30. Murray. 1811.

IT is almost impossible to sit down to the perusal of an early dramatic author without an involuntary retrospect to Shakspeare; and though it is our duty to accept what is set before us, without pretending to cater for ourselves, yet we could not repress a wish that Mr. Weber had bestowed his attention on some of those bards, who immediately preceded, or were coeval with that immortal poet. The commentators who have undertaken the revisal of his dramas, have either altogether omitted their names, or produced them merely to prove the want of those helps which they yet suppose Shakspeare to have received from them; thus, from Rowe to Malone, the figurative expression of Dryden has been literally accepted, that 'Shakspeare found not, but created first the stage.' Nothing, however, will be deducted from the fame of Shakspeare, if their due share of praise be appropriated to those who accompanied, at a wide distance, the literary progress of the bard of Avon: and this, in some liberal and comprehensive history of the English drama and its writers, we yet hope to see accomplished. In the meantime, we are of opinion that the works of Marlow, Marston, and Decker, neither of them in genius inferior to Ford, would have justified Mr. Weber's pains,

pains, and been far more serviceable to the illustration of dramatic history than the republication before us. The writings of Marlow, though occasionally polluted with tumid and extravagant figures, the common fault of genius before just notions of taste prevail, abound with passages strongly evincing the fervour and brilliancy of his imagination; nor while the *Jew of Malta*, and the *True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York* remain, should the praise be denied to him of having powerfully contributed to the perfection of the English stage. Habitual penury has prevented literature from reaping all the advantage which, under happier circumstances, might have been hoped from the versatile talents of Decker, whose genius, though less dignified and sublime than that of Marlow, possessed an interesting and playful sweetness well fitted to describe the familiar scenes of domestic life. The history of the drama is not less intimately connected with that of manners than of poetry; and the pamphlets and plays of Decker alone would furnish a more complete view of the habits and customs of his contemporaries in vulgar and middle life, than could easily be collected from all the grave annals of the times. The mind of Marston was formed in a different mould from those of Decker and Marlow. He appears to have been proud of a rugged and unpolished style which not inaptly reflected the native vigour of his thoughts and his uncourtly vein of satirical humour. The writings of these three, in particular, merit revival: nor should the prolific muse of Thomas Heywood be forgotten, even if he had not the honour (which he assuredly had, notwithstanding the assertion of Warton) of preceding Cervantes and Fletcher in their ridicule of knight-errantry. Our business at present, however, is with Ford.

When it is determined to reprint the writings of an ancient author, it is usual, we believe, to bestow a little labour in gratifying the natural desire of the reader to know something of his domestic circumstances. Ford had declared in the title-pages of his several plays, that he was of the Inner Temple; and, from his entry there, Mr. Malone, following up the inquiry, discovered that he was the second son of Thomas Ford, Esq. and that he was baptized at Ilstington, in Devonshire, the 17th of April, 1586. To this information Mr. Weber has added nothing; and he hopes that the meagerness of his biographical account will be readily excused by the reader who has examined the lives of his (Ford's?) dramatical contemporaries, in which we are continually 'led to lament that our knowledge respecting them amounts to little better than nothing.' (Introduction, p. ix.)

It would surely be unjust to appear dissatisfied at the imperfect account of an ancient author, when all the sources of information have been industriously explored. But, in the present case, we

doubt whether Mr. Weber can safely 'lay this flattering unction to his soul;' and, we shall therefore give such a sketch of the poet's life, as an attentive examination of his writings has enabled us to compile.

Though Prince has not given the author of these plays a place in his 'Worthies of Devon,' yet he says, generally, of the Fords, that 'they were of the best families in that county.' The poet's ancestors were long resident at Bagtor, a hamlet in the parish of Ilington, where (as it has been before observed) John Ford or Forde, (in direct contradiction of Mr. Weber's assertion,) as he spells his name in the dedication of Fame's Memoriall, was born. 'As his father was enabled to bestow on him a liberal education,' Mr. Weber says, 'his family seems to have been respectable at least.' He is fortunate in this supposition; and, if any confirmation be needed, it may be found in the proof which Rymer's *Fœdera* affords, (tome xviii, p. 575,) that the father of the poet was in the commission of the peace. We are ignorant of the place of his education, but we know that on the 16th Nov. 1602, he entered as a member of the Middle Temple, for the purpose of studying the law. While there, he published (1606) 'Fame's Memoriall, or the Earle of Devonshire deceased; with his Honourable Life, peaceful End, and solemne Funerall:' a small 4to. consisting of twenty-eight leaves. This poem, considered as the production of a youth, is creditable to the talents of Ford, as it exhibits a freedom of thought and command of language, of which we have few contemporaneous examples. With an unfortunate aptness of assuming a probability in preference to establishing a fact by inquiry, Mr. Weber 'believes Ford had been induced by the patronage of the Earl of Devonshire to pay this tribute to his memory.' Had this suggestion arisen from a knowledge of his private character, we might have overlooked the heedlessness of supposing that which the poem itself disproves. Ford expressly declares 'that his muse was unfee'd,' and that 'he adventured to shelter his lines under the well-guided conduct of the Countesse's honourable name, being a meer stranger, altogether unknown.' He who was patronised by the Earl, could scarcely be a mere stranger to the countess.—But the fact is, that Mr. Weber has drawn the whole of his knowledge of 'Fame's Memoriall' from a short and imperfect note by Reed. Where Reed stops, there Mr. Weber finishes his quotation, and commences his conjectural mistake.

When Ford published his elegy, he was in his twenty-first year, and deeply engaged in an affair of the heart. He was, however, unfortunate. The flinty Lycia, he says, 'a beauty full of change,' rejected his offers on account of his youth. The poem itself bears

the

the marks of a practised versifier, and though he had given nothing to the world before, it is likely he had felt some of those inward visitings which 'urge the mind to high endeavours.' Assuredly, he had looked out for a patron, and, perhaps, hoped to shelter his muse under the favour of the Lord Mountjoy, the liberal friend of the poet Daniel. The death of this nobleman damped his hopes for a while, and, with his unsuccessful love and other disappointments, appears to have determined him to seek relief from travel.

'Ah! that the goddesse whom in heart I serve,
(Though never mine) bright Lycia the cruell,
The cruell-subtile, would the name deserve
Of lesser wise, and not abuse the Jewell
Of witte, which adds unto my flame more fuel:
Her thoughts to elder merits are confined,
Not to the solace of my younger mind.

'Be't so! yet on the theme of this I'll spend
The residue of plaintes, and ever mourne
The loss of this greate Lord, till travailes send
More comfort to my wretched hearte forlorne,
Who since at home disgraced abroad is borne
To sigh the remnant of my wearied breath
In lamentation of his haplesse death.'

SIGN. G. iij.

Whether he actually went abroad, or, finding a nymph less cruel, and an avenue to fame without individual patronage, remained in England, is matter of conjecture; but we next hear of him on the stage. With a forbearance, however, unusual with those who have once adventured before the public, Ford abstained from the press from 1606 to 1629, when he printed his tragi-comedy of the *Lover's Melancholy*. It is not to be believed that his muse was inactive during this long interval. *'Tis pity She's a Whore*, though not given to the press till 1633, was confessedly anterior to the *Lover's Melancholy*. If we could be sure that Ford executed his early purpose, (and from the construction of his dramas, which are mostly founded on Italian stories, we think it not improbable,) we might satisfactorily account for part of the long period during which nothing is heard of him.

If we accept literally, as Mr. Weber has done, a passage in the dedication to Lord Peterborough, we must consider *'Tis pity She's a Whore'* as Ford's earliest attempt at dramatic composition; but, besides the improbability of so finished a performance being a first effort, we conceive the purport of Ford's words to be, that this was the first play which he had written unaided and alone; for we are inclined to think that our youthful poet, as the manner then was,

was, had exercised his powers, by writing in conjunction with Decker, Drayton, Hatherewaye, or some of the numerous retainers of the stage, who depended for subsistence upon the liberality of the managers. Besides, so many poets are proved, by the recent discovery of Mrs. Henslow's papers, to have written for the stage at this period, of whose names even we were ignorant; and the titles of so many dramas are recorded which have altogether perished, that we must not conclude Ford wrote nothing because nothing has been found. Four unpublished plays of his are, moreover, said to have been destroyed by Warburton's servant; and Mr. Gilchrist, in a pamphlet which we shall presently notice, gives the titles of three others which have altogether eluded Mr. Weber's researches. From 1606 to 1629 is, after all, the dark age of Ford's history: subsequent to this period his dramatic course may be easily traced in the plays which we are about to examine.

The first in this collection, 'Tis pity She's a Whore,' has been long before the public, and it is chiefly by this composition that Ford has been hitherto remembered. A play founded upon the incestuous and adulterous intercourse of a brother and sister, carries with it insuperable obstacles to its appearance upon a modern stage, nor could the beauty of its poetry have long supported, in any age, a representation so pregnant with horror. The exquisite language uttered by Giovanni and Annabella has, we suspect, beguiled the editor into a higher eulogium on the principal characters, than an examination of their claims will entitle them to. The fate of Giovanni and his sister would interest us more but for the alacrity with which she enters into, and even anticipates, his incestuous wishes, and for the total absence of remorse after the consummation of their unholy loves. There is also a flippant insensibility in Annabella's first conference with Soranzo, altogether incompatible with the amiable qualities which the editor would attribute to her; and her audacious taunting of her husband after her pregnancy is discovered, could only be the result of native and determined wickedness. In the character of Giovanni, we discover little to praise. His only estimable quality, his education, is prostituted to the delusions of perverted reasoning in furtherance of his designs: when his purposes are gained he hardens his heart and justifies his crimes with sophistical arguments; and after destroying the partner of his iniquities, in a scene of inimitable beauty, he rushes upon death with the gestures of a lunatic, and the insensibility of an atheist. There is indeed a want of discrimination and propriety in all the characters, each of which recommends itself in its turn by elevated sentiments and conduct, the effect of which is utterly effaced in some subsequent scene, till at length they all become unprincipled and wicked, and sink into an undistinguishable and

and common debasement. In addition to what we have observed, we think there is too little relief to the sombre character of the piece, which is so predominant that every reader, before he has finished the perusal, will be tempted to exclaim with Macbeth, that he is 'full of horrors.'

The following scene, which we select not as being the most favourable specimen of Ford's dramatic powers, but as one of the very few which we could venture to extract with safety, is marked with traits of peculiar feeling and energy—it passes between Isabella, and the Friar who has just heard her confession.

Friar. I am glad to see this penance; for, believe me,
You have unripp'd a soul so foul and guilty,
As I must tell you true, I marvel how
The earth hath borne you up; but weep, weep on,
These tears may do you good; weep sister yet,
Whilst I do read a lecture.

Ann. Wretched creature!

Friar. Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched,
Almost condemn'd alive. There is a place,
(List daughter) in a black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
But flaming horror of consuming fires:
A lightless sulphur, chok'd with smoky fogs
Of an infected darkness; in this place
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
Of never-dying deaths; there damned souls
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
With toads and adders; there is burning oil
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the usurer
Is forc'd to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton
On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust.

Ann. Mercy! oh mercy!

Friar. There stand these wretched things,
Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless sheets
And secret incests, cursing one another;
Then you will wish each kiss your brother gave
Had been a dagger's point; then you shall hear
How he will cry, "Oh, would my wicked sister
Had first been damn'd, when she did yield to lust!"—
But soft, methinks I see repentance work
New motions in your heart: say? how is't with you?

Ann. Is there no way left to redeem my miseries?

Friar. There is; despair not; Heaven is merciful,
And offers grace even now. 'Tis thus agreed:
First for your honour's safety, that you marry

The

The lord Soranzo : next, to save your soul,
Leave off this life, and henceforth live to him.

Ann. Ay me!

Friar. Sigh not : I know the baits of sin
Are hard to leave ; oh 'tis a death to do't !

Remember what must come. Are you content?

Ann. I am.

Friar. I like it well.

Altogether opposite in character, design and execution, is the *tragi-comedy* of 'The Lover's Melancholy.' For the awful assemblage of terrific incidents, clothed in the purest language of poetry, which we have just been contemplating, we have an unimproved repetition of the Duke and Viola in *Twelfth Night*, relieved by a few awkward attempts at humour, in which Ford is never successful. The popularity of Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' of which three impressions had appeared when this play was produced, attracted the poet's notice, and furnished him with the materials of a drama of which this is a brief analysis. Prince Palador, being 'shot through the heart with the blind boy's butt shaft,' and by some court intrigue deprived of his mistress; falls into a deep melancholy. Corax, a physician, engages to relieve him, by exhibiting a masque, in which the several affections described in Burton's *Anatomy* are personified. In this he has no great success; and the prince is finally cured by a much simpler process, the recovery of his mistress. As if the poet's admiration of Burton could not be carried too far, we have a repetition of the artifice in the case of an old lord deprived of reason by the injustice of his sovereign : here too Corax, who is a wretched bungler, fails; and his patient is restored to reason by the returning favour of the court.

Neither in the conception nor management of this part of the drama is there any thing to commend; the characters fail, in Ford's representation, to convey so accurate a conception of the respective affections as in the inartificial descriptions of Burton. With all this, however, the peculiar excellencies of the poet are visible in the last act of the play, where the plot is developed with more effect than it appeared capable of producing, and in language worthy of the author. It is singular that Ford should claim for this play the merit of originality, (in which he is supported by the Editor,) when almost every part of it is hacknied. He is not always unhappy, however, in his imitations, and the following fable of *Strada* is given with more than its original force and beauty.

'Mca. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.

To Thessaly I came, and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions,
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encounter'd me : I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,
That art and nature ever were at strife in.

Amet. I cannot yet conceive, what you infer
By art and nature.

Men. I shall soon resolve ye.

A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather
Indeed entranc'd my soul ; as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw

'This youth, this fair-fac'd youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wonder'd too.

Amet. And so do I ; good, on !

Men. A nightingale,

Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes

The challenge, and for ev'ry several strain

The well-shap'd youth could touch, she sung her down* ;

He could not run division with more art

Upon his quaking instrument, than she.

The nightingale, did with her various notes

Reply to. For a voice, and for a sound,

Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe

That such they were, than hope to hear again.

Amet. How did the rivals part ?

Men. You term them rightly,

For they were rivals, and their mistress harmony.

Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last

Into a pretty anger, that a bird

Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,

Should vie with him for mastery, whose study

Had busied many hours to perfect practice ;

To end the controversy, in a rapture

Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,

So many voluntaries, and so quick,

That there was curiosity and cunning,

Concord in discord, lines of diff'ring method

Meeting in one full centre of delight.

Amet. Now for the bird.

* This is one of the thousand oversights of the editor. What *her* did the nightingale sing down ? Is it not clear that it should be—she sung her *own* i. e. strain ? The whole beauty of the passage depends upon this simple emendation.

Men. The bird, ordain'd to be
 Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
 These several sounds : which when her warbling throat
 Fail'd in, for grief, down dropp'd she on his lute,
 And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness,
 To see the conqueror upon her hearse,
 To weep a funeral elegy of tears ;
 That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
 Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me
 A fellow-mourner with him.

The extraordinary merits of 'The Broken Heart' will justify a more extended analysis of the story on which it is founded. Orgilus, the son of Crotolon, in order to avoid the jealousy of Bassanes, who had married Penthea, (betrothed to himself,) at the instigation of her brother Ithocles, pretends to quit Sparta ; instead of which, he lurks about the palace, in disguise, to watch the course of events. The first scene of the second act, between Bassanes, Grausis and Phulas, although somewhat misplaced in so serious a drama, exhibits a liveliness of dialogue and a knowledge of dramatic effect which Ford rarely manifests, and which even seems foreign to his natural genius. In the same act, Penthea encounters Orgilus in the gardens of the palace, by an accident so forced and improbable, that the purpose for which she went thither, seems to have escaped the poet's memory. After a scene of no remarkable brevity, in which the lover discovers himself, Penthea, who feels all her tenderness revived, repairs to her brother's chamber, and upbraids him with his cruelty in forcing her to marry Bassanes : Ithocles confesses his error, and sues for pardon ; he then discloses his love for the princess Calantha, with whom he intreats her intercession. Impressed with a consciousness that her end is approaching, Penthea solicits an audience, and after disclosing her apprehensions, requests the princess to be her executrix. Calantha consents, and Penthea confides to her charge, in a pretty but fanciful manner, her youth, her fame, and Ithocles her brother.

In the fourth act, while Ithocles is conversing with Armestes, the princess enters accompanied by Nearchus, prince of Argos, for whom she was designed, and who solicits some memorial of her affection : having fixed his wishes on a ring, she takes it from her finger, and contrives to let it fall near Ithocles, who immediately seizes it. The close of this act resembles both in beauty and horror the memorable scene in Massinger's *Duke of Milan*. Penthea (dead of grief) is discovered in a chair veiled, and seats are placed on either side of her for Ithocles and Orgilus, to lament the one the loss of a sister, the other that of a lover. The chair provided for Ithocles is an engine, which, as soon as pressed, closes upon him
 and

and confines his arms ; when Orgilus, after reproaching him with forcing his mistress to marry Bassanes, and taunting him with his promised joys in his expected nuptials with Calantha, stabs him to the heart. The last act is occupied with an entertainment provided by Orgilus to celebrate the marriage of his sister Euphranea with Prophilus, at which the Princess Calantha presides. The dance has scarcely begun, before Armostenes enters and whispers in the ear of Calantha that the king her father is dead ; Bassanes follows to announce the close of Penthea's woes ; and Orgilus succeeds, with intelligence (still secretly communicated) that Ithocles her lover is murdered. To none of these awful informations does Calantha appear to attend, but urges the music to a livelier strain. At length the revels terminate, and she is proclaimed Queen : the first act of her power is to condemn Orgilus, who opens a vein in his arm, and bleeds to death on the stage. The coronation of Calantha and the funeral of Ithocles, who is brought on a bier, ' with a crown of gold upon his head,' conclude the tragedy. Calantha demands of her attendants whom they would wish her to chuse for a husband : their choice falls upon the Prince of Argos, and she proposes certain conditions as the ground of their union ; these are testamentary provisions for her friends and servants : she then turns to the corpse of Ithocles, and her heart breaks at the conclusion of the following lines :

' Now I turn to thee, thou shadow
Of my contracted lord ! bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding-ring upon
His finger, 'twas my father's last bequest :
Thus I new-marry him, whose wife I am ;
Death shall not separate us. Oh ! my lords,
I but deceiv'd your eyes with antic gesture.
When one news straight came huddling on another
Of death, and death, and death ; still I danc'd forward,—
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and outcries,
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
Yet live to vow new pleasures and outlive them ;
They are the silent griefs that cut the heart strings ;
Let me die smiling:—
One kiss on these cold lips, my last ; crack ! crack !

'The Broken Heart' is a noble effort of genius. In the midst of numberless beauties, however, it manifests the same want of propriety, though not in the same excess, which we have already noticed in ' 'Tis Pity she's a Whore.' Orgilus is at once contemplative and wicked ; and though in the scene where Penthea appears deprived of reason we are interested for him, there is a merciless thirsting

thirsting for revenge on Ithocles, who had endeavoured to atone for the injury of his youth, utterly destructive of the feelings excited in his favour. The repentant language likewise, uttered by Bassanes (who is alternately wise and foolish, respectable and ridiculous) when Penthea becomes insane, seems incompatible with the groundless jealousy which caused her derangement.

In 1633, Ford produced another tragedy, 'Love's Sacrifice.' The title-page of this play indicates that 'it was generally well received,' which we confess we have sufficient respect for Charles's days to wish were otherwise; for a more offensive production we do not remember to have perused. The editor observes, that it is not entitled to the same praise as the Broken Heart; and in this we agree; but when he adds that 'in forming the plot, Ford had evidently the inimitable tragedy of Othello in his mind,' we lay down the volume in amazement. If Ford lighted his flame at the shrine of Othello, assuredly he caught none of Shakspeare's inspiration: and excepting that D'Avolos exclaims, 'beshrew my heart, but that's not well,' and 'I like not that, neither,' to excite the jealousy of the Duke of Pavia, the reader will look in vain for any resemblance to Shakspeare. The Duchess of Pavia, the Desdemona of Mr. Weber's fancy, undergoes several assaults from her husband's friend, Fernando, all which she virtuously and heroically repels; when lo! at the dead hour of night, when Fernando is in his first sleep, she draws the curtains of his couch, and gratuitously presents herself to his desires, but with the perplexing threat of instantly destroying herself if he violates her person. After pleasantly balancing this ticklish offer, Fernando declines the possession of her; and the couple pass the remainder of the time in the most interesting platonism. Thus much for Biancha's resemblance to Desdemona! Mr. Weber discovers yet another imitation of Shakspeare in the person of Count Roseilli, a young nobleman, who turns fool for the love of 'a glorious widow.' On the interesting personage thus befooled, the editor observes, 'it was a bold undertaking of our poet's, and which, it must be owned, he has not executed with his usual skill, to paint a counterfeit fool after Shakspeare's admirable character of Edgar;' who, be it observed, is not a fool but a madman. Our readers will be entertained with a short specimen of this imitation:—

Mauruccio. Hast any qualities, my pretty fool! wilt dwell with me?

Roscilli. A, a, a, a, aye!

Fernando. I never saw a more natural creature in my life.

Maur. Can'st speak, Fool?

Ros. Can speak! de e, e, e, e.—

Maur. Dost know how old thou art, sirrah?

Ros. Dud—A clap cheek for nowne sake Gaffer. Hee, e, e, e, e.—
'Perkin

'Perkin Warbeck' is not merely founded on the imposition practised by the person whose name gives a title to the piece, but follows, with injudicious fidelity, the narrative delivered by Lord Bacon in his History of Henry the VIIIth. so that Ford's play is little else but the prose of Lord Bacon turned into measure, and divided into acts. He seems, in fact, to have aimed at nothing beyond that kind of compliment which he might conceive he was paying the noble historian, by bringing his work on the stage: no attempt is made at embellishment, no delineation of character (with one exception, the Earl of Huntley) is even endeavoured. Accordingly, in *Perkin Warbeck*, as written by Ford, we have a chronicle, and nothing more; a chronicle, too, in its most exceptionable shape; for while we hesitate to allow it the merit of truth, it comes recommended by none of the graces of fiction, and for the mere purposes of entertainment, the narrative deserves the preference. Lord Bacon commences thus; 'At this time the king began again to be haunted with sprites, by the magic and curious artes of the Lady Margaret, who raised up the ghost of Richard Duke of York.' The poet, faithful almost to the letter, thus opens his tragedy:—

'Still to be haunted, still to be pursued,
Still to be frighted with false apparitions;
As if we were a mockery king in state,
Only ordain'd to lavish sweat and blood
In scorn and laughter to the ghost of York.'

Again, 'But all this on the French king's part was but a trick, the better to bow King Henry to peace; and therefore, upon the first grain of incense that was sacrificed on the altar of peace at Bulloigne, *Perkin was smoked away*.'

'Yet this was all but French dissimulation
Aiming at peace with us, which being granted
On honourable terms on our part, suddenly
This smoke of straw was pack'd from France again.'—(vol. ii. 15.)

This minute resemblance, of which we could bring proofs from every page, has escaped the editor's notice. He repeats, it is true, from the Dedication, that Ford was indebted to Lord Bacon; but of the nature and extent of his obligation, he says not a word: perhaps he was ignorant of it; for we perceive in no part of his work, any indications of consulting an original document.

'The Sun's Darling' was the joint production of Ford and Decker; and the hand of the latter is so visible in the greater part of the dialogue, that we can scarcely credit the assertion of Oldys, 'that Ford had the largest share in its composition.' The plot may be dispatched in a few words. Raybright, the Sun's Darling, awaking

awaking from a dream of exquisite delight, is informed, that his grandsire will

————— descend
From the celestial orb to gratify
His wildest longings.'

He is accordingly entertained by the four Seasons in succession, each of whom endeavours to recommend herself to his affection: he vows eternal fidelity to all; but abandons each of them in turn, at the instigation of Humour, and her attendant, Folly. The moral is summed up in the following lines, which are no unfavourable specimen of Ford's general manner.

Here, in this mirror,
Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes:
The season of the Spring dawns like the morning,
Bedewing childhood with unrelished beauties
Of gaudy sights: the Summer, as the noon,
Shines in delight of youth, and ripens strength
To Autumn's manhood; here the evening grows,
And knits up all felicity in folly:
Winter at last draws on the night of age;
Yet still a humour of some novel fancy,
Untasted or untried, puts off the minute
Of resolution, which should bid farewell
To a vain world of weariness and sorrows.'

Ford appears to have been not a little vain of his success in designing the comedy of 'the Fancies, chaste and noble.' The plot is sufficiently romantic, and the poet, in delineating the character of Flavia, had in view, not the merchants' wives of Sienna, but those of the capital in which he resided. His 'Fancies' are, in many instances, sufficiently 'noble;' but for the 'chastity' which distinguishes the dialogue, we can say very little. The play is, however, a happy effusion of the lighter kind; and notwithstanding the denouement of the plot is discovered at the close of the 4th act, Ford has contrived to give sufficient interest to the fifth to cause it to be read with pleasure.

'The Witch of Edmonton' closes these volumes. Among the superstitious of our semi-barbarous ancestors, the belief in the mischievous power and propensities of witches was so predominant, that no distemper invaded the cattle, no blight fell upon the corn, but the peasants attributed the misfortune to the enmity of their oldest and perhaps poorest female neighbour, assisted in her evil designs by familiar spirits over whom she was believed to have controul. They therefore considered themselves at liberty to retort upon the cause of it, and the unfortunate object was persecuted with unrelenting brutality. Many were brought before
judicial

judicial tribunals and condemned for well-authenticated crimes! Among the number was Elizabeth Sawyer, the Witch of Edmon-ton, executed at Tyburn in 1622, and whose pretended freaks are the subject of the present drama. The principal character of the play is a yeoman's son, who, having debauched his patron's servant, privately marries her, and afterwards, at the earnest intreaty of his father, to whom he vows he is yet single, marries another. Perplexed by his situation, he resolves to leave his country accompanied by his first wife Winnifrede, who, disguised in male attire, waits for him at a distance, while in a very pathetic scene he parts with the second, Susan, whom, by the sudden instigation of Mother Sawyer's familiar, he stabs with a pen-knife. The catastrophe is easily anticipated: the murder is discovered, and Frank and Mother Sawyer are condemned and executed. Although the buffooneries of Cuddy Banks, and Mother Sawyer's familiar, in the shape of a black dog, perpetually interrupt the serious parts, there are scenes of painful interest in this drama. The whole character of the faithful Winnifrede, his first love, is exquisitely affecting. It would be difficult, perhaps, to appropriate the respective shares in this tragedy, but some of them may be distinguished without much labour. The tender scenes are remarked by the editor to be much in Ford's style; but though his pathetic tone may be discoverable, and a figure in 'The Fancies' be employed in the second act of 'The Witch;' the versification appears to us somewhat too abrupt for Ford, whose manner is more strikingly exemplified in the opening of the play and in the second scene of the fourth act. The close is unquestionably his. Where this drama is not interesting for its poetical beauties, it is curious as a representation of ancient prejudices.

Reversing the observation of Dryden on Shakspeare, it may be said of Ford, that 'he wrote laboriously, not luckily:' always elegant, often elevated, never sublime, he accomplished by patient and careful industry what Shakspeare and Fletcher produced by the spontaneous exuberance of native genius. He seems to have acquired early in life and to have retained to the last a softness of versification peculiar to himself. Without the majestic march of verse which distinguishes the poetry of Massinger, and with none of that playful gaiety which characterises the dialogue of Fletcher, he is still easy and harmonious. There is, however, a monotony in his poetry, which those who have perused his scenes long together must have inevitably perceived. His dialogue is declamatory and formal, and wants that quick chase of replication and rejoinder so necessary to effect in representation. If we could put out of our remembrance the singular merits of 'The Lady's Trial,' (which we ought to have placed immediately after 'the Fancies,')

we should consider the genius of Ford as altogether inclined to tragedy; and even there so large a proportion of the pathetic pervades the drama, that it requires the 'humours' of Guzman and Fulgoso, in addition to a happy catastrophe, to warrant the name of comedy. In the plots of his tragedies Ford is far from judicious; they are for the most part too full of the horrible, and he seems to have had recourse to an accumulation of terrific incidents, to obtain that effect which he dispairs of producing by pathos of language. Another defect in Ford's poetry, proceeding from the same source, is the alloy of pedantry which pervades his scenes, at one time exhibited in the composition of uncouth phrases, at another in perplexity of language; and he frequently labours with a remote idea, which, rather than throw it away, he obtrudes upon his reader involved in inextricable obscurity. We cannot agree with his Editor in praising his delineation of the female character: less than women in their passions, they are more than masculine in their exploits and sufferings; but excepting Spinella in *The Lady's Trial*, and perhaps Penthea, we do not remember in Ford's plays any example of that meekness and modesty which compose the charm of the female character.

The date of Ford's death is unknown: he wrote nothing for the stage after 1639, and it is probable that he did not long survive that period. Mr. Weber concludes, from some expressions in his prologues, that he was of a discontented temper; but these effusions of spleen were vented against the puritans, the inveterate enemies of his profession. His political sentiments he has not concealed. Had he reached the times of tumult and blood which were now at hand, it is clear, from several passages in his works, that he would have attached himself to the cause in which so many of his profession engaged and suffered,—the cause of loyalty, duty, and honour.

Hitherto we have confined ourselves to an examination of the merits of the author; it is now incumbent on us to express our opinion of the manner in which the editor has executed his portion of these volumes.

Mr. Weber is known to the admirers of our antient literature by two publications which, although they may not be deemed of great importance in themselves, have yet a fair claim to notice. We speak of the *battle of Flodden Field*, and the *Metrical Romances of the fourteenth century*; which, as far as we have looked into them, appear very creditable to his industry and accuracy: but his good genius, we sincerely regret to say, appears in a great measure to have forsaken him from the moment that he entered upon the task of editing a dramatic poet.

In the mechanical construction of his work, Mr. Weber has followed

lowed the last edition of Massinger, with a servility which appears, in his mind, to have obviated all necessity of acknowledging the obligation: we will not stop to inquire, whether he might not have found a better model; but proceed to the body of the work. As we feel a warm interest in every thing which regards our ancient literature, on the sober cultivation of which the purity, copiousness, and even harmony of the English language must, in no small degree, depend, we shall notice some of the peculiarities of the volumes before us, in the earnest hope that while we relieve Ford from a few of the errors and misrepresentations with which he is here encumbered, we may convince Mr. Weber that something more is necessary to a faithful editor than the copying of printers' blunders, and to a judicious commentator, than a blind confidence in the notes of every collection of old plays.

Mr. Weber's attempts at explanation, (for explanations it seems, there must be,) are sometimes sufficiently humble. 'Carriage,' he tells us, 'is behaviour.' It is so: we remember it in our spelling-book, among the words of three syllables; we have therefore no doubts of it. But you must have, rejoins the editor; and accordingly, in every third or fourth page, he persists in affirming that 'carriage is behaviour.' In the same strain of thankless kindness, he assures us that 'fond is foolish,' 'but, except,' 'content, contentment,' and, *vice versa*, 'period, end,' 'demur, delay,' 'ever, always,' 'sudden, quickly,' 'quick, suddenly,' and so on through a long vocabulary of words of which a girl of six years old would blush to ask the meaning.

At other times he rises in his efforts, and words, as trivial as those we have noticed, are 'explained,' as it is termed, in a way no less singular than laborious. Vol. I. p. 156, 'You are but whimsied, yet crotcheted', &c. 'His head is full of crotchets, is explained, by Cotgrave, *Il a beaucoup de crinons en sa tête*.' The English reader, we trust, will not fail to express his gratitude 'for this clear account of the matter.'

P. 158. 'Haled to the earth.' 'To hale was used in the same sense as to haule is in the present day. It is explained by Sherwood by the French verbs *tirer, trainer*.' Pudet, pudet,—but worse remains.

P. 161. 'Blear eyes.' As Mr. Weber was determined to favour us with the meaning of this familiar expression, the readiest way was to turn to the first dictionary at hand; but this appeared too summary a process. Recourse is therefore had to Cotgrave for the French of 'blear,' which proves to be *chassieux*: *chassieux* is then consulted, and the result is thus given. 'From the following interpretation of the French word *chassieux*, by Cotgrave, the reader may understand the term: "blear-eyed, whose eyes doe runne continually."

continually." We cannot afford even a smile to such depravation of criticism.

Still, however, the sense of the words, though somewhat circuitously obtained, is sufficiently correct; which can, we fear, scarcely be said of those which follow.

Vol. I. 140. '*Woodcocks*.' 'It was a vulgar idea that the woodcock possessed *no* brains. SO in Webster, "You do give for your crest a woodcock's head, with the *brains* picked out." Now Mr. Weber himself could 'possess no brains' on this condition. The fact is, that the woodcock was vulgarly supposed to have plenty of brains: a circumstance which does not necessarily imply sense.

P. 208. My own hands have wrought,
To crown thy temples, this provincial garland.

'I am not *certain* whether this garland was composed of *provincial* or *Provençal* roses, which are mentioned in Hamlet. It was certainly a violent anachronism to introduce Provençal roses in a tale of Sparta, &c. &c.' Had Mr. Weber attended to his author, instead of turning every moment to the Variorum Shakspeare, he would have seen that this provincial garland was given to Ithocles for conquering a *province*. Did he never hear of naval and mural crowns?

The confidence which Mr. Weber reposes in Steevens, not only on this but every other occasion, is quite exemplary: the name alone operates as a charm, and supersedes all necessity of examining into the truth of his assertions; and he gently reminds those who occasionally venture to question it, that 'they are ignorant and superficial critics.' Vol. II. p. 256.—'I have seen Summer go up and down with *hot codlings*.' 'Mr. Steevens observes that a codling *antiently* meant an immature apple, and the present passage *plainly* proves it, as none but immature apples could be had in summer.' All this wisdom is thrown away. We can assure Mr. Weber, on the authority of Ford himself, that '*hot codlings*' are *not* apples, either mature or immature. Steevens is a dangerous guide for such as do not look well about them. His errors are specious; for he was a man of ingenuity: but he was often wantonly mischievous, and delighted to stumble for the mere gratification of dragging unsuspecting innocents into the mire with him. He was, in short, the very Puck of commentators.

P. 256. '*Chouses*—i. e. fools, persons easily cheated.' Directly the reverse: crafty knaves, cheats. Had Mr. Weber looked into the last edition of Massinger for any good purpose, or into Jonson for any purpose at all, he might have seen his error. But Mr. Weber talks as familiarly of Jonson as Poins did of Hall. '*Every one* (he says) is acquainted with that admirable character, Captain Bobadill.'

Bobadill: and he proceeds to prove his position by affirming that he is 'one of those *blackguards* who allow themselves to be beaten for money, to give some country booby a reputation for valour.' Poor Bobadill! this would grieve him worse than all his cudgelling.

Vol. II. p. 232. After so many quarrels, as dissention,

Fury, and rage had *broach'd* in blood—

'*Broach'd* generally signifies spitted. The *metaphor* in the text is rather forced, if we accept this explication'; (it is indeed) 'but there is *no other meaning* of the word which *could at all apply* here.' Universal negatives are dangerous. Instead of a '*metaphor*,' we have an expression in every one's mouth, used in its plainest and most appropriate sense. To *broach*, is to pierce a vessel, to let out liquor, &c.

Vol. II. p. 206. 'Frizzle their hair, *plain* their eyebrows, *set a nap* on their cheeks,' &c. For *plain*, read with the original *plane*; but this is not the only typographical error in this short speech. Mr. Weber is sorely puzzled by the word *nap*, which he supposes to be 'something like a cupping-glass, used to bring colour into ladies' cheeks.' This is a notable expedient, it must be confessed. Briefly, for we are almost weary of this,—to *set a nap on the cheek*, is to rouge or paint it.

P. 229. 'The newest news, *unvamp'd*.' 'I have not met with this *singular* word'—No writer, in our remembrance, meets with so many '*singular* words' as the present editor. He conjectures, however, that it means, *disclosed*. It means, not stale, not patched up. We should have supposed it impossible to miss the sense of so trite an expression. Just below, Mr. Weber tells us that '*Holla*' is 'a term of the manage, and generally used to *stop* a horse.' We must take his word for the information; which, however, is bestowed upon us in pure charity, as he allows that '*holla* in the text' (where, by the way, it is applied to a young lady, and not a *horse*) 'evidently means to *urge on*.'

This quotation reminds us of another peculiarity of Mr. Weber: his acquaintance with our dramatic writers, extends, as the reader must have observed, very little beyond the indexes of Steevens and Reed. If he cannot find the word of which he is in quest, in them, he sets it down as an uncommon expression, or a coinage of his author. Of this we could give numerous examples; but one must suffice: '*Surfell*', Vol. I. 373. 'I have not,' he says, 'met with this word any where else, and *therefore* it has occurred to me whether it may not be a word *coined* by Ford, who, as we have seen, (p. 285.) is very quaintly ingenious in that art'. The reference is to *inleague*, a common word. *Surfell* occurs three times in two pages of an old poem now open before us. We do not believe that a single instance of this

coinage is to be found in Ford, notwithstanding his 'quaint ingenuity in the art; and we are quite sure that the words adduced as proofs of it, are familiar to every reader of our old dramatists. *Quab*, which the editor gives up in despair, is an unfledged bird, metaphorically an imperfect, indigested project, &c. A *Spanish pike*, which he says he 'cannot understand', unless it means a taylor's legs, is a *needle*. Needles, as well as sword-blades, in Ford's time, came to us from Spain.

Vol. II. p. 46. 'Let my skin be pinch't full of *eylet holes* by the bodkin of derision.' '*Eylet holes* are the eyes of needles.' We do not well comprehend how a bodkin can pinch a skin full of the eyes of needles: but the explanation is, at least, worthy of the reading. An *eyelet hole*, as every child knows, is a hole made by a bodkin for the admission of coarse thread, lace, tape, &c. If the editor, therefore, will withdraw his note, and content himself hereafter with simply printing *punch'd* for *pinch'd*, nothing farther will be required.

P. 62. 'You vow'd *beadsman*.' i. e. one who prays a certain number of prayers for the welfare of another; so called from the *beads* of the rosary.' We did not expect this from Mr. Weber. He found it, indeed, so set down in Johnson; but it is not the more correct on that account. We had *bederole* and *bedesman* in our language, before the *rosary* was invented. The word is derived from the Saxon *beden*, (the German *beten* or *beten*,) to pray. When Ford wrote, *beadsman* was little more than a courteous expression for servant or dependant.

These inadvertencies, and many others which might be noticed, being chiefly confined to the notes, do not, perhaps, detract much from the value of the text: we now turn to some of a different kind, which bear hard on the editor, and prove that his want of knowledge is not compensated by any extraordinary degree of attention. It is not sufficient for Mr. Weber to say that many of the errors which we shall point out are found in the old copy. It was his duty to reform them. A fac simile of blunders no one requires. Modern editions of our old poets are purchased upon the faith of a corrected text: this is their only claim to notice; and, if defective here, they become at once little better than waste paper.

Vol. I. 147. 'Within these three months, her *sweet hearty father* dying some year before, she had notice of it, and with much joy returned home.' This is a strange motive for joy:—but let us do the poet justice. Every line of the play shews that we should read, her *sweetheart's father* dying, &c. i. e. the old king of Cyprus, who had banished her to prevent his son's marriage.

P. 38. 'Well, sir, now you are free, you need not care for sending letters; now you are dismissed, *you* mistress here will none of you.' Read. 'Well, sir; now you are free. You need not care for sending

ing letters now: You are dismissed, *your* mistress here will none of you.'

Vol. II. p. 281. 'A mushroom sprung up in a minute, by the sunshine of your benevolent grace, liberality, and hospitable compassion, magnificent beauties. 'Have long since lain bed-rid in the ashes of the old world till now your charity hath raked up the dead embers,' &c. This is almost too much for us. Read. 'A mushroom sprung up in a minute by the sunshine of your benevolent grace. Liberality and hospitable compassion, magnificent beauties, have long since lain bed-rid in the ashes of the old world, till now,' &c. The *I* before *Have* is interpolated by Mr. Weber.

P. 306. 'Sure state and ceremony!

In habit here like strangers we shall wait,

Formality of entertainment. Read:

Sure, state and ceremony

Inhabit here. Like strangers, we shall wait

Formality of entertainment.

Oversights like these, (and every page teems with them,) though little creditable to the editor's care, are yet less vexations to the reader than the erroneous notes which are frequently subjoined to explain them.

Vol. I. p. 63. 'My sister weeping!—Ha!

I fear this friar's falsehood, *I will call him.*'

i. e. 'I will *upbraid* him. The same expression is still used in schools for *scolding* or *swearing*.' It was not so in our time—but read,

My sister weeping, ha!

I fear this friar's falsehood. (*Aside.*) I will call him.

i. e. Soranzo, for whom the friar had been inquiring, and of whom Giovanni instantly goes in quest. Pleased with his explanation, Mr. Weber now makes himself merry with what he calls the ridiculous stage-direction—'Enter the friar in his *study*, sitting in his chair;' which he alters, with great exultation over Dodsley and Reed, to 'the friar's *cell*.' It happens unfortunately for Mr. Weber's triumph, that the place of action is *distinctly* pointed out by the author, and said to be the *chamber of Anabella*. Just below, we are again told that 'the stage-direction in the old copy and in Reed's reprint reads *ridiculously*, Enter Giovanni and Anabella lying on a bed.' This merriment is out of place: the direction is the simple fact: and we should be more wisely engaged in pitying the poverty of the antient stage, than in ridiculing its homely expedients. As there were no scenes, the different changes could only be made visible to the audience by the introduction of appropriate furniture. What was a street was readily converted into a tavern

tavern by the admission of a few pipes and glasses. An elbow-chair with an hour-glass and a book, shewed that a study was presented; and if a scene of dalliance was required, these gave way to a truckle-bed, which was thrust in, as described, with the lovers lying upon it, 'as it were, in a bed-room.' The fancy chills at the description:—yet amidst this wretchedness were produced the dramas which delighted their own age, and will astonish every succeeding one!—But to Ford:

P. 207. 'We must part:

The sudden meeting of these two fair rivulets

With th' island of our arms, Cleophila, &c.

'I suspect we should read, *'Within th' island.'* This is a new mode of parting: but Mr. Weber has missed the sense of the passage, which is confounded in every possible way. Read,

We must part

The sudden meeting of these two fair rivulets,

With the island of our arms. Cleophila, &c.

The two sisters, dissolved in tears, rush into each other's embraces. Palador separates them, and clasps Cleophila, whom he now addresses, in his arms.

P. 436. 'Do not hope for life. *Would angels sing*

A requiem at my hearse! But to dispense

With my revenge on thee, 'twere all in vain.

Prepare to die.'

'This seems to be merely a figurative way of saying—I *would I were dead!* Papæ! Read:

Do not hope for life. *Would angels sing*

A requiem at my hearse, but to dispense

With my revenge on thee, 'twere all in vain:—

Prepare to die.

Vol. II. p. 303. 'I have wrestled with death, signior, to preserve your sleeps: And such as you, are untroubled.—Unthrifts and landed *babies* are prey-curmudgeons, lay their baits for.' 'i. e. who lay baits for the soldiers. This is the *only sense* I can extract from this passage, which is very inaccurately worded.' *Sense!* never was the poor word so abused before. Read: 'I have wrestled with death, signior, to preserve your sleeps, and such as you are, untroubled.—Unthrifts and landed boobies are prey curmudgeons lay their baits for.' What on earth can be plainer?

P. 251. 'She's taken, and will love you now

As well in buff, as your imagined bravery,

Your dainty ten times dress'd buff: with this language,

Bold man of arms, *shalt* win upon her, doubt not,

Beyond all silken puppetry.

'The

'The change of *shall* to *shalt* was essential to restore the sense of the passage.' This 'essential change' makes the passage perfectly unintelligible. Read:

She's taken; and will love you now
As well in buff, as your imagined bravery.—
Your dainty ten times dress'd buff, with this language,
(Bold man of arms,) *shall* win upon her, doubt not,
Beyond all silken puppetry.

P. 354. 'All lies gallop over the world and not grow old or sick. A lie!' 'The examples given by the *fool* are formed by quibbling on the word *lie*.' Here again the sense is overlooked. Read: 'All lies. Gallop over the world, and not grow old or sick? A lie.' Could not Mr. Weber see that Folly was merely repeating the words just spoken by Health?

P. 362. 'Both of you are a consort; and I, your tunes

Lull me asleep.'

'This is the antient mode of spelling *concert*.' While Mr. Weber was turning to Reed for this notable piece of information, he never observed that he was printing nonsense. Read, with the author:

Both of you are a consort, and your tunes
Lull me asleep.

This line has let us somewhat into the secret of the present republication. The 'I,' so strangely foisted into the verse, is merely a broken line, overlooked by the old compositor. It would seem, therefore, that the regulation of the text had been committed to the judgment of 'George Ramsay and Company, Printers,' while the ostensible editor amused himself with transcribing pages of 'explanation' from books which, as in the present case, explain nothing.

There is something extremely capricious in Mr. Weber's mode of proceeding: words are tampered with which are necessary to the right understanding of the text, while others, which reduce it to absolute jargon, are left unmolested.

P. 251. 'Forsooth they say the king has *mow'd*

All his grey beard, instead of which has budded,' &c.

'The old copy reads *mew'd*.' This 'emendation' is taken without acknowledgment from the renowned Scriblerus, whose learned labours exhibit, perhaps, the only specimen of this beautiful figure of speech to be found in the English language. To *mew*, Dyche, Dilworth, Entick, Sheridan, Johnson, and other authors of rare occurrence, tell us, is 'to shed the feathers, to moult.' We can feel for Mr. Weber's difficulties; but we must 'protest,' as he is pleased to say, on another occasion, against his making our old poets ridiculous.

P. 268. 'Cut-throats abroad, come home, and *rot* in fripperies.'

'I suspect

'I suspect we should read *riot*.' Never was a more groundless suspicion. The speaker is a cast captain, who complains that soldiers, on returning from a campaign, are commonly left to rot in rags—to *riot* in them, is quite another thing. The same page affords another instance of misapplied ingenuity. 'This fellow' (the disbanded soldier) 'is a shrewd fellow at a *pink*.' 'It is difficult,' Mr. Weber says, to 'guess at the author's meaning.' We have then 'a deal of scimble-scamble stuff,' entirely from the purpose, at the conclusion of which we are requested to read *punk*. The 'author's meaning' is so clear, that we are at a loss to account for its being missed. Did the editor never hear of *pink*ing (*i. e.* stabbing) a man in a duel?

This officious interference with the genuine text forms, as we have just observed, a singular contrast to the indifference displayed in cases of the most palpable corruption. We subjoin a few, together with the necessary corrections: these are, in general, so obvious, that we can claim no merit in suggesting them.

Vol. I. p. 239. 'She *fed* you liberally?' Read. She *see'd* you *li*berally? Yes, replies the person addressed, she gave me 'ten crowns.'

Vol. II. p. 257. I will rip up
The progress of your *infancy*. Read *infamy*.

P. 54. A daughter's loss
Admits not any *pair* like *one* of these.

Read, with the original, Admits not any *pain*, &c.

P. 162. Why hang thy *looks* like bell ropes
Out of the wheels? Read, *locks*.

Vol. I. p. 357. He could make
A jointure to my *over-loving* niece.

This venerable lady is said, in the very next line, to be a *young* woman. Read—my *over-loving* niece: but what star reigned when Mr. Weber entered upon this speech?

'——— He bade me tell her too
She was a kind young soul, and might, in time
Be sued to *buy* a loving man.'

The original, as will readily be believed, reads, 'Be sued to *by* a loving man.'

Vol. II. p. 132. I clearly find thy current of affection
Labours to fall into the *guilt* of riot,
Not the ocean of content. Read, *gulf*.

Again,
What a fool am I
To *bawdy* passion? Read,
What a fool am I,
To *bandy* passion?

P. 249. Our cloak whose cape is
 Larded with pearls which the Indian *lackies*
 Presented to our countryman De Cortez
 To save *his* life.

Grammar and sense equally confounded! Read—'Which the Indian *Cacique* presented,' &c.

Vol. I. p. 444. 'I offer up the sacrifice
 Of bleeding tears, shed from a faithful spring;
 Roaring oblations of a moaning heart, &c.'

These 'roaring tears,' at which some would have started, produce no effect upon the editor's nerves: nevertheless, we would recommend him to read hereafter,

Pouring oblations, &c.

P. 138. 'Lo, the *gorgeous* skull
 That shall transform thee to a stone, &c.'

That treasury of ancient learning, Tooke's Pantheon, must surely have escaped Mr. Weber's researches, or he would have read 'the *Gorgon's* skull;' especially as the physician had just put on a 'head-piece' of a most frightful appearance, to over-awe his refractory patient.

We might carry this part of our examination to an immense extent; but we forbear. Enough, and more than enough, is done to shew that a strict revision of the text is indispensable; and, if it should fall to the lot of the present editor to undertake it, we trust that he will evince somewhat more care than he manifests in the conclusion of the work before us. It will scarcely be credited that Mr. Weber should travel through such a volume as we have just passed, in quest of errata, and find only one. 'Vol. II. (he says,) p. 321, line 12, for *Satiromastrix* read *Satiromastix*!'

We could be well content to rest here; but we have a more serious charge to bring against the editor, than the omission of points, or the misapprehension of words. He has polluted his pages with the blasphemies of a poor maniac who, it seems, once published some detached scenes of the 'Broken Heart.' For this unfortunate creature, every feeling mind will find an apology in his calamitous situation; but—for Mr. Weber, we know not where the warmest of his friends will seek either palliation or excuse.

The extent of our remarks on Ford will oblige us to be very concise in noticing Mr. Gilchrist. This gentleman, much to his honour, was the first to stem the torrent of calumny which Steevens, Malone, and others had been directing for so many years with impunity against the moral character of Ben Jonson. The justification, as far as it went, was complete. But though ignorance and malice may be confuted, they cannot be silenced; and the old accusations

accusations have been pertinaciously brought forward again and again, as if the interests of literature were vitally concerned in overthrowing the reputation of one of its chief ornaments.

The little essay of Mr. Gilchrist is drawn up with neatness, and precision; and continues, with success, the defence of Jonson so well begun in his former pamphlet. The principal part of it is directed against a position of Mr. Weber—that, this great poet 'was jealous of Ford.' His authority is an ignorant and impudent fabrication by Macklin, the player, long since refuted, in all its parts, by Mr. Malone. Mr. Weber, however, who appears to have persuaded himself that a simple restatement of a falsehood is sufficient to convert it into truth, returns to the charge, and prepares to enforce it by roundly maintaining what his more wary predecessors had not the hardihood to bring forward. 'That Ford (he says,) was frequently pitted against Jonson, as the champion of his antagonists, appears from some indisputable documents.' This desperate assertion, for which there is not a shadow of proof in existence, Mr. Gilchrist dismisses, as well he might, with a simple denial. On what follows, he enters more at large. 'Nothing (the editor of Ford continues) can more strongly evince *this*, than the verses of Shirley prefixed to "Love's Sacrifice," and addressed to Ben Jonson:

'Look here, thou that hast malice to the stage,
And impudence enough for the whole age,
Voluminously ignorant! be vext
To read this tragedy, and thy own be next.'

These lines are proved, by Mr. Gilchrist, beyond the possibility of doubt or cavil, to have been addressed to Prynne, the author of *Histriomastix*, or, as he called it, in his second title, the '*Actors Tragedie*'—a circumstance, unknown, we presume, to Mr. Weber, and for the communication of which, he, in common with every friend to the cause of truth, will undoubtedly confess his obligations to Mr. Gilchrist, whose little work teems with good sense and useful information. In one instance only this ingenious writer is mistaken. He attributes the first application of Shirley's tetras-tich to Jonson, to Mr. Weber. He is wrong. The lines in question were quoted by Steevens and Malone, and applied by them to Jonson, many years ago. Mr. Weber has merely transferred them, together with the comment, from the pages of Shakspeare to those of Ford. A deeper responsibility lies on Steevens and Malone. The portentous folly of selecting Shirley as the reviler and despiser of Jonson, at a moment when he was lying (as he says himself) 'paralytic and bedrid, in sickness and in sorrow,' can only be duly appreciated by those who have consulted his works. If there be any distinguishing quality by which Shirley can be char-

rac-

racterized, it is by a deep and reverential respect for the learning and genius of Jonson, of whom he never speaks but with mingled emotions of awe and love. In his prologues, in his dedications, nay, in his plays, where nothing but fulness of heart can account for the introduction of Jonson's name, these sentiments appear in all their force. Two passages are now before us, which, in addition to the one produced by Mr. Gilchrist, will suffice to shew that we have not misrepresented the genuine feelings of Shirley.

'Jonson, t' whose name wise art did bow, and wit
Is only justified by honouring it—
To hear whose touch, how would the learned quire
With silence stoop? And when he took his lyre
Apollo dropt his lute, ashamed to see,
A rival to the God of Harmonie.'—POEMS, 159.

Again—

'When the age, my most honoured lord, (the Earl of Rutland,) declineth from her primitive virtue, and the silken wits of the times—that I may borrow from our acknowledged master, LEARNED JONSON,' &c.

Yet this is the person, whom the Dioscuri of the Shaksperian hemisphere, (Mr. Weber is out of the question,) accuse of taunting Jonson with 'malice,' 'impudence,' and 'voluminous ignorance!'

Much has here been done for this injured poet; much still remains to do: and we know not that we can recommend the completion of the task to a more competent person than Mr. Gilchrist.

The 'Letter to Mr. Kemble' requires merely to be mentioned. It is a slight performance, and professes to be so. The writer notices a few of Mr. Weber's more prominent mistakes in the text and notes of his edition; but he has not, we perceive, consulted the original copies; and is not, perhaps, very conversant with the peculiarities of our ancient writers. Other publications of a similar kind have reached us; but we can discover nothing in them which calls for particular observation.

ART. X. *Voyages aux Indes Orientales, pendant les années 1802-3-4-5 & 6, &c. &c.* Par C. F. Tombe, Ancien Capitaine-Adjoint du Génie employé près de la Haute Régence à Batavia, &c. Revu et augmenté de plusieurs Notes et Eclaircissemens, par M. Sonnini. Paris. 1810.

Sketches, Civil and Military, of the Island of Java and its immediate Dependencies; comprizing interesting Details of Batavia, and authentic Particulars of the celebrated Poison-tree. Illustrated with a Map, &c. Stockdale. London. 1811.

THE Gallo-Batavian flag, which for a little while had been suffered to wave in the eastern hemisphere, is now struck to

wave

wave no more. The fears and anxieties which had arisen in the minds of many well-informed persons, as to the result of the expedition against Java, are happily relieved—not that any doubt could be entertained of the skill and valour of those to whom it was entrusted; but the season of the year, in which it set out from Malacca, was unfavourable; and the adverse monsoon generally blows with such violence, that the best equipped ships of war are but ill calculated to contend against it. Those, therefore, who augured the best, looked forward to a protracted result. It was thought by many that the Governor-General of India had unnecessarily augmented the strength of the expedition, and thereby delayed its departure, for the mere gratification of putting himself at the head of an armament so formidable as to bear down all resistance. We pretend not to decide on the wisdom of the measures pursued by the Governor-General; but he appears entitled to a due share of credit for having ascertained the practicability of a new route, by which a saving of six weeks was effected in point of time, and one of infinitely more importance, in the health and lives of troops, cooped up in transports under a vertical sun. On leaving the straits of Singapore the fleet stood across to the western coast of Borneo, where, by the shelter afforded against the monsoon, and the influence of the land in producing variable winds, they made good a southerly course as far as the south-west point of this immense island, called point Sambaar, whence they were able to fetch the coast of Java off point Indremaya, two degrees to the eastward of Batavia.

The troops landed on the 4th August; and, on the 8th, the city of Batavia surrendered at discretion: on the 10th a sharp action took place with the corps d'élite of the Gallo-Batavian army, who was driven into their strongly entrenched camp at Cornelis, which, on the 26th, was carried by assault, when the whole of the enemy's army, upwards of 10,000 disciplined men, were either killed, taken or dispersed, with the exception of 50 or 60 horse that escaped with the Governor-General Jansens, who is described as a fugitive in the mountains of Java. Jansens, however, as appears by his own dispatch, retreated upon Cheribon, whence he doubtless proceeded, with the garrison, to Surabaya, at the eastern extremity of the island, (where the remains of Admiral Hartzinc's squadron was destroyed in 1807 by Sir Edward Pellew,) a strong position, and defended, as appears by a weekly report which fell into our hands, by a division of the army amounting to 3700 men. The assault of Cornelis, however, we are inclined to think, may be considered as decisive of the fate of Java; and, as Lord Minto observes, 'an empire, which for two centuries has contributed greatly to the power, prosperity, and grandeur, of one of the principal and

most

most respected states of Europe, has been thus wrested from the short usurpation of the French government, added to the dominion of the British crown, and converted, from a seat of hostile machination and commercial competition, into an augmentation of British power and prosperity.'

A multitude of reflexions crowd upon us, suggested by this consoling paragraph in the dispatch of the Captain General of India. It brings to our recollection the rapid strides by which the commerce and dominion of the Indian islands conducted the states of Holland to a pitch of wealth and grandeur and power almost unexampled in the history of nations. It reminds us of the wanton and tyrannical abuse of that power; of the base ingratitude of those states to the nation by whose disinterested aid it was attained; and of the causes which led to its decline and final overthrow. It suggests, moreover, to our consideration, how far and in what manner the conquest of the Dutch settlements in India, but more particularly those in the great eastern archipelago, usually called by the Dutch the *Groot Oost*, can lead to 'an augmentation of British power and prosperity.'

More than a century before the Dutch name was known in India, the Portuguese had astonished the European world with their daring enterprizes, and brilliant conquests in the east. Urged on by the same kind of zeal which conducted our heroes to the holy wars, and prompted by a more encouraging prospect of wealth and dominion, their success, in establishing their religion, language, and commerce, among the most enlightened and powerful nations of Asia, was as rapid as extraordinary. In those days Lisbon became the great mart for the commodities of the east. The produce and manufactures of China and Japan, of Siam, Cambodia, and Malacca, of the whole coast of Malabar, Persia and Arabia, Melinda, Soffala, and of the great and populous islands which form the oriental archipelago, were all transported to the shores of the Tagus. So quick an advancement to wealth and power led, as quickly, to indolence and luxury. The natives were oppressed to support the profusion and extravagance of their new governors, and persecuted by the monks for their religious prejudices. The officers and merchants abandoned themselves to those voluptuous excesses so well understood in a tropical climate, left all their concerns to the management of slaves, and, in the course of two generations, the successors of Vasco de Gama had become a degenerate and effeminate race, corrupted in mind and body by every species of vice and debauchery. There was wanting, besides, some systematic arrangement, some bond of union, between the mother country and the colonies. Wealth flowed into Lisbon 'they knew not why and cared not wherefore;' but, at the time when the favours of Portu-

gal were bestowed on the Brazils, and its revenues exhausted in the struggles with Spain, the current suddenly stopped. The Portuguese government, then, for the first time, began to experience the fatal consequences of not having adopted some system of security for those sources of wealth which the sagacity of their countrymen had discovered, and their valour and enterprize acquired.

It was not to be expected that these treasures would long remain concealed from, or unmolested by, the rest of Europe. Holland and Zealand, from a train of favourable circumstances, and under the protection of England, had raised to some importance the United Provinces as a free and independent state in Europe. By industry and frugality their fishing-busses were increased to trading-vessels, and their trade produced a navy to protect it. At the close of the sixteenth century, they began to push their commercial speculations into the Indian seas; and their first attempt was crowned with complete success. An East India Company was immediately established and invested with extraordinary powers by the states-general. They conferred on it the privilege of making peace or war with the sovereigns of the east, of erecting establishments, building forts, appointing governors, entering into alliances, &c. They sent large fleets into the eastern seas; and their first exploits, in return for the protection and support which they had received from the English government at home, were, by intrigue and violence, to drive its mercantile subjects from their infant establishments abroad; expelling them by force from some of their factories, and rendering them, in others, odious to the natives, by accusations as false as they were scandalous.

England, in fact, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, had scarcely felt the conviction that wealth was the great source of power, and that colonies and plantations, and consequently foreign commerce, contributed largely to the strength and security of the mother country. Though her fleets of war never failed to beat the De Ruyters and Van Tromps at home, the Van Necks and Van Hagens were far superior to her mercantile marine abroad. We had an East-India Company, it is true, with an exclusive charter; but it was at that time scarcely a national concern, and its limited capital, exclusively employed in trade, could scarcely be deemed worthy the attention of its more ambitious rivals.

The splendid establishments of the Portuguese were the game which principally attracted the avarice of the Dutch. Those enfeebled descendants of a race of heroes, whom the vices and luxuries of a warm climate had enervated and debased, were wholly unable to resist the unwearied and persevering energies of the Dutch; who captured or destroyed their trading-vessels wherever they met with them, and applied the produce of their cargoes, in part, to the raising

raising and paying of native troops, with the aid of whom they attacked and carried the Portuguese settlements.

We have seen in a preceding article* in what manner they succeeded in rooting the Portuguese out of Japan, and forming an establishment for themselves, on which they have continued to the present day. Hither, in two annual ships, they carried from Batavia a few European cloths, silks, printed cottons, sugar, logwood, drugs and trinkets, for which, in return, they brought away copper, wrought silks, lacquered ware, porcelaine, and gold in ingots.

In China they were less successful. They endeavoured to establish themselves on Aimoy on the coast of Fokien, on the Pescadores, and on the great island of Formosa, from all of which they were successively expelled by the Chinese. Batavia and Bantam had long been in their possession, and they had driven the Portuguese from the more eastern settlement of Timor; but the rich and populous empire of China, the vast field it opened for their commercial speculations with Tonquin, Siam, Pegu, and Malacca, inflamed their avarice, and induced them to send a splendid embassy with valuable presents to Peking, in 1655. At first they were received with due consideration by the Tartar monarch; but the famous jesuit, Adam Schall, who had long been a favourite at court, and whose hatred of heretics was unbounded, represented them in so bad a light to the emperor,—‘mere pedlars and pirates,’ without law or religion, who by their intrigues and cruelties had established themselves in various parts of the east, and expelled the lawful and native princes, that they were speedily dismissed.

To do away the effect of the impression made in China, and which they were aware would spread by the annual junks of this nation which visited Batavia, they prevailed on the sovereigns of Java and the neighbouring islands to send ambassadors to the Prince of Orange, which, while it flattered the pride of the Stadtholder, might impose on the credulity of the simple orientals. Five sons of princes were also sent to be educated in Holland, and brought up in the principles of the Christian religion.

Their early attention had been drawn to the spice trade of the Moluccas, which, in the latter part of the sixteenth and in the beginning of the seventeenth century, was in the possession of the Spaniards and Portuguese. They determined on expelling them from those valuable settlements, which they effected without much difficulty, but not without a considerable slaughter both of Europeans and natives. But the nutmeg and the clove were produced in such abundance, in the whole group of islands, as greatly to diminish their value; they, therefore, bribed the princes of Ternate and

* Art. II. of the present Number.

Tidor, with a sum of money, to extirpate the plants, for which purpose near a thousand *extirpators* were annually employed and paid by the Dutch; after this, they confined the growth of the nutmeg to Banda, and of the clove to Amboyna. Still, however, the English and Portuguese were enabled to procure spices at the large island of Celebes. This materially interfered with the monopoly of an article to which, it has been said, the Dutch were not more indebted for their greatness abroad, than they were to the herring fishery for that at home. After many struggles and great slaughter of the natives, they succeeded in driving the Portuguese from Macassar, and, by way of indemnity, admitted the English, who were then at peace with them, to one third of the produce of Amboyna and Banda. Impatient, however, to enjoy the sole possession of so lucrative a trade, under the most false and absurd pretences they seized all the English settlers with their families, and put them to death with all the tortures which malignant ingenuity could invent. The English government submitted to this indignity almost without a murmur. James I. and his council were too busily engaged in discussing the divine right of kings at home, to avenge the wrongs of his subjects abroad. Equally fortunate were the Dutch in escaping retribution for another enormity, still more horrible, committed on the offenceless Chinese in Batavia, of whom, on a pretext equally frivolous and unfounded, they massacred 12,000 in cold blood, without the smallest resistance on the part of those unfortunate victims. Fearful that this barbarous deed would rouse the indignation of the Emperor of China, and give the final blow to the remains of their trade with that nation, deputies were sent from Batavia in the following year to Canton, to apologize for an act which, as they pretended, necessity alone had compelled them to commit. To their delight and surprize they were calmly told, 'that the emperor was not at all solicitous about such of his subjects, as, for the sake of gain, could abandon the tombs of their ancestors.'

The exclusive monopoly of the produce of the Moluccas was now secured to the Dutch; but there still remained an object to excite their cupidity; this was the cinnamon trade of Ceylon, then in possession of the Portuguese, who, insensible as it were to the progress of the Dutch, had neither provided the means of opposing them, nor taken any pains to cultivate the good will of the natives. To the latter, indeed, they had rendered themselves so obnoxious by oppression, intolerance, and religious persecutions, that the Dutch were invited to assist in expelling them; an object that required not much exertion to accomplish.

Invested now with the complete monopoly of the spice trade and the pearl fishery, together with an extensive commerce from the great

great central government of Batavia, there seemed to be little left to desire: but avarice knows no bounds. The Portuguese, who had hitherto supplied the western world with cinnamon, having lost Ceylon, had recourse to a wild species of this plant which grows on the coast of Malabar, near Cochin, and which, though inferior to that of Ceylon, still continued to find a limited market on the continent of Europe. The Dutch, determined to admit of no interference in so lucrative a concern, laid siege to Cochin, which they speedily carried, and, in the course of one year, expelled the Portuguese from all their settlements on the coast of Malabar; thus obtaining possession of a line of coast, 156 leagues in extent, and of all the trade and commerce which the Portuguese had enjoyed, without interruption, from the period of their first appearance on the peninsula of India.

The Portuguese were equally unfortunate on the coast of Coromandel. The Dutch drove them successively from their possessions on that side of India, and established their chief settlement at Negapatnam. They finally expelled them from Malacca, the possession of which commanded the strait of that name, as the island of Java had long given them the complete command of the strait of Sunda: these two straits are the grand entrances into the China seas, over which the Dutch, in the plenitude of their power, assumed the entire sovereignty.

The Cape of Good Hope, abandoned by the Portuguese, was considered by the Dutch as a desirable place of refreshment for their ships, and as a country likely to afford a supply of wine and grain for their fleets and establishments in India.

The camphor of Borneo, the finest in the world, the gold, the tin and the pepper of Sumatra, and the various productions of Celebes, but more especially the industrious and robust, but dangerous, race of people which they purchased there as slaves, held out temptations too strong to be resisted; and forts and factories were accordingly established on each of these islands.

The year 1660 completed their conquests, and saw them in possession of every settlement to the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, that was considered as valuable or desirable. Thus, in little more than half a century, the wealth, power, and reputation of the Dutch East India Company were exalted to such a pitch, that the whole nation strove to unite their fortunes with its fate, and become the proprietors of East India stock. Its credit and prosperity maintained their ground for half a century more, when symptoms of decline began to manifest themselves. The spirit of activity and enterprise was gone; and men began to think of enjoying at their ease, what their fathers had acquired with so much toil and danger. Their temperate habits and simplicity

of manners were now exchanged for parade and profusion; their wealth, accumulated by a frugality bordering on avarice, was employed in the purchase of luxuries, while indolence usurped the place of industry. The splendor and magnificence of their Governor-Generals, their directors and counsellors of India, were unbounded, and all the inferior officers followed the example of their superiors. To check this extravagance, the Directors, at home, passed sumptuary decrees, by which their feasts and their funerals, their weddings, christenings, carriages, &c. were to be regulated. Some idea may be formed of this profusion from the following passages in one of their codes, drawn up so late as the year 1764.

'Ladies whose husbands are below the rank of counsellors of India, are not allowed to wear at one time jewels exceeding the value of 6,000 rix-dollars; wives of senior merchants are restricted to four thousand, others to three and one thousand according to their rank.

'Ladies of the upper ranks are permitted to appear in public with three female attendants, who may wear ear-rings of middle sized diamonds, gold hair-pins, petticoats of golden, silver or silken cloth, jackets of golden or silver gauze, chains of gold, or beads and girdles of gold, but neither pearls, nor diamonds, nor any other kind of jewels in the hair.

'Wives of inferior merchants may have two, and ladies of inferior rank, one attendant, who may wear ear-rings of small diamonds, gold hair-pins, a jacket of fine linen and a chintz petticoat, but no gold nor silver stuffs, nor silks, jewels, real or artificial pearls, nor any ornaments of gold.'

In addition to these regulations, commissioners were sent out to curtail the salaries and allowances of the company's servants; but this measure, instead of affording a remedy, tended only to increase the evil. Men who had been accustomed to profusion and extravagance, who were doomed to pass their days in a distant and unhealthy climate, and who had no enjoyment beyond the momentary gratifications of the sensual appetites, were not to be brought back to habits of frugality and temperance by the edicts of a temporary commission: their salaries, it is true, were easily curtailed; but they made good the deficiency by plundering their employers.

One great operating cause, however, of the decline of Dutch prosperity in the east, must be ascribed to the growing power of the English in that quarter. The greatest capital will at all times turn the current of trade in its favour. The English capital was almost wholly vested in commercial speculations; a great part of that of the Dutch, as we have seen, was diverted into other channels. There was besides a kind of infatuation in the councils of that nation. The French were at all times their natural enemies; yet the French, in their recent

recent wars with England, contrived to draw the Dutch into their alliance: thus their fleets, and their foreign settlements, almost invariably fell into our hands. The latter, it is true, were generally restored at a peace; but the capital was wanting to render them productive. The fortunes of individuals in Holland were, for the most part, involved in trade, so that whatever affected their commerce, and their colonies, was instantly felt as a national calamity. Still, however, she maintained a respectable character till forced to take part with France in the American war, which she forfeited altogether on the bursting out of the Revolution. Corrupted by French emissaries at an early point of this baneful era, the infatuated people of Holland clamoured for liberty which they already had, and obtained slavery unknown to them before. Their fate was now no longer doubtful. From the moment they deserted their prince, and betrayed the allies whom they had called to their assistance, the grass began to spring in the streets of Amsterdam. Her best citizens were glad to escape from a country where 'the merchants' were no longer 'princes,' nor the 'traders, the honorable of the earth.' Her ships of war, her rich merchantmen, her foreign possessions successively slipped from her grasp; and that awful prophecy, which foretold the ruin of the city of Tyre, so similar in all the circumstances of its rapid rise to wealth and grandeur, its decline and fall, to that of Amsterdam, was once more on the eve of being fulfilled. 'Thy riches and thy fairs, thy merchandize, thy mariners and thy pilots, thy caulkers, and the occupiers of thy merchandize, and all thy men of war that are in thee, and all thy company which are in the midst of thee, shall fall into the midst of the seas, on the day of thy ruin.' They have fallen! May her example serve as a warning, and her conduct as a lesson of instruction, to the united company of British merchants trading to the East Indies; and to the rulers of the British Empire, by whose aid and protection that company has acquired its present elevation!

The rapid sketch which we have drawn of the Dutch acquisitions in the east, will serve in some degree to shew the extent of what we have gained by their loss. In fact, we have gained every thing. We stand indeed on a much higher eminence than the Dutch ever reached; but in one respect, our situation is similar to that in which they once found themselves—we have nothing farther to acquire. We must not, however, estimate our gains by their losses. It would not be politic, it is not, perhaps, practicable, to occupy the ground from which they have been driven. We need no new establishments in the East: many of those we have are cumbrous and expensive; but they are more than ever necessary for the maintenance of our commercial superiority. The capital expended on them, indeed, very far exceeds that which is employed in traffic;

yet, amidst all the clamours against the company, it has never been pretended that the market suffered from any scarcity of Indian commodities. If, indeed, the private trader would undertake to supply those demands for Indian goods in the United States and the West India islands, which are at present supplied by the Americans, it would not, we think, be impolitic to open that channel to his speculations; but we do not conceive that any increase of capital would increase the consumption of those commodities in Europe under the present circumstances, or tend to lower the prices in the home market: those prices are kept up by the duties, rather than by any limitation in the imports. We are no friends to monopoly, nor much in love with exclusive charters; but we would modify, not brush away with a rude and careless hand all ancient institutions. Besides, whatever opinion may be entertained of our eastern policy, it is not of that bold and licentious character to undertake the government of the Dutch settlements, as the Dutch have been accustomed to govern them. Better to abandon the eastern world altogether, than to establish our commerce at the expense of so much innocent blood, as the Dutch have shed. Cast but an eye over the details given by their countryman Valentyn, and it will meet with such massacres of women and children, such wanton destruction of towns and villages, as are enough to appal the stoutest heart. We cannot, however disposed, place an army on each establishment taken from the Dutch; and it most certainly would not be politic to risk or to attempt a destructive war in any of those islands, still less on that of Java, by placing a handful of men in each of the little forts scattered along the extensive line of sea coast, and in the interior of the latter island, to insult and tyrannize over a population of ten thousand times their number. Are we besides prepared, after the abolition of the African slave-trade, to sanction that traffic in Indians, which, in the inferior race of negroes, the legislature has declared to be a felony? If not, what class of beings is to be substituted for the eight or ten thousand slaves annually purchased or kidnapped, to replace the vast mortality which prevails among those who are condemned to the cultivation of the nutmeg in the deleterious climate of Banda, or to toil amidst the poisonous vapours of Batavia? Are we, besides, in a condition to pay and provide for the 18,000 troops, which the Dutch thought it necessary to maintain for the protection of the island? Are we willing to sacrifice one fifth of that garrison annually, or to renew it every five years? In one word, are the advantages to be derived from the possession of Java, equivalent to the waste of men and money that would be required to keep it?

In starting this question, we beg leave to premise that we are not among those who declaim against the colonial system. To our colonies we are indebted for our commerce, our manufactures, our
naval

naval power, our wealth, the high state of our agriculture, and the progressive cultivation of our waste lands. But in admitting this, we must also admit that we may be over-colonized. England, that 'little body with a mighty soul,' has carried its arts and its arms into every corner of the habitable globe. If we cast our eyes on the map of the world, we shall find, that the sun, in its daily course, never sets upon Englishmen. 'We shall shortly be in possession of all the islands in the universe except our own!' Such was the remark which was made, in our hearing, on the first announcement of our recent conquests; and, loosely as it was thrown out, it assuredly involves a question of the first importance—Have we, Briareus like, with our hundred arms, a sufficiency of strength and spirits and blood at the heart, to keep up an active and vigorous circulation at the extremities, preserving, at the same time, the central and vital parts unimpoverished and unimpaired?

We believe (to drop the metaphor) that it is a maxim generally received by political economists, the truth of which, as far as it regards this country, has been pretty well established during the present war, that population, under certain circumstances, will keep pace with the drafts made upon it. Notwithstanding the waste of men which the present war has occasioned, and the emigrations which daily take place, the population of Great Britain, as appears from the late census, has very considerably increased within the last ten years. That this increase has been chiefly owing to the increased prosperity of the country, and more particularly to the improved condition of the lower classes of society, is a proposition that can hardly be called in question. By the superior skill and ingenuity of our manufacturers, we can do more, and better, with fewer hands, than any other nation; and the skill and the industry of those few can scarcely fail of being rewarded by a due share of those comforts and conveniences of life so necessary for rearing a young family. Numerous then as our foreign possessions are, we are quite certain that the superabundant population of the British islands is amply sufficient for all the demands that can be made upon it. We are not quite so certain how far we may be able to hold out in point of expense. This must depend on a variety of circumstances of which our space will not allow us to enter into a detail. We may incidentally observe, however, that some settled system appears to be wanting for the regulation of our foreign possessions. Would it not be desirable, in the first place, to determine which of them are to be permanently annexed to the British empire? In those that are to remain with us, would it not be of the utmost importance to follow the Roman policy of compelling the conquered to adopt the laws, the language, and the manners of the conquerors; in short, to make them

them English? and farther to hold out every encouragement for the superabundant population of the mother country to emigrate to the newly conquered settlement, if not already sufficiently peopled? ought not each colony to be called upon to contribute, according to circumstances, towards its own protection? Every thing, as matters now stand, is the very reverse of all this. We grant to the vanquished their laws, their religion, and their language; we secure to them their property exempt from new taxation. We continue the public functionaries in their respective situations, and sometimes, with an absurd generosity, double their emoluments. In putting these questions, we are far from wishing to attach blame; we desire only to draw the attention of the country to a subject which we cannot but consider as one of great importance.

Of those possessions whose tenure may be considered doubtful, we expressed our opinion in an article* on the subject of the Isle of France. In this description we should include not only that island and Bourbon, but also Java, and the whole of the late settlements of the Dutch in the great eastern archipelago. We are persuaded that we may avail ourselves of all the advantages of which they are capable, without the enormous expense of men and money which the retention of them would occasion. The great benefit resulting to us is the dispossessing of the enemy, and having effectually accomplished that point, the wisest and the most profitable policy would perhaps be that of delivering them into the hands of the natives; taking care, however, in the first place, to demolish all the forts, batteries, lines and redoubts, arsenals, magazines, store-houses of every description of a public nature, and to bring away or destroy all arms and ammunition, and on no account whatever to suffer a single French, Dutch, or other European officer or soldier to remain upon any of the islands; leaving no kind of naval or military stores that could facilitate the rebuilding, and re-establishing the defences of any of those islands. A measure of this kind would remove all temptation from the enemy to recover the possession of Java, or the Mauritius; the importance he attaches to which may be inferred by the exertions he made and was about to make for the preservation of them. That he will attempt both, if left in their present state, there can be no manner of doubt. The vast navy he is constructing is not without an object. It is most assuredly not for the sake of meeting ours, if such a meeting can be avoided. His ships of war are more probably intended as transports for his soldiers to recover his colonies. The whole navy of England, if employed in blockading his fleets, would not be able to prevent their escape from Brest and the ports of the Bay of

* See No. IX. Art. 10.

Biscay. Ought we then to hesitate in dismantling those colonies which are of no farther use to us than the negative one of depriving the enemy of those resources, and those means of annoyance to our trade, which the possession of them afforded him? or ought we to keep their military works in repair, at a vast expense, to invite him to the re-possession of them, by force of arms or by treaty? To rebuild and re-establish are very different operations from those of stepping at once into a complete and ready furnished settlement. It may be easy enough to prevent him from forming new establishments, but very difficult to dislodge him from the old ones. The safest way, therefore, as we conceive, is to dismantle them altogether, and entrust them chiefly to naval protection.

We are fully aware that two descriptions of men will affect to be startled at such a proposition—philanthropists by profession, and patriots by name. Those candidates for popularity, who are tremblingly alive to every injury done to the enemy, but who have a ready excuse for the most iniquitous measures pursued against their own country, will be apt to exclaim, 'What is to become of the poor Dutch and Chinese settlers?' We freely confess that our feelings are not remarkably tender with respect to the former. For what, we would ask, are the claims which entitle them to our forbearance? Is it the gratitude shewn to the British nation, for raising them at first from their marshes and mud-banks, and making them respectable among the nations of Europe? Is it their attention and kindness to the army that was invited to protect them against the revolutionary hordes of France, or their hollow friendship for the cordial support which Great Britain has on all occasions been ready to afford them? What have these Dutchmen done for humanity to entitle them to such peculiar consideration? If they have 'borne their faculties meekly,' they have nothing to fear from the natives; if not, and they labour under the terror of retribution, allow them to remove; but let no consideration for them prevent us from carrying into execution a great political measure, which self-preservation recommends, and the law of nations authorizes.

It may, perhaps, be urged, that the Dutch have not shewn much activity in their hostility towards us. Admitted: still, however, if our observation be correct, our forbearance has been at least proportioned to their power of doing us harm. But from the moment that Holland was formally annexed to the French empire, no exertion was wanting on the part of the French to preserve the island of Java, the last and most important of their establishments in the east. A new Governor-General of the Indies was sent out surrounded with a French staff. French engineers and officers and soldiers were pushed out of French ports in French frigates. The whole system of warfare was changed; of this the Dutch themselves

selves had a melancholy proof. On the approach of the British troops, the great city of Batavia was not only abandoned without a struggle, but its finest and most valuable buildings, stored with grain and other public property, were set on fire by order of the Governor General Jansens and his French allies. An officer of Daendels' staff, who commanded the rear-guard of the army of Batavia, informed us that this brutal general ordered him, on the first appearance of the English, to drive the whole city and suburbs, men, women, and children, into the interior, and then set fire to it; and that he was broken for remonstrating against so inhuman an order. As another proof of a total change of system, may be mentioned the trial of the late Governor of Amboyna, (for surrendering what he had no means of defending,) by a military commission composed of the creatures of Daendels, who condemned him to be shot. His tyranny and cruelty disgusted all ranks and conditions of men, and it was the representations sent home to this effect that at length procured his removal. Jansens was a man of a different character; yet he found it expedient to adopt the French system, and to endanger the lives and property of more than 100,000 innocent people, by setting fire to the city.

As to the Chinese who are settled on Java, we entertain no fears for their safety. This peaceable and industrious race of men was established on the island full two centuries before it was afflicted by the appearance of the Dutch. They are the chief proprietors in every town and village on the island; they are chosen as the tomogons or magistrates of those towns and villages, in virtue of their property and superior knowledge; they are, in fact, the sinews of the people, by whom they are respected and esteemed. Their temples stand unmolested in the midst of Mahomedan mosques; they therefore have nothing to fear from the island being restored to the natives; woeful experience indeed has taught them that their only enemies are the Dutch. But it may be asked, will not perpetual wars and desolation be the consequence of levelling the fortifications of Java, and restoring it to the Javanese? We are not aware that any such fortifications existed before the arrival of Europeans in the eastern seas, or that the natives were in a state of warfare prior to that period. A distribution of the island might be made to satisfy all parties. Suppose for instance, that the vacated government of Jacatra, of which the Dutch held the entire sovereignty, should be added to the dominions of the King of Bantam, who has on all occasions shewn himself friendly to the English, and Cheribon to those of the Emperor; the island would then be portioned into three pretty equal divisions, under the respective governments of the King of Bantam, the Emperor of Java, and the Sultan. England might guarantee a treaty of amity between these three powers; she might conclude

conclude a treaty of alliance and commerce with all of them; with all she would have a free communication by sea, and might thus, by her mediation, be the means of adjusting any little disputes.

It may probably be urged, that the dismantling of the forts and establishments of Java may increase the number, and encourage the audacity, of the Malay pirates in their depredations on the country trade. We do not see how this effect is likely to be produced. We believe, on the contrary, that a natural tendency towards piracy will generally be found to prevail in proportion to the prohibitions, restrictions, and impositions laid on commerce. The trade of Batavia, and of the spice islands in particular, was so completely monopolized and fettered by the Dutch, that the native Malays, whose element is the ocean, had no resource but to smuggle or to plunder. The desperate character and invincible courage of this people have, it is true, rendered them somewhat formidable; but an Indiaman, well armed, has little to dread from a Malay proa. We augur, indeed, that the measure which we have ventured to suggest, would be the means of bringing back those pirates to the peaceable habits of trade, from which they have been driven by the monopoly of the Dutch. The produce of the island would then be submitted to a free and open competition, by the cultivators of the soil, instead of being forced, at a fixed and inadequate price, into the warehouses of the Dutch. A greater degree of wealth and prosperity would be diffused among the islanders; and the tendency of wealth to introduce luxuries would, as it always has done, gradually create an increasing demand for European manufactures and the products of the continent of India; and thus enlarge the sphere, at least, of the *country* trade, which, if it adds not much to the encouragement of British seamen and navigation, adds, at any rate, to the accumulation of British capital, and ultimately to the improvement of the British empire.

We could urge more arguments in favour of the system which we have ventured to recommend; but we feel that it is time to advert to the publications whose titles we have affixed to this article. Mr. Tombe is a very simple traveller, and 'speaks no more than is set down for him.' He relates what he has been told, and that is not much, nor always correct; and he mentions what he has seen, without discriminating what was not worth being mentioned, and what was undeserving of notice. The other gentleman avows himself a *book-maker*, and deprecates the severity of criticism which, he tells us, 'has often shewn itself indulgent to his lowly endeavours.' If he will continue to *make* books, we would merely wish him to exercise a little judgment in the selection of his materials, and not to set one page in direct hostility with another—to combine his authorities,

ties, condense his matter, and arrange his plan—he may then hope to make a book from the labours of others, which ‘shall contain amusement, interest, and information.’ The authors on whom he has levied contributions, on the present occasion, are Stavorinus, a rear-admiral in the Dutch service; Valentyn, a voluminous and valuable Dutch compiler of the early part of the last century; Sir George Staunton, Mr. Tombe, and M. Leschenault, the French naturalist. We must do him the justice to say, that he has collected fairly, and interpolated little or nothing of his own.

The brief sketch which we shall now offer of the rich and beautiful island of Java will be drawn partly from these and other sources, as well as from our own local knowledge, for we too have been in Java.

The island of Java is an irregular parallelogram, lying between the 6th and 9th parallels of southern latitude, and extending from the 105th to the 114th degree of eastern longitude, being in its mean length about 600 miles, and mean breadth 100 miles, containing 60,000 square miles, and said to be peopled by about three millions of inhabitants, which would give 50 to a square mile, or about one third of the number to a square mile in England and Wales. The strait of Sunda, about 20 miles in width at the narrowest part, divides it from Sumatra on the north west, and two narrow straits, from the islands of Madura and Bally on the east. The coast on the strait of Sunda rises with a gradual slope into bold and well-wooded hills, the highest of which is about the centre of this extremity; from hence they are extended, in a broken chain, through the whole length of the island, which they divide into two sections: that on the north side was wholly under the influence of the Dutch, and that to the southward is still unexplored and unknown. The south coast is indeed bold, rocky, and almost inaccessible; but the whole extent of the northern shore is low swampy ground, intersected with numerous streams issuing from the central mountains, and indented with many bays and inlets, in most of which there is good anchorage for shipping of all sizes. Beginning at the western extremity of the island, Java was divided into five kingdoms. 1. Bantam. 2. Jacatra. 3. Cheribon. 4. Soesoehoenam, part of which forms the 5th division, or that of the Sultan.

The produce of Bantam is chiefly pepper, in which the sovereign stipulated to pay an annual tribute to the Dutch, and engaged to prohibit his subjects from selling any kind of produce, except to them, and at a fixed price. The quantity delivered by him has been stated at five or six million pounds a year, at something less than two-pence per pound. The king of Bantam lived in a fort garrisoned by the Dutch. The tenure by which he held his domi-
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nions was *quamdiu bene se gesserit*, and he was continued or deposed according as he was 'grateful and obedient,' or the contrary.

Of Jacatra the Dutch had the sole and absolute sovereignty. Having put the legitimate chief of this small territory to death, and set fire to his capital, they erected on its ruins the present city of Batavia, in the year 1619. This small, but fertile district, produces all kinds of vegetables and fruit, for the consumption of the city, and of the shipping which frequent the port; besides coffee, sugar, rice, pepper, and indigo, for exportation. Large tracts of land in its vicinity are planted with the catjang, a species of *dolichos*, cultivated by the Chinese for the two-fold purpose of expressing an oil from the seed, and of feeding their hogs with the residue. In the gardens are also produced an abundance of cardamoms, ginger, and turmeric.

Cheribon is nominally divided into several principalities, the chiefs of which were all under an obligation, like the king of Bantam, to deliver to the Dutch East India Company, at a fixed price, exclusively, the produce of their territories, and in each district there was a Dutch fort and garrison to enforce the contract and exact obedience. The produce is principally confined to sugar, indigo, cotton, and rice.

Soesoehoenam is the title given to the Emperor of Java, who formerly possessed the whole of the island to the eastward of Cheribon; but on a quarrel breaking out between him and a prince of the blood, he was induced to seek assistance of the Dutch, for which he agreed to assign over one half of his territories. The Dutch, with more than Machiavelian policy, conferred on the very man, whom they had assisted him to subdue, the government of the assigned territories under the title of the Sultan. In this part of Java are extensive forests of teak and other valuable timber.

The climate of Java is very various. The general range of the thermometer on the northern coast is from 72° to 84° of Fahrenheit, in the S. E. or dry monsoon, which continues from April to September inclusive, and from 84° to 90° in the wet monsoon, which is irregular in its duration, the wind being variable from west to N. E. In fact the regular monsoon is much interrupted by the great quantity of land which occasions a succession of land and sea-breezes at all times of the year. In approaching the central or blue mountains, the air is dry and sharp, and frost is sometimes experienced on their summits.

The city of Batavia is proverbially unhealthy, not so much from the heat of the climate, as from its injudicious situation and misplaced embellishments. It is not only completely surrounded by water nearly stagnant, but every street has its canal and its rows of evergreen trees. It is, in short, the city of Amsterdam in miniature—
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something imposing in its general appearance, but without a single specimen of architecture that is not contemptible. These canals become the common reservoirs of all the filth and offal which the city produces, and which is supposed to be carried into the bay by a broad channel that has scarcely any current, and requires constant labour and attention to prevent it from choking up altogether. On the land side of the city are gardens and rice grounds, intersected in every direction with canals and ditches; and the whole shore of the bay is a bank of mud, mixed with putrid substances, or sea-weeds and other vegetable matter, in a state of fermentation. To these swamps, morasses, and mud-banks, may be ascribed that insalubrity of the air which produces febrile diseases, more destructive than those of Walcheren, in proportion as the heat of an equinoctial climate renders them more acute. To those who have stood the first attack, or *seasoning*, the fever becomes at last constitutional, and recurs at the moist and hot season regularly, without much inconvenience to the patient. Sudden deaths, however, are so frequent in Batavia, that they make little impression on the minds of the inhabitants. Mr. Tombe informs us that, when a Dutchman marries, he makes his will: he seems to think that this solemn prelude to a joyful occasion is to provide against any accident that may happen in consequence of it; but Mr. Tombe is not aware that, even in Holland, a will is a common epithalamium to a Dutch wedding, and is intended to regulate, agreeably to the wish of the parties, that community of property, the disposal of which is otherwise prescribed by the Justinian Code.

In addition to the baleful effects of the climate, and the marshy miasma of Batavia, the manner of life among the European part of the inhabitants contributes not a little to frequent and fatal diseases. A plentiful dinner at noon induces an afternoon's siesta, and a still more plentiful supper terminates the day, in the course of which they consume an immeasurable quantity of claret, madeira, gin, and Dutch beer. Few Europeans can stand the effects of such a life. If one in three of the new comers survives the year, he may account himself a favoured person; one in five is reckoned as the average waste of Europeans of all descriptions of men, including the troops.

The air of Bantam is still more pestilential than that of Batavia; of the baneful effects of the climate of this place, Mr. Tombe mentions a remarkable instance. It was on the occasion of installing the sovereign whom the Dutch East Indian Company appointed to the throne of this kingdom in 1804. The deputation from Batavia consisted of a counsellor of India, four senior merchants, a major, lieutenant, sergeant, two corporals, eighteen French, and eighteen Dutch grenadiers. The ceremony lasted fifteen

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teen days, at the end of which time, or soon after their return, the whole of the grenadiers and European subalterns died, two or three only of the French having escaped. The secretary Smith also died; Mr. Eyseldyck the director, his wife who had accompanied him, Major Segrevise, and the four merchants, all returned with putrid fevers, which brought them to the brink of the grave. (Tom. 1. p. 325.)

Few of the women of Batavia are Europeans by birth, and those who are descended from European parents are so altered in figure, complexion and manners, as easily to be mistaken for native Indians, or the degenerate offspring of Portuguese. They dress when at home exactly like their slaves, bare headed, bare footed, and wrapt in a loose long gown of red checkered cotton cloth descending to the ancles, with large wide sleeves. They anoint their black hair with cocoa nut oil, and adorn it with the tuberose, and other strong scented flowers. In this manner they sit in the midst of their female slaves, conversing familiarly with them at one moment, and whipping them the next; listening sometimes whole hours to the fairy tales with which the memories of many of the unfortunate daughters of bondage are plentifully supplied. Like the slaves too, they chew the betel leaf and arcea nut mixed with gambir, (the inspissated juice of the cashew nut,) bruised cardamom seeds, pepper, and tobacco. This stimulating masticatory, they pretend, has the effect of sweetening the breath, strengthening the stomach, and giving firmness and tone to the muscles and nerves. But whatever real or pretended advantages the Batavian fair may derive from it, the appearance which it gives to the lips and teeth is nauseous to a stranger, and a complete antidote against the passion of love.

The progressive change among the females from the European complexion, character, and manners, to those of the aborigines, would seem to favour the argument of those who derive the whole human race from one common original stock, and make every variety of form, colour, and character, depend upon the influence of climate, local circumstances, and habits of life; but we shall probably come nearer the truth, in the present instance, by ascribing a modifying share of this physical effect to a mixed intercourse with the natives. These ladies soon ripen and soon decay: they are marriageable at eleven or twelve; are accounted old before thirty, and give way to some domestic slave of fresher charms. The wife, however, has her revenge by torturing, in the most excruciating and indecent manner, the suspected female. A Batavian lady has no resources within herself. Many of them can neither read nor write. Nurtured by slaves, and educated in all their vices and superstitions, without morality, and without religion, they are totally unqualified for the pleasures of social inter-

course. Indeed the two sexes rarely meet, except at great entertainments, each having generally their separate coteries; the men drinking and smoking in one apartment, the women chewing betel with their slaves in another.

When they go abroad, in the cool of the evening, to take an airing, or to some grand assembly, they dress themselves in a magnificent stile. Their jet black hair, twisted close to the head, sparkles with a profusion of diamonds, pearls, and jewels of various kinds, mingled, not without taste, with the flowers of the Arabian jasmine and the tuberose. Each lady has her female slave, almost as richly dressed as herself, sitting at her feet. Before supper is announced, they usually retire to put on their loose cotton night gowns; the gentlemen do the same, to exchange their heavy velvets for white cotton jackets, and the elderly gentlemen, their wigs for their night caps. In all these assemblies, a rigid regard is had to rank and precedence. A lady, in particular, would be distressed beyond measure at losing the place assigned to her in virtue of her husband's situation in the employ of the East India Company.

It is singular that the same people, who owed their prosperity and independence to the love of liberty, should invariably, in all their foreign settlements, encourage the worst species of slavery, where they found it to exist, and introduce it where it was unknown, and where there seemed to be the least occasion for it. In Java it was no more necessary than at the Cape of Good Hope, yet in both these settlements every Dutch house swarms with slaves. The city of Batavia alone lays under contribution almost all of the Asiatic islands, the coast of Malabar, the islands of Madagascar and Mosambique. When a rich proprietor is about to return to Europe it is not unusual to manumit his slaves, but more frequently when he is on the point of death. A manumitted slave generally hires a small patch of ground from the servants of government, in which he cultivates flowers, fruits, and vegetables for the market of Batavia, and which are carried to a place of public resort, called Tamnabank, about five miles from the city. The prodigious quantity of all kinds of provisions, but especially of vegetables and fruits, which is brought to the 'Land of Friends,' (for so the name implies,) equals that to be found at Covent Garden; in the variety, elegance, and delicacy of their fruits they exceed it beyond all comparison.

The most numerous, expert, ingenious, and industrious of all the slaves, imported into Batavia, are those from Celebes, who are known by the name of Macassars or Buggesses. This brave and high spirited race of men, the victims of wars fomented by the Dutch, deserve to be better known, and to have their virtues better appreciated than they have hitherto been. Even in their de-

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graded state they exhibit such traits of courage, fidelity, and enterprize, as are not to be equalled, perhaps, in the world besides. Never was a people so grossly misrepresented. Their country scarcely frequented, except by avaricious Dutchmen, whose sole views were to accumulate wealth, who had neither the curiosity to inquire, nor the exertion to examine, nor the desire to communicate what little information might have forced itself upon them, we should have known the Macassars only as assassins, had not the acute and accurate observations of our countryman Forrest, and the sound, good sense of Marsden rescued the character of this brave and injured people from the infamy to which their Dutch tyrants would have consigned them. 'The Buggesses,' says Capt. Forrest, 'are by far men of the most honour of any of the Malay cast I ever met with, are really a distinct people, and have something free and dignified in their manner superior to other Malays.' Both Marsden and he agree, that they are remarkably industrious, skilful in all kinds of curious fillagree work in gold and silver, and in weaving those striped and checked cotton cloths, worn in all the Malay islands; that they excel in making match-locks, firelocks, and all kinds of arms and accoutrements, and in building large proas, and other vessels. They are fond of reading, and have a written character peculiar to themselves: their alphabet, which is perfectly regular, and totally distinct from the Arabic of the neighbouring islands, appears, from an engraving of it, by Captain Forrest, to resemble that of the Rejangs of Sumatra. Their ancient history, laws, and mythology are still extant; and even the poor slaves who are carried to Batavia, recite songs and romances, and fairy-tales without number, in the original Buggess language.

What excuse then can be made for the compiler of the latest, the largest, and the most expensive elementary treatise on geography in the English language, for inserting so absurd and contemptible a passage, as that which we now transcribe merely for the sake of exposing it?

'The apes and the monkeys may be said to possess the sovereignty of the islands, (the Celebes,) being distinguished, as with us, into those who wear tails, and those who do not. The common people of this singular empire walk on four legs, while the noble apes are distinguished by walking on two; and the white are more dangerous than the black or the brown. This mighty aristocracy has declared war against women; the first who perceives a human creature of that sex, assembles his companions with loud cries, and after having seized and abused their unhappy prey, they strangle her and tear her to pieces. The Eves of Celebes are chiefly protected by the serpents, who pursue the apes as their favourite prey. But the natives are obliged to be con-

stantly on their guard in order to defend their women and their fields from animals equally lascivious and voracious.*

In the same breath, this heedless plagiarist from a romance of Voltaire, (for we verily believe that he has no other authority,) tells us, that the people of Celebes have royal palaces and mosques of stone, and houses of ebony polished to extreme splendour!

For what length of time the Chinese have been settlers in the several islands of the east it would, perhaps, be in vain to inquire; but there are records to trace their establishment in Java, as far back as 1412. Wherever this extraordinary people has colonized, they have in no instance relinquished the manners, customs, religion, and ceremonies, the ancient character and dress, of their native country. The same spirit of activity and industry distinguishes them in Java as in China. In Batavia they are merchants and shop-keepers, butchers and fishmongers, green grocers, upholsterers, tailors and shoemakers, masons, carpenters and blacksmiths. They contract for the supply of whatever may be wanted in the civil, military, or marine establishments; they farm from the Dutch the several imposts, the import and export duties, and the taxes. Their campong or town, close to the walls of the city, is a scene of bustle and business to be equalled only in a town of their native country. It consists of about fifteen hundred mean houses huddled together, and swarming with inhabitants. Mr. Tombe reckons them at 100,000, (they probably amount to 20,000,) and their hogs at 400,000,—perhaps his authority for this statement was the old Chinese chief of Bangell, who told him that ‘one of his wives was then pregnant of her *sixty-first* child, of which twenty-nine were dead, and thirty-one living!’—(tom. 2. p. 45.)

The Chinese in Java are severely taxed, even to the very tails they wear, but not for their long nails, as Mr. Tombe says; the learned and the indolent only wear these, and they are too few to repay the trouble of collection. Still, however, these industrious people find resources to pay the sums imposed by the Dutch, and to accumulate wealth. They intermarry with Javanese and Malays, and purchase female slaves, not for sale, but as wives or concubines; and their wives and children invariably become Chinese. Many of them carry on a very considerable trade with their native country and the several islands of the eastern archipelago, as well as a coasting trade from one port to another in Java, in all the principal towns of which the Chinese form the great capitalists, and the most respectable part of the inhabitants. Among so active and so industrious a race of men, it may be thought that the Dutch had no occasion to introduce slaves; but it must always be recollected,

* Finkerton's Mod. Geog. 2d edit, vol. 2, p. 571.

that the Chinese are most unwilling to engage as domestic servants or day labourers, and that, when so compelled to engage themselves, they are of little use to their employers; they are industrious only when they have an interest in the produce of their labour, in which case their skill and ingenuity, their activity, and perseverance are exerted to the utmost stretch.

The next class we have to notice as inhabitants of Batavia and all the sea coast of Java, is the Malays. From the close resemblance of their features to the Chinese and Tartars there can scarcely be a doubt of their descent from those nations. Their progress from Malaya or Malacca, across the narrow strait of that name, to Sumatra, from thence to Java, and from Java to all Polynesia, was so easy, even in the frailest vessels, as to occasion no difficulty in accounting for their being found, as they really are, in possession of the sea coasts of almost every island. Mr. Marsden seems, in the last edition of his book, to have retracted the opinion which he once held of Malacca being the original country of the Malays, and to think that they passed thither from Sumatra: so, indeed, they might, just as the descendants of the Normans, after conquering England, returned as Englishmen, and, under our Henrys and Edwards, re-established themselves in France. Not only their physical appearance, but their manners and customs, as well as their language, have undergone a considerable change by the overwhelming influence of the Arabs, who, from the 9th to the 14th century, appear to have enjoyed the exclusive commerce and dominion of the oriental islands, the greater part of which received the sceptre and the religion of Mahomet. The Malay language however is still current in the sea coast of all those islands. The introduction of the Arabic character, in which it is now invariably written, necessarily introduced a change, by mixing with it Arabic sounds, but it still remains an original and distinct language, though containing a considerable number of Sanscrit words, borrowed probably at second hand from the islanders of Java, Sumatra, Borneo and Celebes.

The character of the Malay is of a peculiar cast; indolent yet restless, cowardly yet courageous, ferocious and vindictive, yet apparently cool and placid; remorseless, capricious and treacherous, there is still something about him of pride, dignity and contempt of death that sets him above the ordinary class of Asiatics. It is certain, however, that he possesses none of the milder qualities of human nature: careless of life himself, he sets little value upon it in others. The Dutch, who have no great fondness for the Malays, say, that most of them will commit murder for money, and that the common hire of an assassin among themselves is a dollar: that when any one has done them a remarkable favour, nothing is more common than to express their gratitude by asking

which of his enemies they shall put to death for him. We must have better proof than the mere assertion of the Dutch inhabitants of Batavia, before we can lend our belief to things so monstrous and improbable. We can readily conceive that this high spirited people, impatient of insult or injury, may occasionally, with the assistance of opium, work themselves into a delirium, and assault all who have the misfortune to fall in their way; but we have some doubts whether they are assassins of that cool and deliberate stamp the Dutch would have us to believe. It should be observed, also, that the excesses complained of by the Dutch, are generally committed by those Malays who have been trepanned into slavery, and sent to Java from the other islands. The free Malays are an intelligent, active and industrious body of men, engaged, like the Chinese, in trade and foreign commerce; their proas are many of them very fine vessels, and navigated with considerable skill; but they are less numerous in Java than in Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and some other of the large islands of Polynesia.

There remains but to mention the Javanese, who compose the great mass of population, which we have stated in round numbers at three millions. Valentyn, who is probably the best authority, supposed it to amount to 3,300,000 souls. General Daendels, we have been assured, by an officer of his staff, caused a census to be taken about two years ago, by the returns of which, exclusive of the South coast of the island, the population appeared considerably to exceed three millions.

The native Javanese are nominally governed by Sovereigns who are the descendants of those Arabs who carried their arms, their commerce, and their religion into the East, long before any Europeans made their appearance in that quarter. The islamism which prevails, however, is debased by Hindoo superstitions and the dogmata of the sect of Vishnu, from whom they affect to be descended. The Javanese of the interior still profess the religion of their ancestors, wear the Hindoo mark in the forehead, and the women of the better cast burn themselves on the funeral pile of their deceased husbands. Their alphabet, however, has no resemblance to the Devanagari either in the form of the letters or in the order of the sounds. It consists of twenty characters, varied and modified by means of four vowel sounds. From an inscription mentioned by Thunberg, it would appear that the ancient Javanese wrote from the right hand to the left. There can be little doubt, however, that antecedent to the invasion of the islands by the Malays they had received colonies from Hindostan; and that both Malays and Hindoos mingled with the native islanders, who, there are many reasons to suppose, were of the same race as those of the South Sea islands. Throughout all Polynesia there is a mixture of
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the Hindoo features, colour and language, with those of the natives of the Pacific and South Sea islands. Many words are common to both; but by far the greater part of the language is Sanscrit.

The Javanese are in general well made, with features pretty regular, the face rather broad across the forehead, and the nose a little flattened, their complexion a light brown, their hair universally black, which they smear with a profusion of cocoa-nut oil; the women twist it into a knot on the top of the head, where it is fixed with gold or silver pins and decorated with sweet smelling flowers. They live in mean huts of bamboo plastered with clay and thatched with leaves, and their food consists of boiled rice, fruits, vegetables and water. Theirs is a life of unvarying indolence. They inhabit an island so fertile, and so abundant in every species of grain and fruit for the sustenance of man, that nothing but force or necessity compels a Javanese to labour. This apathy ought not to be considered as a constitutional disease or the effect of the heat of the climate. The Chinese and the Malays are free from it. It affects the Javanese only. To what then can it be ascribed but to that hopeless state of penury to which they are doomed by the unrelenting despotism of their rulers, and which affords them no security for, no enjoyment of, any little property which their labour might accumulate? The Dutch demanded so much produce to be delivered to them at such a price. They had a resident at the coast of each of the sovereigns of Java to enforce those demands, and generally a fort which commanded the palace of the prince. The country was divided into districts over each of which was a chief or governor called *Tomagon*. It was the duty of these tomagons to take care that the full share of the peasants' produce was delivered, for the use of the sovereign, the Dutch and themselves. What that share was, has not, to our knowledge, any where been stated, but there can be no question of its amounting to whatever quantity the uncontrouled despot might find it expedient to impose.

A Javanese prince dreams away his existence. The day is consumed in smoking his hookar with the most placid indifference, while a troop of dancing men and women are supposed to afford him amusement. At other times the females of his zenana relate their long traditionary stories to amuse the despot with the loves of the deities, the faithful services of the genii, and the feats and adventures of the ancient heroes and demi-gods contained in their *Che-ritras* or sacred books, which are said to bear a very strong resemblance to the Hindoo Puranas. Sometimes, however, he takes the diversion of exercising his guard in throwing the javelin. But his greatest delight is that of witnessing the fight of a tiger and buffalo. These wild animals are kept in cages for this purpose, and their

keepers in turning them loose exhibit no small degree of courage and dexterity, for the tiger at least is much more disposed to attack the man than the buffalo. The latter requires to be irritated before he has any inclination to fall upon either. This is done by lashing him with bunches of the *urtica stimulans*, or buffalo leaf. Another source of amusement is the combat of a tiger and a condemned criminal, armed with no other weapon than a *kris* of eight or nine inches in length. Nothing can be more cruel; for should the man have the good fortune to vanquish his adversary, a second is brought forward, and a third, until his strength is exhausted and he is finally destroyed.

The Javanese women are generally marriageable at eleven or twelve years of age, till which time they go nearly naked, wearing only a belt round the waist with a metal plate in front, rings round the wrist, chains about the neck, and flowers in their black hair, shining with cocoa-nut oil. Not only all the Dutch inhabitants of Batavia, from the Governor-General downwards, but every description of persons on the whole island, are firmly persuaded that many of these women, besides a knowledge of herbs of wonderful virtues and efficacy in the cure of diseases, possess great skill in philtres and fascination. If empiricism is found to thrive in the midst of regular and well educated practitioners, we cannot wonder that it should succeed where diseases are frequent and dangerous, and physicians ignorant and few. Men of sound understanding, in other respects, are the dupes of Javanese fascination. Mr. Titsingh is a person whose name has been brought forward by Sir William Jones and others in the records of literature; he long ago announced to the world his intention of publishing a history of Japan, where for many years he was chief of the factory; he was subsequently Director-General of the Dutch possessions in the East; and ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the Emperor of China. This gentleman who, we believe, is now in Paris, communicated to us, orally, the following anecdotes, the truth of which was, in his mind, incontrovertible. He had an amour, he said, with a lady of Batavia who was passionately fond of him, and who was equally the object of his affection. After some time, however, she imagined that the warmth of his passion was on the wane, and began to suspect a possibility of losing him.—To provide against the worst, she had recourse to a Javanese woman, who furnished her with a charm which was to render her lover incapable of transferring those attentions, of which she once fancied herself the sole possessor, to a new mistress. The spell succeeded to her wishes; and it was not till after long and earnest intreaties, that Mr. Titsingh (who was sufficiently sensible of its operation) prevailed upon her to relieve him. Application was again

again made to the Javanese Sybil, who prescribed certain medical potions, of which he thinks lime-water was a principal ingredient, for fourteen days, at the end of which he found himself completely cured, and determined never to put it into his mistress's power to repeat her charm.

These spells are not confined to the Javanese. The neighbouring islands have similar pretensions; and Mr. Titsingh assured us, from his own knowledge, that the Japanese operate still more extraordinary effects by means of a powder, which not only relaxes every fibre of the living frame, but preserves the dead from rigidity, and, by its antiseptic virtues, wards off putrefaction. The practitioner puts a small quantity of this powder into the eyes and ears of the dead body. In a few minutes the joints regain their flexibility, the whole frame becomes soft and yielding, every muscle contracts with ease, and the body is placed in whatever attitude or posture the friends and relations of the defunct may determine. Of the efficacy of this powder he was fully convinced, having tried it on a Dutch sailor. Two days after his death, when the body was quite rigid, and signs of putrefaction had appeared, the powder was put into the eyes and ears; in a few minutes it became soft and flexible, the progress of putrefaction was arrested; and Mr. Titsingh saw the body in a cave many days afterwards in a recumbent posture, quite pliant and without farther marks of corruption. He purchased, at a considerable price, a small quantity of this wonderful powder, but never made any use of it himself; he was even afraid to touch it, dreading that if it had such extraordinary powers over the dead fibres, it might act with still greater force upon the living ones, and be followed by more disastrous and permanent effects than those which he had already experienced from Javanese fascination.

We leave our readers to form their own conclusions on Mr. Titsingh's amusing stories. That the Javanese are well acquainted with the medicinal qualities of many of the native plants, there can be no doubt. Two vegetable poisons, whose strength and activity on the human frame are probably exceeded only by the Woorara of Guiana, have recently been discovered by a French naturalist, who has published a very curious and interesting account of them, in the *Annales du Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle*.

Mr. Leschenault was one of those numerous physiologists who embarked in the voyage of discovery in the southern hemisphere, of which we gave some account in a former number.* He was recommended by the celebrated naturalist Jussieu, in the event of his touching at Java, to make all possible inquiry after the Upas. His

* No. VIII. Art. 3.

researches for a time were fruitless: at Batavia and Samarang he could learn nothing; at Soura-charta, the residence of the Emperor of Java, he was told that the Upas grew in the district of Bagnia Wangni, which he visited in July, 1805. His Javanese attendant killed some birds with arrows whose points had been touched with *upas antiar*, or the antiar poison; (*upas*, in the Javanese language, meaning *poison*.) There was another *upas*, he told him, of much greater power, called *tieuté*; but he was ignorant, he said, of the place of its growth, for the men who gathered it kept it a secret. He succeeded, however, in procuring one of these men, and by a present of some dollars prevailed on him to show him the growing plant. It was a creeper on which there was neither flower nor fruit; the rind of the root furnished the poison. The Javanese who pointed it out, boiled this rind in a copper vessel till the extract assumed the consistency of treacle; he then threw in a couple of onions, a clove of garlic, a pinch of pepper, two slices of the root of *Kæmpheria galenga*, a few pieces of ginger, and a single seed of capsicum, all of which was suffered to simmer for a short time over the fire. These 'ingredients of the cauldron,' which the Javanese pretended were indispensable for making the 'charm firm and good,' Mr. Leschinault discovered to be mere mummery, and that the simple decoction was equally active. A small quantity inserted in the breast of a fowl with a pointed instrument, killed it in the space of a minute; a large fowl wounded in the lower part of the thigh, died in convulsions in two minutes. Two dogs pricked in the thigh, died in thirty minutes. This *tieuté* is a new species of *strychnos*.

The *upas antiar* is a large tree of the class *monoecia*, to which, being a new genus, Mr. Leschinault has given the name of *antiaris toxicaria*. He always found it growing in rich soils, and surrounded by other plants. The trunk is straight, the bark smooth and of a whitish colour: the leaves which are oval, coriaceous, and of a pale green, fall before the flowers appear. The juice of the tree is viscous and bitter, and flows abundantly from notches cut through the bark. The tree from which he collected his specimens and poisonous matter, was more than a hundred feet in height, and the trunk near the base, eighteen feet in circumference. A Javanese in ascending this tree to gather some flower-bearing branches, was taken ill about midway, and continued for several days indisposed with giddiness, nausea, and vomiting; another went to the top without experiencing the least inconvenience; and Mr. Leschinault himself had afterwards his naked arms and face besmeared all over with the resinous juice of the tree, without being at all incommoded by it: the indisposition of the first man may, therefore, be attributed to imagination or accident. Lizards and insects crawl

on

on its trunk, and birds perch upon its branches with impunity. The preparation of the poison is conducted with the same mummery as that of the *tiuté*, with this difference, that it is done without fire in an earthen vessel. Its effect on the animal functions is somewhat slower than that of the *tiuté*; it first operates as a purgative and emetic, it then attacks the brain, causing convulsions and death. Various experiments are stated to have been made by Messrs. Delille and Magendie on the effects of these poisons, which clearly prove that they act through the medium of the absorbent and sanguiferous vessels, on the marrow of the spine (*moëlle de l'épine*) or, the brain and nervous system, we suppose they mean to say, causing tetanos, asphexia and death.

Mr. Brodie, whose researches in physiological science gained him the Copleian medal at the Royal Society, and bid fair for producing some valuable discoveries on the effect of vegetable poisons on the animal economy, has had an opportunity of making several experiments with the *antiar*. He found its effects on animals as active and powerful as the French physiologists had described them to be, but draws a very different, and we doubt not a more correct conclusion of the manner in which this poison causes death; which he says is, by rendering the heart insensible to the stimulus of the blood, and stopping its circulation. It appeared, from all his experiments, that the heart beats feebly and irregularly before either the functions of the mind or the respiration are affected; he found that respiration was carried on even after the circulation had ceased: and the cavities of the left side of the heart invariably contained scarlet blood, which, he says, never can happen where the cause of death is the cessation of the functions of the brain or lungs; as is the case when produced by alcohol, oil of almonds, juice of aconite, empyreumatic oil of tobacco, and the *woorara* of Guiana.

Our readers will readily perceive, that neither the *antiar* nor the *tiuté*, is the hydra-headed monster sung by Darwin in 'Sweet tetrandryan monogynian strains.' We thought, indeed, that the ghost of this non-descript had been laid, and so did poor Mr. Tombe, who assures us, that, after every possible inquiry from the Malay princes; (he means Javanese,) Chinese and Europeans, he could not hear one word of this terrible *upas*. To convince him, however, that he knew nothing about the matter, his learned editor, Sommini, member of the Institute, Naturalist, Egyptian Traveller, &c. &c. falls upon our simple traveller with a thundering note, in which he says, there can be no doubt of the tree growing in Java, and that Mr. Tombe did not meet with it, because he did not travel where it grew. To prove its existence, he quotes the 'Monthly Repertory,' where 'an account is given of it by an English author, who modestly signs only the initials of his name, C. H.' Can M. Sommini be so ignorant

rant of all that has been said of the supposed upas of Java, as to ferret out in 1810, the stale article of Foersch, published near thirty years ago, and now foisted into a paltry publication, among 'fashionable caps, gowns and petticoats?' If Leschenault's paper should fail to open his eyes, we would recommend to his attention a memoir of Dr. Lambert Nolst, fellow of the Batavian Experimental Society at Rotterdam, drawn up from information communicated by John Matthew a Rhyn, who was 23 years (from 1763 to 1786) resident in Java; thirteen as Commander-in-Chief at Maturam, in the Sultan's palace, and three as envoy at the court of the Soesoe-hoenam, or Emperor of Java, at Soura Charta. He will there find that all the facts, and all the circumstances mentioned in the story, are utterly false; that no such man or tree was ever known or heard of at Soura Charta. The substance of this memoir was published in the Gentleman's Magazine for May 1794, under the signature of W. M. which we suspect to be W. Marsden.

Foersch, whose name the story bears, was the third surgeon at Samarang, where he remained a very short time, and was scarcely known to any family of respectability. He withdrew himself privately from the Dutch service, and the island. Ten years afterwards, in the month of December 1783, the story appeared in the London Magazine, announced by the editors as a translation from the original Dutch, by Mr. Heydinger, a German bookseller, near Temple Bar. For our own parts, we have very little doubt of the article having been fabricated in London, from the following original materials, which we translate from the voluminous and pains-taking Valentyn, in his *Beschryving van Amboina*. 3 Deel. 1. Stuk. p. 218.

Speaking of the *Vergift boom*, poison-tree (*poon-upas*) of Macassar, of which he says there is a male and female plant, and of which he procured a branch in 1688, he observes,

'Very few trees of this kind are said to exist, and those only in the district of Turatte, in Celebes. Malefactors under sentence of death are made use of, at certain times of the year, when the wind blows from the tree, with reference to their path, to collect the poison from it. By the reports of these people, neither plants nor grass grow in the neighbourhood, and for a wide track of country all around, nothing whatever is to be seen. The poison is collected with extreme caution in bamboos, into which it drops from incisions made in the trunk by those who are sent thither for that purpose, their hands, faces, and extremities being closely covered with napkins; for, should they attempt to take it with their hands, their muscles and joints would become contracted and rigid.'

After stating that the poison is used by the princes for touching their weapons and arrows, he proceeds:

'This

'This poison is so quick in its operation that it immediately flies to the heart, and causes instant death. Raja Palacca, one of the most powerful kings in Celebes, once gave a remarkable proof of this by just drawing blood with a poisoned *kris* in the fleshy part of the thumb of two condemned malefactors, and immediately after amputating their arms: the toes of two others were punctured, and the corresponding legs removed. These four men died in a very short time; and in order to shew that their death was occasioned solely by the subtle operation of the poison, he allowed the bodies to be opened, when the hearts of all four were found poisoned.'

If to this account we add that given by Rumphius of the *ipo* of Macassar, which he calls *arbor toxicaria*, whose red resin was a deadly poison, the drops from whose leaves blistered those on whom they fell, and whose exhalations were so baneful that birds approaching on the wing fell lifeless to the ground—we shall, in fact, be in possession of the whole story attributed to Foersch, with the exception of the little machinery of Mahomet and the old Malay priest, and the misplaced allusion to Sodom and Gomorrah. It required but little ingenuity for an adept in forgery to substitute, for the thumbs and toes of four malefactors, the bare bosoms of thirteen beautiful but faithless concubines. Every other circumstance is to be found in the narratives of Valentyn and Rumphius.

It is worthy of remark, that Valentyn's account of the operation of the poison *on the heart*, perfectly agrees with the result of Mr. Brodie's experiments. The fact, we have no doubt, is so, for it is mentioned by Tavernier and others. Raja Palacca, from a betel-box bearer to the King of Macassar, was raised by the Dutch to the sovereignty of that district, and the bodies were opened by Dutch surgeons. Mr. Leschinault is of opinion that the *ipo* or *toxicaria* of Rumphius, is the same tree as that which produces the antiar in Java.

The natural history of Java presents a wide and unexplored field. Much has been done by Valentyn and Thunberg, by Wormbe, and other contributors to the six volumes of the Transactions of the Batavian Society; and recently by Messrs. Deschamps and Leschinault, but more remains to be done. No country in the old world, lying under the same parallels of latitude, has yet been explored:—an additional incitement to those who may hereafter prosecute their researches in the interior of this island.

ART. XI. *Memoirs of the latter Years of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, with a Postscript.* By John Bernard Trotter, Esq. Private Secretary to Mr. Fox. 8vo. pp. 552. London. Phillips. 1811.

WE have seldom, if ever, met with any work, which it would be so difficult to characterize by a short and intelligible description, and which, on the other hand, it was a task of so much delicacy to discuss and examine in detail; as the volume now before us.

To write Memoirs of any conspicuous individual, whose name is connected with every public question that has agitated the country for the last thirty years, and with events of which the causes are yet in dispute, and the consequences yet in operation, is an undertaking which to execute happily, would require not only consummate dexterity, but consummate candour and self-controul. And even a writer who should possess those qualities in the most eminent degree, and exercise them with the most scrupulous sincerity, though secure against any bias in his own mind, would not be exempted from the hazard of giving offence to half his readers.

The review of such a work necessarily partakes of the difficulties attending its composition: difficulties arising in a great degree out of the very nature of the subject; but liable to be either lightened or aggravated to the reviewer, by the manner in which the author may have treated it. If Mr. Trotter's object had been to aggravate these difficulties to the greatest possible amount, in the hope of thereby setting criticism at defiance, he might congratulate himself upon very signal success. The rare infelicities of a style at once mean and inflated; assertions brought forward sometimes without any evidence at all, sometimes against received and established opinions, and not seldom against notorious and indisputable facts; adulation in one instance, and invective in others, equally beyond all bounds of modesty, taste, and feeling; a professed contempt of all authority except that of the one individual whom he adores, and a misuse of that authority (sometimes direct, and sometimes by implication) to purposes which that individual would not have sanctioned or tolerated; violence the more offensive as it is uttered with the accents of mourning; egotism continually breaking forth from under the disguise of an affected humility:—such are the principal faults of a work, upon which we do nevertheless hesitate to pronounce a sweeping judgment and condemnation. With all these faults and with more that we shall have occasion to prove against it, we yet think the work not wholly without

out

out value. We have yet derived both pleasure and information from the perusal of it.

Before it is taken for granted that, in absolving or giving quarter to such a culprit, we condemn ourselves, we would intreat a patient consideration of the following circumstances, which weigh with us to suspend and to mitigate his sentence. It is, in the first place, incontrovertible, that Mr. Trotter was not only honoured by the regard and affection, but also by the esteem and confidence of Mr. Fox; and the approbation of such a man, evinced as it is in every line of his private letters, (which form an Appendix to the volume,) affords a strong presumption in favour of the person on whom that approbation is bestowed. Those letters from internal evidence must be authentic; they afford many pleasing specimens of Mr. Fox's exquisite taste in literature, and are distinguished by that frank and simple benevolence which we believe to have been justly ascribed to him: and those letters, it must be admitted, breathe an almost parental tenderness for the young pupil whose studies he condescended to encourage and direct. On the other hand it is not possible to peruse Mr. Trotter's book without yielding to the conviction that his admiration of Mr. Fox was as sincere as it was enthusiastic; and that his affection for such a friend and benefactor, though expressed in language often extravagant and sometimes absurd, was proved beyond suspicion by a long course of those soothing attentions which real gratitude alone can inspire and sustain.

In the next place it may be presumed that Mr. Trotter, from his situation, had the best opportunities of learning the opinions of Mr. Fox, on topics connected with public affairs, as well as on points of literature and criticism: which opinions, it is clear, Mr. Trotter's feelings led him to adopt as his own. It follows from this, not that we are to receive every assertion of Mr. Trotter's as sanctioned by Mr. Fox: but simply that unless we suppose Mr. Trotter to have altogether thrown away the advantage of opportunities so valuable, it may be worth our while to endeavour to sift and separate what he may have remembered, from what he may have imagined or invented, rather than to reject his work at once upon a summary charge of pertness, malignity and falsehood.

Mr. Fox has observed, in one of his letters, that Mr. Trotter, like many of his countrymen, is 'generally too figurative in his language for the English taste.' We have hinted already that his meaning is often obscured by the omission of the facts from which his reasoning is deduced. It is, moreover, perfectly evident that he has composed and published in a state of mind not the most favourable to a calm recollection of circumstances with which he may heretofore have been accurately acquainted; and in a temper
which

which must have prevented him from comparing his own impressions with those of others, who might have had the same or nearly the same means of information. And to all these considerations is to be added that of the strange inaccuracy of which he has been convicted in his late controversy with Mr. Fox's physicians; which is of itself sufficient to shew how unsafe it would be to rely implicitly upon him in any case where his judgment could be supposed to have been warped by preconceived notions of his own, or to have been disturbed by the disorder of his feelings or of his imagination. Here are, it must be confessed, abundant grounds of caution. But we are not therefore willing to consider as utterly unworthy of credit, or as intentionally and perversely misrepresented, whatever he may have imperfectly explained, or rashly conjectured, or injudiciously exaggerated. We are still willing to believe such assertions of fact, though standing upon his testimony alone, as we find upon examination and inquiry to be fortified either by internal evidence, or by circumstances bearing collaterally upon them: and even when the opinions delivered by Mr. Trotter appear to us to deserve not refutation only, but severe reprehension, we shall still think it an act of justice before we pour out the full vials of our wrath upon him, to endeavour to ascertain what portion of the colouring by which the truth has been disfigured, is the natural tinge of party politics, and what portion has been superadded by himself.

It is not, however, from justice and candour only that we are induced to direct our remarks upon this book rather to the purpose of reformation than of punishment: we have another reason for doing so. One may venture to treat with little ceremony a disagreeable companion who is to be dropped at the end of a journey, and probably never to be heard of more: but this is only a first meeting with Mr. Trotter; and is intended by him as merely introductory to a much more extended and confidential intercourse.

Between the preface and the table of contents we find the following advertisement, carefully secured against the possible chance of being overlook'd, even by the most hasty reader, by being consigned to the table of *Errata*, to which, after the perusal of a very few pages, every one will find it necessary to refer.

'Should this work meet with the favourable reception which the partiality of friends has led the author to expect, he meditates the plan of a work on THE ENTIRE PUBLIC LIFE OF MR. FOX; and with that view invites the communication of facts and original materials to the care of Sir Richard Phillips, No. 5, Buckingham-gate, London.'

We do not dissemble the alarm which has been excited in us by this notification. Having already had to deal with a '*Political Life,*'

Life,* of three dense volumes Quarto, (which our fondness for the subject, our prepossessions in favour of the intentions of the author, and our concurrence in his attachments, enabled us happily to get through;) we cannot look forward without dismay to that rival publication which Mr. Trotter thus formidably 'meditates;' and which, if the copiousness of his narrative is to be proportioned to his estimate of the comparative merits of his hero, the largest press that Sir Richard Phillips can erect and the smallest letter that he can cast, will not enable him to confine within any assignable number of Folios. We contemplate the impending volumes with the sensation of a traveller in the vallies of the Alps, who sees an *avalanche* in the act of detaching itself from a mountain over his head.

In discussing with Mr. Trotter the merits of the work before us, we shall have occasion to address ourselves less to his facts than to his opinions. That facts are not his favourite province, is apparent as well from the small number of new facts which constitute the 'Private Memoirs' of Mr. Fox, in the present volume, as from his consigning to his publisher the task of collecting them for his intended Folios. By far the greater portion of this book is occupied with the opinions of Mr. Trotter. It is plain, indeed, that those opinions contain the essence of his projected history; and that they are, in truth, the very inferences which he means to deduce in a more regular and authentic manner from the 'facts and original materials' to be hereafter communicated to Sir Richard Phillips.

We proceed therefore,—First, to give an analysis of the contents of the work; Secondly, to examine some of the more prominent of those opinions, political and moral, which occupy so considerable a part of its 500 pages.

The 'Memoirs' are divided into two parts: the first containing Mr. Trotter's account of the commencement of his acquaintance with Mr. Fox and of their tour through Holland and Flanders, to Paris, in 1802;—the second comprising the period from Mr. Fox's acceptance of the seals of the foreign office to his death.

Mr. Trotter paid his first visit to St. Anne's Hill, in 1798, at a season when 'the summer was yet young, and all the freshness of nature was upon that beautiful spot.' He describes, with rapture, the charming prospect which lay before him;—the rich expanse of cultivated country;—the meadows, corn, woods and villages, 'till the eye caught the distant smoke of London:' and this 'picture of serenity and rural happiness,' surrounding the British metropolis, at a moment when so many other countries were suffering under the

* See Quarterly Review, No. 7. Art. 13.

miseries of invasion or of civil dissensions, naturally excites his indignation against 'the rash and imperious councils of the British cabinet.'

He was not less pleased with the 'modest mansion' of Mr. Fox, and with his habits of life, than with the graces of the surrounding landscape. Mr. Fox, it seems, usually rose before eight in the morning;—breakfasted, read the newspapers;—perused some Italian author with Mrs. Fox;—spent an hour or two in study;—sat down to a frugal but plentiful dinner at three or four;—drank a few glasses of wine, followed by coffee;—walked or conversed till tea-time;—when 'reading aloud in history commenced, and continued till near ten. A light supper of fruit, pastry, or something very trifling, finished the day.' Mr. Trotter, who confesses that he had carried with him some vulgar prejudices respecting Mr. Fox's character, describes himself as extremely edified by the simple uniformity of this mode of living. And although we could wish that Mr. Trotter had been gifted with taste equal to his sensibility; in which case he would have been aware how fastidiously pictures of still domestic life are viewed by the generality of mankind, and would have abstained from that gaudy and overcharged colouring which is calculated to excite ridicule rather than sympathy; we do nevertheless sympathize with him in his emotions, however expressed. The noiseless tenour of the day at St. Anne's Hill forms a striking contrast with those scenes of Mr. Fox's life which were constantly before the eyes of the public; and affords a view of his character which is calculated to account for the devoted partiality of his private friends, and to soften the asperity even of those whom his political conduct had provoked to distrust and to dislike him.

In the succeeding year 1799, Mr. Fox was severely wounded in the hand by the bursting of his gun: and on his way to town in search of advice, he composed a copy of verses, which, Mr. Trotter informs us, 'display a tenderness of disposition and exquisiteness of feeling, rarely met with (unhappily for the world) in those statesmen who rule mankind.'

'How can I at aught repine,
While,' &c. &c. —————

—But we will not transcribe the verses:—not because we think, as Mr. Trotter appears to think, that all men who are, or who aspire to be the 'rulers of mankind,' ought to be great poets. We abstain from transcribing them, for some of the many reasons for which Mr. Trotter ought to have abstained from publishing them. There are, probably, so few instances in which such effusions of

connubial

connubial tenderness (between parties of mature age) are communicated to a young friend, that Mr. Trotter may perhaps justly have considered the trust thus reposed in him as proving, even more than Mr. Fox's private letters, the unreserved intimacy and confidence with which he was honoured at St. Anne's Hill: but this proof of intimacy Mr. Trotter would surely have spared, if he had reflected that the smallest return due to unbounded confidence is moderate discretion.

On the 29th of July, 1802, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Mr. (now Lord) St. John, and Mr. Trotter set off on their tour to Paris. Mr. Fox himself, it seems, wrote a short journal of dates and distances, which, had it been given to the world, would have informed them that he landed at Calais; and that he passed by St. Omer's to Cassel, Lisle, Ghent, Antwerp, Breda, Utrecht, Amsterdam, Haarlem, Leyden, the Hague, Rotterdam, Bergen-op-zoom, Brussels, Cambrai and Valenciennes. But Mr. Fox's journal '*having* no intention beyond a little book of memorandums for his own private recurrence, was not deemed complete or interesting enough for the public eye.' (p. 183.) Mr. Trotter therefore was compelled to treasure up the reflections and observations which he was able to extort from Mr. Fox's lips; sometimes to interpret the meaning of a smile, and occasionally to extract the best meaning that he could from the great man's silent inattention: by which means, with the occasional aid, perhaps, of some geographical dictionary, (but apparently not a very accurate one,) of his own remarks on the things and persons that he saw or on the books that he read, and of a few anecdotes which he collected, he has in a great measure filled up that chasm in our literature which might have been apprehended from Mr. Fox's inactivity.

We do not recollect by whom it was said, or of whom, that 'the most unequivocal test of a great man is, the having nothing extraordinary about him on ordinary occasions.' Nearly the whole of this portion of Mr. Trotter's book is a continued commentary on this text. Mr. Fox, during his journey, dismissed from his mind all that concern about domestic or foreign politics which would have distracted his attention from all the objects that he saw and wished to see. When an extensive prospect presented itself, he stopped to survey it;—he cast up and paid his bills on the road, in the money of the countries through which he passed;—he noticed the dresses and demeanour of the inhabitants, as well as the prevailing modes of agriculture;—and when incommoded by heat and dust in the coach, he contented himself with listening either to the *Æneid*, or to the pages of Fielding, whose best novels Mr. Trotter read aloud for the general amusement of the travellers. Mr. Fox was not fond of proposing

subjects of conversation, but readily joined in those which were started.—He carried with him, in short, a disposition to be pleased; and was only anxious to diffuse his own complacency over the minds of his fellow travellers. Amiable as we have seen Mr. Fox represented in his domestic retirement, we think that he appears to equal advantage amidst the petty fatigues and occasional inconveniences of a continental journey: and were it not for the misplaced raptures, and overstrained applause bestowed on his equanimity by the disproportioned zeal of his travelling companion, we should have accompanied him on his road, and followed him into his inns with unqualified amusement and satisfaction.

If there was any thing to be regretted in Mr. Fox's disposition, on this journey, it was that he sometimes disappointed his biographer by a too lukewarm curiosity. For instance,

At Brussels, as Mr. Trotter informs us, they 'heard of Monsieur de Chauvelin, who was said to live a retired private life in Burgundy: the remembrance of this gentleman in 1802 brought with it many important considerations;—and on these important considerations Mr. Trotter expatiates at great length; adding, however,

'I do not recollect Mr. Fox saying a word about Monsieur de Chauvelin while at Brussels.'—p. 157.

At Brussels also lived that eminent person, the ex-director Barras. Mr. Trotter expresses on his own part a lively curiosity to behold so conspicuous a republican.

'Mr. Fox, however, manifested no wish to see this ex-director.'—p. 158.

Mr. Trotter has, on other as well as on these occasions, guarded, in a similar manner, against that inconvenient diminution in the bulk of his volume which might have been occasioned by the apathy or taciturnity of his illustrious friend.

The description of Mr. Fox's mode of life at Paris; of his interviews with the first Consul; and of the first Consul's attentions to him;—the account of Buonaparte's somewhat saucy apostrophe to Lord Erskine; of his illiberal suspicions of Mr. Windham; and of Mr. Fox's refutation of those suspicions,—agree pretty correctly with the reports which were published in the Newspapers of the time. But we are not sorry to have these curious anecdotes recorded in a less fugitive form.

Whatever relates to the examination of the correspondence in the French Foreign office, had been told in Lord Holland's Preface to Mr. Fox's Historical Fragment. Of this Preface Mr. Trotter takes several occasions to speak with disparagement; sometimes arrogating and sometimes insinuating a claim on his own part to superior judgment

judgment and information. It is almost superfluous to observe that Mr. Trotter could not do his own work a more effectual injury, than by forcing his readers to institute such a comparison. At the same time we must fairly acknowledge our agreement with Mr. Trotter, that it would have been more judicious to 'keep back' the Historical Fragment than to give it to the world; but with this opinion we are inclined to think, that the best thing that Mr. Trotter could have done for Mr. Fox's fame, would have been to leave the work silently to whatever fate its merits may assign to it.

With the exception of those researches, which are represented as constituting the object of Mr. Fox's visit to Paris, his life there differed little from that of the numerous English who were occupied in gazing at the wonders of that 'metropolis of the continent;' at the magnificent works of art accumulated by successful rapine; and at the pomp of a government then in the crisis of its transformation from a ferocious republic into a military despotism. He differed at least no otherwise from his countrymen, than inasmuch as, in return for the new and strange things which he saw, he from his personal celebrity afforded a spectacle to the Parisians. Mr. Trotter's description of Mr. Fox's reception at the theatre, and of the manner in which Mr. Fox received the applause bestowed upon him, is strikingly characteristic.

'The whole audience stood up, and the applause was universal. He, alone, to whom all this admiration was paid, was embarrassed. So unwilling was Mr. Fox to receive the applause as personal, that he could not be prevailed upon to stand forward; nor when his name, repeatedly pronounced, left no doubt of the matter, could he bring himself to make any *obedience* (obeisance) or gesture of thanks. No man had ever less vanity, or rather was so totally devoid of it, as Mr. Fox; and, perhaps, through the genuine modesty of his nature, he seemed deficient, on this occasion, in respect to the audience.'—pp. 204, 205.

His celebrity also attracted several visits and invitations which Mr. Trotter has brought prominently forward; but some of which we should have been glad not to have been obliged particularly to notice.

We read the account of the interview with Kosciusko with a pleasure which has no drawback but from the wearisome extravagance and exclamatory stile of Mr. Trotter. Not so the visit to Miss Helen Maria Williams's 'Evening Party;' to which we are not reconciled even by the consideration of its gratifying Miss Williams with 'a white day.' We are entirely of the opinion of 'Mr. Fox's friends,' who 'wished him to decline this invitation altogether'; though we are by no means disposed to consider his acceptance of it as a ground of 'suspicion,' nor to employ it as a 'handle

for calumny.' 'Mr. Fox was aware,' says Mr. Trotter, 'that he might be misrepresented and blackened for going to Miss Williams's *conversazione*, as much as he had been for admitting Mr. A. O'Connor to his presence; but he despised slander, was not anxious for place,' &c. &c. (p. 288.) Now without any disposition to 'blacken,' or 'to slander' Mr. Fox, we think,—as we suppose his friends thought,—that independently of any 'anxiety for place,' Mr. Fox owed it to his own character, and to his station in public life, not unnecessarily to outrage the public feeling of his country.

Neither do we think Mr. Trotter very fortunate or very judicious in thus recurring to what had passed at Calais with Mr. O'Connor. Certainly we do not believe that Mr. Fox, when he admitted the visits of Mr. O'Connor, and (what we were not aware of till Mr. Trotter mentioned it) invited him to his table, was induced to do so by any participation in Mr. O'Connor's views:—and not believing this, we should disdain to insinuate it. But the perfect notoriety of those views made it impossible that Mr. Fox should be ignorant of them: and the knowledge of them must have been, in a peculiar degree, distressing to Mr. Fox; forasmuch as he had been induced, at a former period, to come forward in the face of the world and bear solemn testimony to the purity of Mr. O'Connor's principles. We must think that, under such circumstances, Mr. Fox, though 'perfectly unconnected with government,' though 'travelling merely as any other English gentleman,'—might have 'found' some 'difficulty in receiving Mr. O'Connor with a *friendly and consoling welcome*.' Mr. Trotter's argument, that, because 'all who are compelled to leave their country are unfortunate,' every exiled 'gentleman' is entitled to 'politeness, humanity, and even commiseration,'—is of a sort which cannot be thought likely to have imposed upon Mr. Fox's judgment. Mr. Trotter himself studiously disclaims the having been converted by Mr. O'Connor's arguments to a belief of his innocence; and seems to have been satisfied with thinking him 'a gentleman of pleasing deportment and appearance,' though rather too fond of exciting civil war as the means of promoting the happiness of his country. Mr. Fox, therefore, could not be under any mistake as to the real character of the man whom he was receiving; and his reception of him must be referred to that facility and indolent good nature, which made it more painful to him to hurt the feelings of any individual from a sense of propriety, than to submit to all the constructions,—and misconstructions,—to which his conduct, in this instance, was liable. Such is the degree of blame which, in our opinion, attaches to this transaction: nor should we have felt disposed to say so much upon it, if Mr. Trotter had not, in an unlucky fit of admiration,

tion, endeavoured to exalt an act of weakness into an act of magnanimity.

Mr. Trotter's faculty of admiration, injurious as it is to Mr. Fox when exercised directly upon Mr. Fox himself, is not less so, sometimes, when applied to persons who are coupled and compared with him. The Marquis de la Fayette calls on Mr. Fox at Paris. Mr. Trotter is, forthwith, of opinion that 'Fox and la Fayette,—if parallels of great men, in the manner of Plutarch, were made,—would be found similar characters in a great variety of leading points.'—p. 391. What might be the result of a parallel, made in the manner of Plutarch, we cannot pretend to say; but fortunately for Mr. Fox, we think that Mr. Trotter's perceptions of similarity will not be very generally adopted by his readers. If there be any hero of the French Revolution whose reputation has pretty exactly found its level, it is Monsieur de la Fayette. A man of more vanity than ambition; running after popular applause; of very moderate talents, and little energy of character; he appears to us to afford rather the contrast than the parallel to Mr. Fox: whom Mr. Trotter describes as 'totally devoid of vanity,' and shrinking from the public gaze; and whom all the world admits to have been possessed of transcendent talents and masculine strength of mind. The whole object of Mr. Trotter's work is to shew that Mr. Fox was, by a concurrence of circumstances, kept out of situations, which if he had been enabled to attain, his great abilities would have been so displayed in them as to have secured to him the favour of his sovereign, the blessings of his countrymen, and the admiration of mankind. La Fayette, as Mr. Trotter must know, was raised, by a concurrence of circumstances, to power which he was unable to retain; and his use of which was as discreditable to himself as it was prejudicial to his fellow citizens, and calamitous to his king. La Fayette was the victim of a revolution which he did not scruple to promote, but which he wanted the genius to regulate. We presume it is only among those whom Mr. Trotter would stile the calumniators of Mr. Fox, that he could be represented as resembling La Fayette in a disposition to seek the gratification of his own personal ambition through the convulsions of his country.

Luckily, there is no law of nature by which Mr. Fox was compelled to confine himself to the intercourse of those who equalled or resembled him. He, therefore, appears to have received La Fayette with the cordiality of an old acquaintance; and to have passed a week at La Fayette's chateau of La Grange, in the ordinary habits of a country house; unsuspecting of Mr. Trotter's extacies and panegyrics, and utterly unconscious that he was furnishing him with materials for a parallel after the manner of Plutarch.

Soon after their visit to La Grange, Mr. Trotter takes leave of Mr. Fox and returns to Ireland.

The second part of these memoirs informs us that,

'In the commencement of the year 1806, after the demise of Mr. Pitt, there existed a pretty strong sentiment in the nation, but a great deal more powerful one among certain parties, that a combination of rank, talent, and popularity was imperiously required to support the state. The nation wanted a great man, unshackled and decisive, at its head, to remedy, as far as might be possible, past errors, and to infuse a wholesome spirit of œconomy and temperate views into the political body. Party wanted a leader. Unfortunately circumstances had occurred to cause Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox to act together. Thus there were two leaders of one heterogeneous party, and the introduction of both into his majesty's councils was deemed to be indispensibly requisite.'—pp. 357, 358.

The new ministry were no sooner installed in their offices than our author was summoned from Ireland by his illustrious friend for the purpose of being employed as his private secretary. Mr. Trotter had the satisfaction to find, on his arrival in London, that Mr. Fox was 'looking remarkably well, and without any appearance of the cruel disorder' which had not yet attacked him. 'His air was dignified and elevated; and there was more of majesty in his whole appearance, than' Mr. Trotter 'had ever beheld in any one.'—p. 366.

In this part of the 'Memoirs,' many circumstances are confidently stated by Mr. Trotter which it seems impossible for him to have known of his own knowledge, and which he does not distinctly state to have been communicated to him by his patron. With respect to such circumstances we feel great difficulty whether to class them as facts, established by competent authority; or merely as results of the observation, conjecture, and reasoning of Mr. Trotter.

Thus when Mr. Trotter affirms, concerning the new government, that the '*basis* was without a *foundation*;' (p. 358) the expression is probably Mr. Trotter's own; but are we to consider the information which it is apparently intended to convey as coming from Mr. Fox? If so, Mr. Trotter would undoubtedly be justified in his peremptory, but somewhat unexpected statement, that Mr. Fox '*could not be ignorant* that such a ministry was unstable;' (p. 358)—but if Mr. Trotter had no '*basis for the foundation*' of this inference, except in his own observation, the whole falls to the ground.—Again, when Mr. Trotter says that '*the genius of Mr. Fox was cramped, thwarted, and counteracted*' by '*Lord Grenville and his friends*;' (p. 369) are we to consider this affirmation as grounded upon a communication from Mr. Fox himself? or does Mr.

Mr. Trotter venture thus positively to affirm what is merely a conjecture of his own?—‘The introduction of Mr. Fox so late into his Majesty’s councils may be thought,’ says Mr. Trotter, ‘to have occasioned some embarrassment between the monarch and his patriotic and neglected minister. *Nothing of the kind, however, took place.*’ (p. 375.)—Is this assurance derived from Mr. Fox’s (or from his Majesty’s) own communication to Mr. Trotter of what passed in the closet? or does Mr. Trotter only assert what he chuses to believe, and wishes to be true?

When Mr. Trotter tells us that Mr. Fox ‘*assured him* that the servants were knocked up with fatigue,’ by answering the door ‘to visitors of all ranks and descriptions;’ (p. 381) we learn a fact not incredible in itself, and rendered doubly sure by being accompanied with a distinct and legitimate voucher.—When we are informed, that in answer to Mr. Trotter’s ‘sincere,’ and ‘strong,’ and ‘unreserved’ representations upon the ‘general state of Ireland, Mr. Fox said *very little*,’ (p. 383) we can entertain no doubt that Mr. Trotter faithfully represents what passed on that occasion.—And when he relates that upon Sir Francis Vincent’s quoting M. Gentz as a political authority, Mr. Fox ‘made no reply;’ and upon his (Mr. Trotter’s) declaring *his* opinion that ‘Gentz and *people of that stamp* were not entitled to much weight,’ Mr. Fox said ‘*certainly*,’ (p. 573) we can easily believe both the oracular silence in the first instance, and the equally oracular answer in the second; because they both shew,—what alone it is likely that Mr. Fox should feel *on* such an occasion,—an unwillingness to interfere in a dispute between his under secretary and his private secretary. But Mr. Trotter’s particularity in these and a few similar instances, only leaves his readers the more at a loss in those cases where he does not quote his authority; and where to suppose him to speak on information derived from Mr. Fox, would be to ascribe to Mr. Fox a degree of communicativeness which would be rather at variance with his general habits as delineated by Mr. Trotter.

After this caution, which we thought but fair towards Mr. Fox, we proceed to the remainder of Mr. Trotter’s narrative.

Mr. Fox ‘went generally to the office at eleven and staid till three; and as long as his health continued was active, punctual, and attentive in the highest degree.’—p. 370.—‘As his under secretaries were quite new in office Mr. Fox directed and modelled every thing himself.’—p. 371.

One of these under secretaries is described as, ‘good-natured in his way, always in a hurry, and ready to wear out a hundred pair of shoes to oblige the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.’—p. 373.

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Had the government been entrusted to the sole management of Mr. Fox, Mr. Trotter has informed us (p. 359.) that he would have been enabled 'to select honest and enlightened men for every department.' Now Mr. Fox's under secretaries, we presume, *were* of his own selection; and if he had been enabled to fill every department of the state with persons of equal good humour and inexperience, the advantages which would have resulted from such a reform are of a nature which it still remains for Mr. Trotter to explain.

'Mr. Fox went to court in all the simplicity of a plain dress.'—p. 373-4.

On this occasion Mr. Trotter, with his usual happiness, selects 'the want of powder' as a theme for admiration, and a proof of magnanimity; and suggests another parallel, after the manner of Plutarch, between Mr. Fox's hair and Monsieur Roland's 'shoe-strings.'

The two subjects on which Mr. Trotter more particularly enlarges, as occupying, during the short period of Mr. Fox's ministerial life, the greatest share of his attention, are the claims of the Roman Catholics of Ireland; and peace with France. With respect to the first Mr. Trotter informs us, that Mr. Fox

'Did not flatter them (the Roman Catholics) with any hope of immediate, nor did he insult them by any offer of *partial*, relief. His dutiful feelings to a venerable sovereign preventing him from rudely intruding matters upon him, on which it was understood he had a fixed and strong opinion. He, therefore, suggested to the Catholics, calmness and patience in shape of a moderate delay; but added, that if they themselves brought forward their question, he would support it fully, even though he went out of office on that account. The Catholics relied upon him, and did not press their question. Nor would that confidence have been abused, which they reposed in him.'—pp. 377, 8.

'Mr. Fox had himself *difficulties and doubts* on the precise mode and measure of Catholic relief, under the Union.'—p. 379.

'I did not think Mr. Fox's mind was at all at ease on the subject of Ireland.'—p. 384.

'He did not affect to say that *much could be done*.'—p. 385.

As to the question of peace with France, we are assured by Mr. Trotter, that

'Under the auspices of Mr. Fox, England had her best chance of a favourable and honourable peace.'—p. 405.

'Mr. Fox made a noble and judicious use of the incident which gave rise to the overtures.'—p. 405.

'The negotiation which ensued was a singular spectacle for Europe. Fox and Talleyrand—the most able men in their respective countries, in foreign affairs—were matched in the grand struggle to procure advantages.

vantages for their countries, and to make a peace honourable to both.'—p. 406.

'I believe the French Government was sincere, in 1806, in their wish for peace, &c.'—p. 407.

Mr. Fox's 'generous and sincere nature, and acknowledged love of peace, and great capacity, were well known to the French nation and government,' &c. 'Lord Grenville unfortunately was joined with Mr. Fox, indeed, but even the co-operation of that minister, so memorably unconciliating in the department for foreign affairs at the commencement of the war with France, was forgotten, under the idea that he had acted a subordinate part to Mr. Pitt, and that the happier temper of Fox would produce better feelings,' &c. 'As the negotiation proceeded, Mr. Fox shewed great anxiety, not that of a politician anxious to gain credit for successful measures, but of a man deeply impressed with a regard for the interests of suffering humanity,' &c.—p. 408.

'I do not say that he (Mr. Fox) expected, as it advanced, that it would arrive at a happy termination.'—p. 408.

'As the negotiation went on, Mr. Fox evinced less hope.'—p. 410.

'But a fatal change was at hand.'—(p. 411.)—'About the end of May' Mr. Fox began to be indisposed. In the beginning of June Mr. Trotter was summoned to read to him. Mr. Fox selected the 4th Book of the *Æneid*: and Mr. Trotter felt this recurrence to Virgil as a 'mournful omen of a great attack upon his system,' and 'that he was already looking to abstract himself from the noise and tumult' of politics.—Henceforth his illness rapidly increased, and was pronounced a dropsy.—(p. 413, 4.) From this time Mr. Fox gradually grew worse, till on the 13th September his illness terminated in death.

The details of this melancholy period will be read with feelings of deep concern and compassion. Unhappily, however, the public detection of one striking mis-statement in this part of Mr. Trotter's work has thrown a shade of uncertainty over the whole of a scene upon which we should willingly have dwelt more at length, if we could have dwelt upon it with confidence. Still more unhappily that placidness of temper which we should naturally have carried into the chamber of sickness, is disturbed by a most perverse mode of feeling in Mr. Trotter, which impels him to accompany every expression of sorrow and solicitude for his dying patron with some indiscreet or unjustifiable attack upon the character and reputation of others. Mr. Trotter seems to feel himself elevated by his grief for his great friend to a height, from which he looks down on all the rest of mankind; and as if thinking himself licensed in such a situation to dogmatise without hazard of contradiction, he takes this opportunity of repeating and enforcing with redoubled energy the most offensive and extravagant of his opinions.

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We now come to the examination of some of the most prominent of those opinions:—which the order of Mr. Trotter's work naturally divides into his travelling and his domestic opinions.

Mr. Trotter's first reflections, while passing 'through the glittering waves' in the packet which conveyed him from 'the proud coast of Albion' to 'the regenerated kingdom of France,' are expressed in terms sufficiently characteristic of his style of thinking; though they do not convey to us any very distinct and definite meaning. 'We were,' says he, 'about to exchange our imaginations and opinions for certain ideas.'—'We were to be enabled,' adds he, 'to form a just opinion of effects, and to examine and analyse causes, in the political or moral sphere of men, or, as I may now express it, *Imperial France*.' (p. 36.)

At Calais he finds occasion for a severe and rather tedious discussion of Sir Francis Burdett's conduct, in having disclaimed, either there or somewhere else, the title of 'Friend of Charles Fox,' and arrogated that of 'L'ami du peuple'.

'I had the pleasure,' says Mr. Trotter, 'of meeting Sir Francis at St. Anne's Hill, before he had attained any of his subsequent celebrity. I then thought him pleasing, though tinged with vanity; which, perhaps, in the society of Mr. Fox, was more peculiarly conspicuous, because the powerful lustre of his great, yet unassuming character, rendered the tinsel glare of any superficial pretensions strikingly obvious.' p. 43, 44.

He then contrasts Sir Francis's 'disclaimer' with that complacency with which he (Mr. Trotter) had contemplated 'a ticket inscribed 'L'ami du Lord Fox,' which was put under his own plate at a public dinner at Lisle.

Non nostrum tantas componere lites.—

Of the town of Calais he observes, that 'it resembles an English town so much, that it reminded him of the period when it was annexed to England.' But 'the English,' from a variety of causes, he observes, are no longer 'a martial, lofty, and independent race of men, as they were in their ancient and better days.' And he expresses his satisfaction that Calais no longer belongs to them. (p. 48.)

At St. Omer's, he 'suppresses a sigh' on reflecting that it had often 'afforded education to Irish young men (young Irishmen) destined for that ecclesiastical situation which had long been, with more than Gothic proscription, denounced and persecuted in Ireland.' (p. 49)—He omits to mention, that the deficiency which he here laments had been supplied by the institution of the College at Maynooth, under the ministry of Mr. Pitt.

After leaving St. Omer's, on his way to Cassel, he fancies himself to have arrived in Austrian Flanders; and brings forward, rather

rather out of place, some lamentations over the mischievous reign of that 'visionary despot Joseph II.' (p. 51.)—who, however visionary, is at least innocent of having exercised any despotism over the country between St. Omer's and Cassel.

As he 'advanced in the Netherlands,' (p. 55) he beheld 'boys of fourteen or fifteen, with cocked hats upon them, sitting under trees, smoking;'—which, 'to me at least, (says Mr. Trotter,) 'was far more ludicrous than picturesque.' He neglects to inform us, which of his fellow travellers it was that maintained the contrary opinion.

At Cassel there was a fair.—Mr. Trotter observes, that 'The cattle, particularly the cows, were very fine, and horses of a great size;' but he remarks, as a fact for which he cannot satisfactorily account, that 'the pigs' were 'most miserable in appearance and condition.' (p. 60, 61.)

The sight of the 'faded Tree of Liberty,' which he saw in most of the towns, 'filled him with sorrow.' 'The tree is faded,' thought he, 'but the Rights of Man will endure for ever!'—(p. 64.)

At Lisle Mr. Trotter finds 'every thing French—except an Irish General;—who 'addresses him in the Celtic language;' and 'plies him with bumpers of various excellent wines,' at the dinner given to Mr. Fox. Mr. Trotter 'retires for the night, pleased and charmed with the conduct of the inhabitants of Lisle,' and 'not without some reflections on the blindness of Englishmen.' (pp. 66 to 74.)

At Ghent, Mr. Trotter finds every thing 'of great dimensions:' (p. 75)—and takes an opportunity of contrasting the retirement of Charles V. to a monastery, with that of Mr. Fox to St. Anne's Hill; giving a decided preference to the latter. (p. 78.)

In crossing the Scheldt to Antwerp, by the light of 'a placid moon,' Mr. Trotter 'gets to the head of the boat, and gives himself up to a crowd of thoughts.' 'I shall see another great town,' thinks he, 'another memorial of the fallacy of human grandeur; I shall see the remains of human industry and power! The boat stole across the river, and at nine o'clock' they landed. (p. 86.)

From Antwerp, proceeding through Holland, Mr. Trotter's description of the general face of the country, and of the still and uniform character of a Dutchman's life and employment, is natural and unaffected. 'I perceived,' adds he, 'as we passed on, that the cows were all black, or black and white, in Holland, without exception; the horses good and handsome,—but the pigs of a most miserable appearance.' (p. 114.) This is the second time that Mr. Trotter has remarked the 'misery' of these interesting animals. To what causes it is owing that the pig of the *Pays Bas* does not partake of that prosperity which seems to belong to all its fellow creatures,

creatures, and which Mr. Trotter attributes (p. 52) to the ancient independence of those countries, our author was unable to satisfy himself. Mr. Pitt and the madness of the coalesced powers are probably no less answerable for this than for the other evils of the continent. The fact, however, is a striking one; and the repeated notice of it by Mr. Trotter evinces a laudable sensibility to the sufferings of the lower ranks of the creation.

Far different is the temper in which he speaks of the misfortunes of the Stadtholder. Standing on the beach at Scheveling, from which the Stadtholder took his departure when he fled before a French invasion to the protection of Great Britain, 'I have no compassion,' says he, 'for suffering royalty, where its own crimes and misdemeanors bring exile or flight upon its head.' (p. 122.)—We have seen how Mr. Trotter *can* feel about 'exile,' and about 'misdemeanors' too, in the case of Mr. O'Connor.

But Mr. Trotter 'cannot conceive that 'a good man' could have occasion to fly from such a nation' as the Dutch; a people 'so orderly, so moral, so regular:'—and thereupon he launches into a long disquisition upon 'the massacre of the De Witts.' (p. 122.)

Mr. Trotter on the eve of entering France looks back upon the countries through which he has been passing, and favours us with a summary of his observations and reflections upon the political situation of Flanders and Holland.

'In short, if France respects the privileges and prejudices of the Flemings, and does not load them with excessive taxation, she may long hold them under her dominion, and derive vast strength from their support. Holland, too, though likely to suffer more from the cramping of her commerce in war, *may preserve much of her independence*, though her merchants may clamour loudly, and represent her as ruined.'—p. 139.

In order to render intelligible what Mr. Trotter means in this passage by the preservation of national independence, it is necessary to refer back a few pages to his description of the state of Holland in this respect.

'When we visited Holland, in 1802, French dominion was very visible, *owing to the introduction of a French military force every where*: but though the Dutch grumbled and repined, their industry was not impeded, and no partial encouragement, or depression of *sex [sects] or classes*, created any of that *most-intolerable of servitudes*, the submission of a large portion of society to a few, who administered foreign power to their own countrymen.'—p. 108.

We cannot forbear pausing here for a moment, to inquire whether we are to understand Mr. Trotter as delivering this as a general proposition; whether the 'dominion' of a 'French military force' be indeed, in his opinion, preferable in *all* cases to that
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'most intolerable of all servitudes' which grows out of a 'depression of sects or classes in société?'—If not, it is surely to be regretted that he should have stated the proposition without limitation;—that he should not have seen its direct and dangerous application to the situation of 'sects' in his own country; and that he should not have been aware that the suggestion which his doctrine is (to say the least) liable to be construed as conveying, is precisely that which must tend to exasperate, and almost to justify the most intolerant champions of religious disabilities; to dishearten the friends of the Question which he has so anxiously in view; and to disgust and alienate all those moderate and dispassionate persons who would be disposed to give it an impartial consideration.

We find nothing much worth noticing in the remainder of the journey, till Mr. Trotter is on the point of arriving at Paris. As the 'last day's journey was wearing away,' Mr. Trotter 'could not avoid meditating on the history of the last ten years.' 'It was not without painful imaginations that one approached the city of Paris.'

'And is this city (meditates Mr. Trotter) to be stamped with infamy, and marked with blood for ever? Are the massacres and religious wars of old times to rise up and add to these frightful thoughts? The cold-blooded tyranny of Louis XI.—The dreadful æra of Charles IX.—his perfidious mother—and of Henry III.—the ambitious genius (qu. who?) keeping alive the flame of discord—the despotism of Richelieu, the profligate regent—Louis XV. enervating *their* (qu. whose?) minds, and ruining their government—The Carlovingian and Capetian races now extinct—The last of the reigning *Caputs* (Capets) mouldering in some disregarded spot, the victim of the crimes of his ancestors, and to the presumption of a blind confederacy, &c.' &c. &c.—(p. 185.)

The whole of this laboured rhapsody (and there is still more of it) constitutes a specimen of rhetoric and of grammar such as probably has not been exhibited since the 'confusion of tongues' in that 'presumptuous tower of old,' to which, in a subsequent part of his work, (p. 588,) Mr. Trotter compares Lord Grenville's administration.

All this, however, is but prefatory to the simple proposition that 'Buonaparte, the first Consul of France, was not to be forgotten on entering Paris.'

'Respecting that great man, I felt a thousand mixed sensations.—Attached to liberty, and execrating those who trample it down, I was tempted to pronounce him its greatest enemy, to almost abjure the idea of seeing him, and in fancied vindication of the republic of France's wrongs, to consign him to contempt and indifference. But where am I wandering? If Buonaparte be an usurper, it is France which must pronounce him such,—it is France which must punish,—it is France which must dethrone. A stranger travels to improve his mind, converse with men of genius, and to view what is curious and interesting. He is not

to

to kindle his anger against governments, or to allow himself the liberty of insulting, or lowering the heads of nations. By these meditations, I calmed the wrath of that zeal which was blinding me; and, remembering the description of the wise Ulysses,

Πόλλων δ' αὐθιγάνων ἰδὼς ἄγρια, καὶ τοὺς ἄγνους,

I considered that knowledge was the great object, and that passion interfering must be very adverse to a clear view of things.—p. 186.

The exemplary forbearance and moderation with which Mr. Trotter here determines not to punish, nor even to discountenance Buonaparte, and the resolution which he takes to conform himself to the model of the wise Ulysses, have a visible influence on the remainder of his travelling lucubrations. But the philosophical calmness and sceptical candour with which he speaks of Buonaparte's conduct, form a singular and edifying contrast to the unhesitating credulity and unsparing condemnation with which he receives and pursues every charge against the ancient monarchy, and especially against the last unfortunate sovereign of France.

Of Buonaparte he will not even believe that he is justly accused of cruelty. He 'agrees with Mr. Fox,' (can Mr. Fox's authority be here truly quoted?)—that 'there is *not* in Buonaparte the cruelty which marked the character of Augustus.'—(p. 187.) And yet Mr. Trotter has himself told us, (p. 242,) that at the period of his visit to Paris, on 'suspicion of the slightest indisposition to the government, individuals were hurried away at night, many of them never to be heard of again.'—He has himself told us, that, at the very moment when they were bowing at the levee of the first Consul, 'Toussaint, 'the friend and hope of his country had been seized, and was on his way to a prison in France.'—He adds, indeed, that he 'did not *then* know' that 'Toussaint *had* in that prison languished and died, for that if he had, he should not have enjoyed the splendid levee.'—(p. 273.) His enjoyment of the levee, and of the other gaieties of Paris, was farther alloyed by the distressing accounts daily received from Switzerland, which 'country was now suffering the horrors of military oppression.' For a moment Mr. Trotter is again half inclined to be angry with Buonaparte: but he presently recollects that it was utterly absurd to suppose that when France 'had joined the Netherlands as an integral part of her dominions, and the Rhine as a boundary for a great extent,' any 'regard for the feelings or respect for the liberties of the Swiss' should 'stand in the way of the French government,' and prevent its 'seizing upon Switzerland as an outwork and fortification to the empire.' The seizure of Switzerland, he discovers to be merely 'one of the last pernicious consequences of the coalition war against France,' and the blame is, in his

his opinion, to be attributed not to Buonaparte, but to the 'aristocracies of Switzerland themselves;' 'corrupt and haughty and oppressive governments,' which 'ought to have been purified and reformed, in 1797.'—(pp. 254—256.)

How different is the justice which he deals out to the ancient government! Every thing that he finds amiss or defective in France, even the decay of towns, the dilapidation of farm houses, and the unimproved state of agriculture, he attributes, not to the storm of the revolution which had recently swept over the country, but to what he calls 'the withering hand of despotism,'—to the rule of the Bourbons.

Louis XVI. the mildest and most conscientious of sovereigns, whom the very excess of those good qualities alone reduced to that situation in which he is the object of insult to those who would crouch at the feet of a tyrant; this sovereign is never mentioned but with some epithet of disparagement,—as 'faithless' and 'pusillanimous,'—and as crowning a life of weakness by a death without dignity or courage.—(p. 351.) That Louis XVI. wanted those qualities of Buonaparte which would have commanded from Mr. Trotter the respect attendant upon success, that respect which

sequitur fortunam semper, et odit

Damnatos,—

unhappily cannot be denied. But that he was not wanting in that passive fortitude which enabled him to bear up against outrages of every kind, and to meet a cruel and ignominious death with the resignation of a Christian and the firmness of a martyr, is established by testimony, which Mr. Trotter cannot overthrow.

In wandering over the deserted and neglected gardens of Versailles, Mr. Trotter tells us, that, to his mind, 'there was nothing interesting in the scene.'

'The pride of despotism had erected a mansion for its display and pomp: a galled and oppressed people had paid, with the fruits of their labour, for its erection: here their haughty and unfeeling kings rioted, and forgetting the miseries of their subjects, added to them by their selfish extravagance,' &c.—p. 215-6.

Not such the feelings with which he gazes and gazes at the 'superb chateau of St. Cloud, which 'was furnishing and putting in complete order for the reception of the First Consul.'—(p. 296.) Here 'the display of elegance, taste, and riches dazzles and enchants' Mr. Trotter. He views with 'the eye' of an upholsterer, and describes with the complacent minuteness of an auctioneer, 'the silks of different colours!'—'every room fitted up differently!'—'the stile of ornamenting exquisite!'—'a commodious cabinet for the First Consul!'—a 'superb and costly bath for Madame!!!'—All these things this vehement lover of liberty,—this contemner of the forms

of courts,—this abjurer of sycophancy to sovereigns,—all these things he surveys, without one hint of disapprobation; and, although the estimated expense of this fitting and furnishing is stated by him at no less a sum than half a million, without one sigh for the ‘miseries’ of the ‘galled and oppressed people,’ from ‘the fruits of whose labour’ this sum is to be wrung, to pamper ‘the selfish extravagance of haughty and unfeeling despotism!’

That the novel and astonishing scenes of Paris should have turned wiser heads than Mr. Trotter’s; that ordinary judgments should have been fascinated, and moderate intellects scared, by the stupendous fortune and formidable power of Buonaparte, is conceivable—is excusable—is in the natural order of things. But that any man, labouring under these impressions of wonder and of fear, should have been able to make to his own mind the illusion that he was indulging a frank and philosophical spirit of inquiry, and exercising a lofty censorial jurisdiction of opinion; that, while he was ‘breathing with difficulty’ in his approach to the presence of the First Consul, he should have mistaken the suffocation of awe for the swelling sentiment of freedom,—is a phenomenon of which such a narrative as Mr. Trotter’s could alone have proved the existence.

Such is the impression which a repeated and careful perusal of Mr. Trotter’s Parisian chapters has left upon our minds; and it is one which we willingly take the chance of effacing or qualifying, by now turning our attention to that portion of his opinions which relates to persons and things at home.

It is to be regretted that when Mr. Trotter referred to the works of Dr. Johnson for the description of that awful scene which closed the days of Addison, he did not happen to cast his eyes on the preceding page of the volume, in which he would have found the following paragraph.

‘The necessity of complying with times, and of sparing persons, is the great impediment of biography. History may be formed from permanent monuments and records: but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost for ever. What is known can seldom be immediately told; and when it might be told, it is no longer known. The delicate features of the mind, the nice discriminations of character, and the minute peculiarities of conduct, are soon obliterated; and it is surely better that caprice, obstinacy, frolic, and folly, however they might delight in the description, should be silently forgotten, than that, by wanton merriment or unseasonable detection, a pang should be given to a widow, a daughter, a brother, or a friend. As the process of these narratives is now bring-

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'ing me among my contemporaries, I begin to feel myself *walking upon ashes under which the fire is not extinguished*, and coming to the time of which it will be proper rather to say *nothing that is false than all that is true.*"*

This just and beautiful delineation of the duties and difficulties of biography, by the man who has excelled all others in that province of literature, might have suggested to Mr. Trotter some doubt of the soundness of those principles, and of the safety of those rules, by which he has professed to be guided; and some distrust of that temper and those feelings with which he avows his work to have been undertaken.

The public declaration of Lord Holland, that, although 'those who admired Mr. Fox in public, and those who loved him in private, must naturally feel desirous that some memorial should be preserved of the great and good qualities of his head and heart,' yet 'the objections to such an undertaking at present are obvious, and after much reflection, they have appeared to those connected with him *insuperable*;'—makes it still more important to inquire what were the expedients by which Mr. Trotter flattered himself he might avoid the inconveniences that presented themselves in his undertaking, or what the ground of his confidence that he should be enabled to overcome them.

Against the first great difficulty which Dr. Johnson has described, the 'necessity of complying with times,'—that is, of either avoiding or of conducting with temper and impartiality the discussion of transactions still recent, and of questions upon which the present generation are still divided,—Mr. Trotter is in possession of a secret which he thinks will secure him against the possibility of error. 'I cannot,' says he, 'compromise the interests of truth, and the venerable fame of him who is now no more! His is truly the

"*Clarum et venerabile nomen,*" which to me shines as with the light of a beacon, to guide me through the maze of conflicting and complicated parties.'—(p. xxiii.)

As to the other impediment to biography, the duty of 'sparing persons,' he overleaps it at once with a declaration that he 'shall not think of sparing the delicacy of politicians;—that he 'cannot stop to consider of wounding the feelings of individuals.'—(p. xxiv.)

The determination not to spare the feelings of individuals, is indeed so steadily acted upon by Mr. Trotter as to seem less the result of necessity than of choice. He not only makes free with every name which lies in the way of his narration, and of which truth (or what he may think truth) appears to him to require the sacrifice; but he goes out of his road to recount detached and in-

* Life of Addison, Johnson's Works, vol. iii. 8vo. p. 76.

culated anecdotes which no way forward his history, and to deliver opinions concerning individuals as uncalled for as they are frequently unjust and unbecoming.

We have had occasion to refer to his character and description of Sir Francis Vincent. What possible right could Mr. Trotter have to bring before the world, in a degrading and ludicrous point of view, a gentleman now dead, of amiable qualities and respectable attainments; to whom Mr. Trotter can only impute that inexperience in office which must naturally belong to every man at the outset of his political career, and that attachment to Mr. Fox, and that alacrity in manifesting his attachment, which it is indeed singular that Mr. Trotter should select as a topic for ridicule?

On what pretence does he bring forward Mr. Kemble;—a man as blameless and unobtrusive in private life, as conspicuous for excellence in his profession? On what pretence does he follow Mr. Kemble into a drawing-room, and publish to all mankind criticisms upon his carriage and demeanour? Is it not evident that, if this practice be extended to private society, the ordinary intercourse of life must be rendered unsafe, and that no author,—certainly no biographer,—would be admitted into company? And does not Mr. Trotter see, that when he so cavalierly declares that Mr. Kemble did not ‘strike’ him ‘as agreeable,’ the first question which must suggest itself to the impartial and benevolent reader, is in what light did Mr. Trotter probably ‘strike’ Mr. Kemble?

• With Lord Erskine, as he is a more prominent public character, and as the anecdote related of him was already notorious to the world, it may perhaps be thought that Mr. Trotter’s freedom is somewhat less indiscreet and reprehensible. But surely the disquisition respecting law and lawyers; the air of undisguised amusement with which he appears to contemplate Lord Erskine’s supposed ‘disappointment’ at ‘the killing question’ addressed to him by the First Consul; and the tone of superiority with which he admonishes his lordship of the necessarily limited nature of his reputation;—surely all this is offensive, and gratuitously offensive, on the part of Mr. Trotter; considering the respective ages and situations of himself and Lord Erskine, and considering the relation in which they have respectively stood to Mr. Fox.

Of Lord Fitzwilliam Mr. Trotter gives the following character:

‘This nobleman, in many points of character, approximated to Mr. Fox: mild and benevolent—dignified and unassuming—with nothing of the effeminacy of nobility about him: a warm and unshaken friend—redeeming his aberration in politics by a noble return to the great man, whose opinions on the French war had proved to be so correct—Lord Fitzwilliam

william, though less noticed, has more of the genuine statesman than Lords Grenville or Grey, and in mind and manner resembled Mr. Fox more than any other of his colleagues. His unremitting and tender solicitude for Mr. Fox's health was that of a brother.—p. 416.

To this eulogy of Lord Fitzwilliam (setting aside that comparison which is only calculated to make it invidious) we cordially and sincerely subscribe. But by what right, or on what authority, does Mr. Trotter qualify this panegyric with the insinuation that Lord Fitzwilliam retracted and renounced those opinions upon the great questions of the French revolution and the French war, which had separated him from Mr. Fox in 1793?—The fact is new to us. It is most incredible. And it is one, which, if Mr. Trotter was not either directly authorized by Lord Fitzwilliam to proclaim it, or prepared to substantiate it by evidence, he ought not to have stated at all.

With respect to the anecdote related of Mr. Sheridan, (p. 419,) the general sentiment of Mr. Trotter's readers has been so loudly expressed, as to call from him a justification, (p. 547. P. S.) which, we own does but aggravate every painful feeling that we had experienced from the original statement. That statement, if true, would indeed have proved that the generally mild and placable temper of Mr. Fox, was occasionally disturbed by paroxysms of extraordinary rancour. And it would have been sufficiently distressing to us to believe that Mr. Fox in his dying moments, had shrunk from the visit of a once valued friend, even though their friendship had, from whatever cause, suffered a temporary interruption. But much more distressing would it be to us to believe, what Mr. Trotter in his Postscript alleges in explanation of Mr. Fox's conduct, that this irreconcilable alienation from his friend had taken place, only because that friend had been too lukewarm in his support of a cabinet by which the great statesman himself was continually 'thwarted and counteracted.' Our doubt and dissatisfaction are only increased, when Mr. Trotter proceeds to tell us that the intimacy between these celebrated characters, 'thus unfortunately severed in 1806,' had already ceased in 1798. He had previously told us that he recorded the anecdote, 'in order to shew the sincerity of Mr. Fox's nature.' Would it then be a proof of sincerity that a difference which remained to be discovered in Mr. Fox's last illness, had in fact subsisted for eight years?—It is not easy to unravel this tissue of absurdities; or to assign any reasonable motive by which the author could have been induced to force upon us the knowledge of a fact of no public interest, of which (if it really existed) we were only ignorant because both the parties to the alleged quarrel had conspired to conceal it from public notice.

The only excuse, which Mr. Trotter offers for these wanton and indiscriminating attacks upon individual character and feeling, beside the necessity under which he conceives himself as 'an historian and a biographer not to suppress facts,' is in his own 'feelings of enthusiasm and sensibility,' which, as he states in his address to the Prince Regent, 'unavoidably grow out of the subject which he has treated.' (p. 11.) The duty of 'not suppressing facts' essential to the purpose of the narrative, may be acknowledged,—without necessarily admitting the inference, that *all* facts whatever are to be published, merely *as such*, without considering how far they are necessary for the illustration of the subject. There are cases in which it is proper, (according to the precept of Dr. Johnson,) to say rather nothing that is false, than all that is true! With respect to the operation of a man's 'feelings,' it is more difficult to lay down any general rule: he who professes to act solely from the impulse of his 'feelings,' refers his conduct to a standard set up in his own mind, of which no other human judgment can take cognizance.

It does not seem to be the natural or necessary consequence of vehement affection, or of vehement grief, for one object, to produce outrage and injustice to others. It may be so in the instance of Mr. Trotter. But he must not be surprized if, when under the impulse of such feelings, he *runs a muck*, and stabs at all whom he encounters, whether friends or foes, the world should judge him according to his actions rather than his motives. Mr. Trotter must recollect (or he has read Fielding aloud to little purpose) the circumstance of Tom Jones getting drunk in his joy at the recovery of Mr. Allworthy. Nothing could be more amiable than the motive of this intoxication: and yet when, under the influence of it, he proceeds to belabour the Reverend Dr. Thwackum, that eminent divine and controversialist is not restrained by any consideration for the origin of that assault from meeting it with the most vigorous resistance and reprisal. Can it be supposed that Dr. Parr will tamely put up with Mr. Trotter's unceremonious treatment of him?—that he will suffer an opinion by him promulgated to the world in a most elaborate work, which Mr. Trotter professes not to have read, to be insultingly termed a 'vague' opinion?—or that Mr. Trotter shall boast with impunity of having 'given strong grounds for drawing deductions quite contradictory to those of Dr. Parr?'—(p. 472.)

But it is time to consider how Mr. Trotter extricates himself from the other embarrassment to which biography is liable, and finds his way through what he calls the 'maze of conflicting and complicated parties;'—how far the light of that 'beacon' which he boasts of having provided for himself, is proved sufficient to guide him in his track.

Mr.

Mr. Fox entered upon public life with all those advantages of rank and connection which, when coupled with even moderate abilities, usually afford to the person possessing them a passport to the most eminent offices in the state. The powers of his mind were of the very highest class; and the suavity of his manners was such that it attracted and secured to him, during a very long political career, the warm and steady attachment of a numerous and respectable body of friends. So far there is no dispute. It is equally true that nearly the whole of his public life was past in opposition to successive administrations; that though thrice a minister he enjoyed each time but a short possession of power: that his dismissal, in one instance, appears to have been applauded rather than regretted by the majority of the nation; and that, during his last triumph, he was able to confer but little popularity on the cabinet which had been formed under his auspices. This being undoubtedly the state of the facts, Mr. Trotter seems to have apprehended that there was no short and obvious mode of explaining it, but by one of two opposite suppositions;—either that there must have been something in Mr. Fox's conduct at variance with those rules which the general feelings of mankind have sanctioned, for the regulation of private or of public life;—or that he must have been, during a long series of years, the victim of the most perverse and unrelenting calumny.

Mr. Trotter, adopts the latter supposition: which he thus enforces.

'The vulgar, whose prejudices it is difficult to efface, and who are more prone to depreciate than to make allowance for great characters, have long imagined, and even still continue to think, that Mr. Fox was a mere dissipated man of pleasure. This idea had been industriously cherished and propagated by a party, whose interested views were promoted, by keeping, from the councils of the nation, a man so eminently their superior. The unprincipled desires of selfish ambition had kept him out of stations for which nature had most eminently qualified him. Destined, as he appeared, of becoming the founder of a political school in England—capable of raising her in the opinion of other nations, it was his ill-fate to be opposed by a minister incapable of appreciating his merit, and unwilling to recommend it to the approbation of his sovereign; though himself unfit to be premier and indeed inadequate to fill any considerable department of the state.

'The calumny thus attached to Mr. Fox, and the selfish monopoly of power which excluded him from the cabinet, have been productive of those enormous evils to the English nation which now threaten her very existence. Mr. Pitt, under the controul of an extensive and liberal genius, like that of Mr. Fox, might have been a useful minister of finance; but, in attempting to regulate the concerns of the world, his vigour was creative of destruction, and his imperious spirit, so unwor-

thy a true statesman, was prejudicial to liberty abroad, and dangerous to it at home. The financial dictator of Downing-street was unfit to cope with the consummate military and diplomatic characters who had newly arisen upon the Continent.'—pp. 2, 3.—'I have, however, no desire to stigmatize one of these personages to elevate the other! Both rest in the grave:—but I should deem it derogatory to Mr. Fox's memory, if I paid any posthumous compliments to the character and talents of a minister, of whom the best that can be said is, that he failed through ignorance, and ruined his country through mistake. The passions of the vulgar made and kept Mr. Pitt minister; the factitious honours of that dangerous elevation of man, called PLACE, generated a forced applause of that minister, after the death of Mr. Fox, which was to me extremely disgusting, &c. &c.'—pp. 5, 6.

Thus we see that the 'beacon' of a radiant and venerable name, renders the path of the historian perfectly plain; and that his narrative cannot fail to be correct, because it is independent of written records, or of oral testimony, both of which are occasionally subject to suspicion. Yet we are not sure that this mode of travelling is quite free from objection. In the first place, it is evident that a given number of contemporary radiant characters, enlightening the minds of their respective biographers, might cause them to emit an equal number of histories, all relating to the same period, all equally true, but all at variance with one another; thereby occasioning some perplexity to historical students. Secondly, we think, that an author, contemplating human life by the glaring light of a 'beacon,' unnecessarily contracts his prospect; and is prevented from discovering, amidst the surrounding darkness, many important objects which, in the face of day, could scarcely have escaped his notice. Accordingly, Mr. Trotter appears to us to fall into a train of errors into which no other light than that which he has chosen to follow could have decoyed him.

What aggravates in Mr. Trotter's opinion the malignity of those vulgar prejudices, of which advantage was taken to keep Mr. Fox out of place; is that the Sovereign was, all along—as Mr. Trotter has by the light of his 'beacon' discovered,—justly sensible of the value of Mr. Fox's services, and personally eager to obtain them.

'His Majesty's better and unperverted judgment (says Mr. Trotter) selected the most enlightened man in his dominions, the friend of the people and the supporter of a limited monarchy, and placed him in the situation so long abused by an arrogant man whose imperious temper, had trenched even upon the feelings of royalty itself.' (p. 364.) 'By calling him (Mr. Fox) into the cabinet on the demise of Mr. Pitt, [His Majesty] gave a proof that he had been held in thralldom by the overbearing minister, who, it may truly be said, could bear no rival near the throne.'—

throne.'—'He chose Charles James Fox as *his minister*, instead of continuing the system of Mr. Pitt.'—pp. 367, 368.

Where Mr. Trotter has obtained this knowledge of His Majesty's disposition we have not the means to ascertain, nor the irreverence to conjecture. It is unnecessary to say, that his assertions on this point are diametrically opposite to every thing that we ever heard or believed upon it; and to what upon one occasion (to which we shall presently advert) is certain and notorious. If Mr. Trotter's condescending approbation of his Sovereign, whom he describes (p. 375) as 'a remarkably good judge of the qualifications of his ministers,' be founded only on the supposition of His Majesty's partiality to Mr. Fox, we fear that Mr. Trotter may find reason to retract that approbation. And without meaning to solicit Mr. Trotter's mercy for Mr. Pitt, we must add, that, so far as the displeasure which he uniformly manifests towards that minister rests upon the imputation of his implacable hostility to Mr. Fox, that displeasure is equally unfounded. So far is it from being true, that Mr. Pitt's 'selfish ambition kept' Mr. Fox 'out of stations for which nature had most eminently qualified him;' so far is it from being true that 'Mr. Pitt was incapable of appreciating Mr. Fox's merit, and unwilling to recommend it to the approbation of his sovereign,' that it is perfectly well known that in the year 1804,—not two years before the period at which Mr. Trotter asserts his Majesty to have been so eager in 'selecting Mr. Fox' and 'calling him to his cabinet,'—Mr. Pitt had actually 'recommended to his Sovereign' the introduction of Mr. Fox into his councils; and had urged that recommendation with all the earnestness which was compatible with a dutiful respect to his Sovereign's inflexible determination.

When Mr. Trotter comes to write the 'entire history' which he has announced to the world, he will probably find among the materials collected for it by Sir Richard Phillips, traces of other overtures to Mr. Fox, at different periods of Mr. Pitt's ministry. For an account of the particulars of those overtures, and of the manner and causes of their failure, we refer him to the pages of that rival history to which we have already called his attention: where he will find that neither in 1784, (within a few months after the commencement of Mr. Pitt's first administration,) nor in 1792, when the new state of affairs arising from the French revolution afforded a new opening, (and the first that had arisen since 1784,) for an attempt to procure a union of political parties, was there any impediment on the part of Mr. Pitt to the admission of Mr. Fox into power.

The historian with whom Mr. Trotter will come in conflict on this occasion distinctly affirms, that in 1784 Mr. Fox ascertained
to

to his own satisfaction, the sincerity of Mr. Pitt's disposition to such a union.*

Of what passed in the year 1792 the same historian gives the following account:

'Mr. Pitt was now, more than ever, anxious for a junction of parties, in order that the whole strength of the national councils might be directed to one object, the security of the state against danger from abroad, and sedition at home. His anxiety was communicated to those noblemen and gentlemen of the opposition who had concurred in the measure of the proclamation; and they were given to understand, that if an union could be formed, on honourable principles, *there would be no objection to include even Mr. Fox* in the new arrangements. Mr. Burke was the medium through which these overtures were made; but they were rendered abortive by Mr. Fox, whose personal pique against Mr. Pitt appears to have prevailed over every sentiment of patriotism, and over all considerations of public duty.—He refused to accede to the proposed union, unless Mr. Pitt would first relinquish the situation which he held, to be placed more on a level with himself in office, and the Duke of Portland, or some other neutral person, to be appointed to the treasury. It was not to be supposed that Mr. Pitt, enjoying, as he did, the confidence of his Sovereign, of the Parliament, and of the Country, would submit, merely to gratify the pride of Mr. Fox, to relinquish that situation which had enabled him to digest, to mature, to propose, and to carry into effect, those favourite and important operations of finance, and measures of revenue, from which he expected the most beneficial results to the state; and on the success of which he hoped to found an honourable fame.'—vol. ii. p. 109, 4to. ed.

We do not quote the authority of Mr. John Gifford's history, though in this instance we ourselves believe it to be strictly correct, as that which Mr. Trotter is not at liberty to question, if he can; but as that which he cannot contradict without producing the grounds and proofs of such contradiction.

Of Mr. Pitt's attempt to introduce Mr. Fox into administration in 1804, Mr. John Gifford says:

'Mr. Pitt urged his reasons, with becoming firmness, for the expediency of comprizing Mr. Fox in the new Ministry; but he did not think it compatible with his duty as a subject, nor decorous in him as a statesman, to press this point more strongly upon the king, much less to make it the ground of withholding his own services from his sovereign and his country.'—vol. iii. p. 725.

And to this we venture to add, with confidence, that Mr. Fox rendered the most perfect justice to the sincerity and zeal of Mr. Pitt's efforts in his behalf.

Indeed, with respect to the intentions of Mr. Pitt at the period

* See Mr. J. Gifford's *Political Life of Mr. Pitt*, vol. I. p. 93. 4to. ed.

of his last ministry, Mr. Trotter himself does not express any incredulity. But we are not therefore to flatter ourselves, that the most complete conviction of the existence of this disposition in Mr. Pitt, or even the circumstance of his having been enabled to carry it fully into effect, would by any means have satisfied Mr. Trotter. This author has enriched the science of ratiocination with a mode of arguing peculiarly his own, which from its successful application in his controversy with Mr. Fox's physicians, may probably hereafter be inserted among the *formulae* of the schools, under the title of the *argumentum à digitali*. The use of this *formula* is, when your adversary has proved that which you had denied, or disproved that which you had asserted, to turn upon him in an exactly opposite direction; and to impute as an omission, what you had charged as a crime, or to charge as a crime what you had imputed as an omission.

'They exhibited digitalis,' says Mr. Trotter, of the physicians.

'They did *not* exhibit digitalis,' says Mr. Teggart the Apothecary.

'Then why did they not?' says Mr. Trotter, in reply.

'Mr. Pitt omitted' (says Mr. Trotter) 'to recommend Mr. Fox to the service of his sovereign.'

'He *did* so recommend him,' says Mr. John Gifford the historian.

'Then,' replies Mr. Trotter, 'why did he so?'

For—

'There *could* be no approximation,' says Mr. Trotter, 'between the characters of a genuine and benevolent statesman, and an arrogant and unfortunate minister, whose boasted merit any ingenious banker, or skilful accountant, might easily have rivalled.'—p. 6.

'Nor do I think,' says Mr. Trotter, 'it is *one moment* to be admitted, that so unfortunate a politician, as his parliamentary rival, *could* have been Mr. Fox's coadjutor in office: their *principles* were diametrically opposite.'—p. 17.

'To me,' says Mr. Trotter, 'the idea of a junction between Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, proves that the Pitt system was tottering and required aid; it was a falling house, seeking for a new partner, and hoping to preserve credit by a new name. By such a junction, Mr. Fox would have lost,—the latter would have gained every thing.'—p. 360.

We see with what candour Mr. Trotter was prepared to judge the motives of a proposal when made; for *not* making which, he had branded Mr. Pitt with the epithets, 'selfish,' 'arrogant,' 'unprincipled,' 'monopolizing,' 'imperious,' 'overbearing,' and 'impatient of a rival near the throne.'

Mr. Trotter, has the condescension sometimes to admit, that Mr. Pitt, under the wholesome restraints and instructions of Mr. Fox, 'might have conducted a subordinate department with benefit to his country.' But not to mention that this admission is altogether

altogether at variance with the assertions which we have just quoted, that '*their principles were diametrically opposite*,' and that '*they could not have been coadjutors in office*;'—Mr. Trotter's estimate of Lord Grenville's usefulness in the cabinet when Mr. Fox was (as Mr. Trotter declares) '*at the head of his Majesty's councils*,' sufficiently indicates the feelings with which Mr. Trotter would probably have contemplated a union with Mr. Pitt; and sufficiently shows *who* it was, (in Mr. Trotter's opinion at least,) that ought not to have borne '*a rival near the throne*.'

Indeed it is difficult to say, whether the minister whom Mr. Trotter arraigns for having kept Mr. Fox out of office, or the minister whom he reviles for being associated with him in office, comes in for the greater share of Mr. Trotter's indignation. To Mr. Pitt he attributes the blame, that Mr. Fox had so little opportunity of doing any thing; to Lord Grenville, that Mr. Fox did so little, when he had opportunity. Mr. Pitt '*kept him from the councils of the nation*.' When in those councils, much more would have been effected by him, '*had Lord Grenville and his friends been thrown aside*.'—p. 369.

As to the insinuation contained in this last sentence,—which, we apprehend, must refer to the negociation for peace,—we do not pretend to know what malignant influence may have been exercised by Lord Grenville upon that negociation. What might be the value of those '*new plans*' which Mr. Fox had to communicate, either for peace or for war, must of course be unknown to all, except to him who is the depositary of that secret. We agree with Mr. Trotter as to the difficulties in which Mr. Fox found himself at his accession to the Foreign Office;—'*that the floating fragments of a shipwreck were to be collected and combined*;'—that '*the world required a master hand to readjust and repair its parts*;' and in justice to Mr. Fox, we do *not* agree with Mr. Trotter, that Mr. Fox had that facility which Mr. Trotter affirms to have been afforded to him, from a sincere disposition to peace existing in the French government. But we must be permitted to express a doubt as to the accuracy of Mr. Trotter's assertion that after Russia had been '*hurried into a hasty treaty, no other formidable power remained unbroken*.' Prussia remained '*unbroken*' at the time when Mr. Fox came into office. And we must confess that the declaration of war against Prussia, considering the immense importance at that moment of keeping whole any power in Europe that was still '*unbroken*;' considering also, that a war with Prussia could be a war only in name,—could only create an estrangement between the two countries highly favourable to France, without having the remotest tendency to procure (its professed object) the recovery and possession of Hanover;—that declaration, we confess, appears to us, notwithstanding the justice of it, (which nobody

nobody disputes,) to have been a measure of mistaken and most unfortunate policy. *Justa bella quibus necessaria*, is a sound maxim in politics: but Mr. Fox was surely too enlightened to maintain the converse of this proposition, and to contend, that wherever there is just ground of war, war is, therefore, inevitably necessary. We admit at the same time, that to judge of what Mr. Fox might have done, from the little that he had time to do, would be unfair. The quarrel with Prussia was, so far as we know or recollect, the only completed act of Mr. Fox's foreign administration. And upon this we should probably not have said any thing but for Mr. Trotter's unadvised claim to a faith in Mr. Fox, almost implying infallibility, on the credit of that specimen of uncompleted negotiation which Mr. Fox has left behind him. How willingly should we have joined in any praise which Mr. Trotter had been pleased to bestow, if he had rested the glory of Mr. Fox's short ministry upon his having given the death blow to the Slave Trade!

In the last scene of Mr. Fox's life, when all schemes of politics, all enmities and rivalries must be supposed to have vanished,—and no doubt had vanished,—from his mind, we find his biographer anxious to keep alive in his own recollection and in that of his readers, every odious contrast which he has introduced in the preceding parts of his book.

Even in his praises of Mr. Fox there is almost always something of oblique and calumnious allusion to Mr. Pitt. We should be ashamed to use a phrase so harsh, if the extracts which we are about to produce were not more than coarse enough to call for it.

‘Every minister and statesman has adherents and friends; because he has, or has had, means of serving and promoting the interests of many; but it has rarely occurred, that three nations would pour in around the bed of a dying statesman, their anxious solitudes, their hopes, and their advice for his health.—Why was it so?—Fox was the friend of mankind, and soared as much above common ministers and statesmen, in benevolence and every christian virtue, as he did in genius and knowledge.

‘Many letters of a political nature, proved the independence of the character of Britons, and also the great political estimation of Mr. Fox, founded on the soundness of his principles, which pervaded every class, and strongly contrasted him with the despotic minister he had so long opposed. Around the bed of the Patriot minister, the blessings and prayers of three nations were offered, while he continued to exist:—on his couch, no curses of the oppressed, no

“groans not loud but deep”:

assailed him to trouble his intervals of rest, or heighten his moments of anguish. His long career had been marked by exertions for the happiness of mankind: he had cared little for the ordinary objects of men—he

he had not panted for power for the sole pleasure of dictating to others—he had had but one object ever in view—it was simple and grand—the happiness of nations! The Protestants, Dissenters, and Catholics—the black inhabitants of distant climes—all held a place in his heart as *men*. 'What could disturb the last moments of such a mind? What was to revive one anxious doubting thought? Had he not followed *all* the precepts of Christianity, and *carried its divine doctrines into the very cabinet, and the closet of his sovereign*? Had he not consecrated his boundless talents to struggles for liberty and peace, and in worshipping his God with a pure heart, had he not all the merit of a sublime charity, which expanded over every nation, and acted powerfully for his own, to offer at the throne of an immortal and benignant Deity? No torturer had shaken his lash, and prepared his torments under his ministry—no system of intolerance, debarring man of his right of religious liberty, had cramped society under his auspices—no persecution of the press—no banishment or imprisonment, or trial for life of any citizen for freedom of political opinions,—no unchristian and unwise attacks upon an agitated and suffering nation, which sought but liberty and peace,—no despotic pride, which trampled the people and elbowed the sovereign—had distinguished his ministry!—p. 433, 4.

'It is not the minister who carries on the public affairs for a series of years, with little benefit, or perhaps serious detriment to his country, who can, in the close of his days, look around, and say, 'I have injured no one;—I have laboured for the happiness of millions;—I have never allowed anger, or pride, or the spirit of domination, to make me forget the interests and feelings of others; I have not professed myself a christian, and embroiled the human race;—but it is the dying patriot, who can loudly proclaim, that he has done all the good to his country and mankind that was possible; and, in the retrospect of a life dedicated to the defence of the rights of mankind, he finds no groans come across his ears from incarcerated victims,—no shades of oppressed and murdered citizens rise in his dim and feeble view, to chase repose from his couch, and tell him that though despotic, he was not happy—though descending into the tomb, he could not escape the cries of the injured, or the stings of conscience.'—p. 433, 4.

These extracts can excite but one sentiment: and, coupled with the consideration which we have before intimated to our readers, that the writer of them is about to compile a 'history of the entire public life' of Mr. Fox, they will perhaps be thought to justify the length to which our observations upon Mr. Trotter's book have been carried; and which we fear may to many of our readers have appeared disproportioned to its importance. A *History* written in the spirit of these extracts would be a disgrace to the literature of the country. And, as, notwithstanding all his faults, Mr. Trotter does appear to possess qualities, which might be chastened and matured into a considerable power of thinking and force of style; as his faults seem to us to arise from feelings acute and naturally good, but neither restrained by fixed principles, nor dis-

disciplined by experience, nor regulated by taste; as he has proved himself by the postscript which he has published to be not insensible to animadversion, and to be desirous of correcting the extravagance or mitigating the injustice into which he may have been betrayed; we have thought that the degree of attention which we have been led to bestow upon him, might not be wholly misapplied.

Mr. Trotter has, in his Postscript, admitted 'that Mr. Pitt had great and eminent qualities'—'that he was a sincere and warm friend'—'that in private life he was amiable, unaffected, and unassuming'—and 'that his last moments were worthy of his elevated character.' We give Mr. Trotter credit for the candour which has produced this qualification of his former sentiments, and for his manliness in publishing it to the world. But we entreat him to compare these admissions with the extracts from his book to which we have last referred; and then to reflect whether it would not have been better for his reputation, and for the comfort of his own mind, if those 'friends,' to whom he tells us that he submitted his work before publication, had, instead of the 'partiality' which induced them to predict its 'favourable reception,' exercised the freedom (and, whatever he may think, the not unfriendly freedom) with which we have pointed out its errors and extravagancies.

Mr. Trotter repeatedly tells us that he is not a party man. Of all the mistakes into which he has fallen, this appears to us to be the most egregious. We should think it most unfair to take advantage of his disclaimer. We will keep the promise which we have made, of not visiting exclusively upon Mr. Trotter,—of not converting *unius in miseri exitium*—those extravagancies in which we detect, not an original perversity of thought, but an exaggeration of party feeling; and into which he has, perhaps, unconsciously been led by authorities to which he may have been taught to look up. When he has read in the most admired writings of his party, that Mr. Pitt's 'official propensities were too mean to be dignified with the name of ambition;' when he has heard from some of the most admired leaders of his party in Parliament, that Mr. Pitt was not worthy to be called 'a great man;' it would be unjust to charge upon Mr. Trotter the *whole* absurdity of his proposition, 'that Mr. Pitt was fit only to serve in a subordinate department, under the controul and superintendence of Mr. Fox.' For, if the mind of Mr. Pitt was a sordid and grovelling mind, Mr. Fox's assuredly was not so. If Mr. Pitt was not 'a great man,' assuredly Mr. Fox *was* one. The subordination, therefore, which Mr. Trotter proposes, is not only just, but natural, if the premises suggested to him by his party be true. He only follows those premises up to their legitimate consequence. So indiscreet

an exposure of the fallacy of any doctrine may be disagreeable to those who have held it. But to those who, not denying the usefulness of an honourable party principle, approve its operation rather in its attachments than in its antipathies, it is not displeasing to see those antipathies made ridiculous by excess. The exhibition of a drunken Helot was considered by the Lacedemonians as the most effectual warning against the abuse of wine.

For ourselves, adhering steadfastly to our own political predilections, we respect a similar fidelity in others.

It cannot be necessary for us, nor is this the occasion, to profess our creed as to the policy and institutions of our country; and our reverence for the memory of that statesman, to whom it is, in our opinion, mainly owing that those institutions are still preserved to us, and that the continuance of that policy is still within our power; that these nations now enjoy the blessings of domestic tranquillity, and that what remains of independent Europe is now leaning with confidence upon our aid. This is not the place to pourtray the eminent qualifications of that great minister, who united in himself, beyond the example of all former ministers, the confidence of his fellow-subjects with the favour of his sovereign. Others may have been at times as fondly cherished by the people, and others, at times, as highly trusted by the crown: but the one of these sentiments has seldom existed in full force without excluding, or at least weakening, the other; to have possessed them both in an equal, and both in so eminent a degree, is in our judgment the peculiar praise of Mr. Pitt. We will not expatiate on those stupendous talents, of which even the most ordinary exercise was a source of wonder and delight; which resembled, in the mightiness of their force, the elementary powers of nature, and in the truth and precision of their movement, the most exquisite processes of art. Nor will we dwell with fond recollection upon the milder lustre of those private virtues by which all that was admirable and awful in the constitution of his mind was softened and subdued; upon his careless magnanimity; his unsuspecting innocence and singleness of thought; his facility of intercourse; his oblivion of self; his warmth and constancy of friendship; his slowness to perceive offence; and his absolute incapability of harbouring durable resentment:—a character, disappointing by its blamelessness that envy which it provoked by its grandeur; and exhibiting, in contradiction to the standing maxims of speculative morality, an instance in which power, early acquired and long enjoyed, instead of hardening and corrupting the heart, appeared rather to have fenced and guarded it against the rubs and injuries of common life, and to have preserved it, as it came from the hand of nature, in its original tenderness and purity.

It is not with our own good will that we tear ourselves from these topics;

topics; we have found it beyond our strength wholly to abstain from them; but we feel that we could not pursue them, apparently on the provocation of Mr. Trotter, without seeming, like him, to have a double object in view; without seeming to sanction by our practice the disingenuity which we have laboured to discourage; and to blazon the character of Mr. Pitt for the purpose of throwing his rival into the shade. We have no such purpose. We have no desire to judge Mr. Fox by invidious comparison. Regarding Mr. Pitt as the statesman who saved this country, we do not therefore impute to Mr. Fox that it was his design to ruin it. We may, and do think, that the danger of acting upon the counsels which Mr. Fox suggested, would have been great indeed; but while we believe him to have been mistaken, we believe him also to have been sincere. What he felt sincerely, he enforced strongly, and with a vehemence naturally increasing in proportion to the resistance which was successfully opposed to him. But we are not extreme to mark, and still less to record, any instance of imprudence in which he may have been hurried, by the impetuosity of passion, or by the tempest and whirlwind of his eloquence, to the utmost verge of the constitution. We do not arraign either his errors or his vehemence, as crimes by the remembrance of which his death must have been embittered, and his 'conscience' must have been 'stung.' Years must elapse before the public conduct and character of Mr. Fox can be discussed with the freedom and with the temper of history. In the meantime let them be safe alike from partial censure, and from ill-judged and injurious panegyric, in the shelter of the tomb!

We turn with satisfaction from the disputable ground of public life, to the contemplation of those peculiarities of individual character which form the legitimate province of biography; and the description of which constitutes by far the most valuable part of Mr. Trotter's work. We follow Mr. Fox from the senate or the cabinet to his beloved retirement at St. Anne's Hill, not carrying with us one particle of that hostility, which we have felt to his political principles or conduct. We view with delight that simplicity of taste, that genuine relish for nature, which had survived the dissipation of his earlier, and the turbulence of his latter years. We view with admiration that pure stream of youthful feeling which had passed fresh and uncontaminated through the ocean of politics,

Doris amara suam non intermiscuit undam.

Far from rejecting with fastidiousness the numerous quotations from Virgil which are cited by Mr. Trotter, as favourite passages of Mr. Fox, we think it not indifferent to know who

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were the chosen authors of such a man, and what the passages with which he was particularly pleased: and we rejoice to learn from the example, as well as the opinion, of Mr. Fox, in opposition to those pragmatistical and hard-featured systems of education which are in fashion now a-days,—in which every thing is for gain and nothing for grace, every thing for necessary use and nothing for liberal splendour—that ‘the study of good authors, and especially poets, ought never to be intermitted by any man who is to speak or write for the public, or, indeed, who has occasion to tax his imagination, whether it be for argument, for illustration, for ornament, for sentiment, or any other purpose.’*

Of the letters, from one of which this opinion is extracted, we have before incidentally spoken with the praise which we think they deserve. It is idle, indeed, to describe them as ‘models of English composition;’† but, we think, they are excellent, (though perhaps not ‘perfect’) in their kind; they are the letters of a scholar and a gentleman; and one of them particularly, that in which Mr. Fox proposes to Mr. Trotter to accompany him to Paris, is (what is much better than a ‘model of composition’) a model of delicacy in conferring an obligation.

Thus far we contemplate with unmixed pleasure the private life of this eminent and extraordinary man. Why was his biographer not contented with presenting to us that from which unmixed pleasure could be derived? Why ostentatiously challenge the attention of his readers to points which he well knows that it must be impossible for them to approve? Why obtrude unnecessarily and pertinaciously upon the world, that question respecting his patron’s faith in Christianity which, it is manifest, he had not the means of deciding? If, indeed, Mr. Trotter had been able to establish by positive evidence, or even by his own direct and unequivocal testimony, that which he has laboured to insinuate, and called upon us to believe, he would have rendered an essential service, not only to his patron but to mankind. But when, as he ought to have known, (whatever may be the truth upon this subject,) all *his* arguments and inferences do not amount even to a probable presumption, but leave the question precisely where he found it, what could be the consequence of stirring such a dispute, but to awaken suspicion, and to provoke inquiry?—But this is ground upon which we ‘fear to tread;’ though frequently as it is obtruded upon our view, we could not pass it by wholly without observation.

In the remarks which we have offered upon this singular publication we have endeavoured not only to discharge our own minds of

* Letter XIV. p. 519.

† Preface, p. 15.

any thing like prejudice, and to deal justly with the subject, as well as leniently with the author, of the work ; but to make it subservient to the purpose of allaying posthumous animosities, rather than to that, for which it appears to have been more particularly calculated, of reviving and inflaming them. The two great statesmen who so long divided the political attachments of these nations ' are in their graves.' Why may not every man who loved and honoured them while living, continue to hold in pious remembrance, and to distinguish with unblamed partiality, the object of his peculiar veneration ; but be contented at the same time, to 'speak of the rival object with that charity with which those rivals assuredly thought of each other ?

To express an earnest but unavailing wish that their services might at some one time have been united for the benefit of their country, may be to offend (if we are to judge from Mr. Trotter's book) the exclusive devotion of some of their respective adherents. But any man, who calmly reflects on the events of the last year of Mr. Pitt's life, on the tremendous disasters which then afflicted Europe, and on the corresponding anxieties and exertions by which his mind must have been harassed, and by which his too feeble health must have been worn down, can hardly forbear to ask himself whether some advantage might not possibly have accrued to the nation, if the exhausting and vexatious parliamentary warfare of the session of 1805, had been exchanged for the co-operation of Mr. Fox's talents in office. What might have been the effect of that co-operation it is now impossible to decide. But, when one considers that, not only Lord Grenville and his friends, the anxious promoters of such an union, but that many of those who are supposed to have most loudly (and no doubt conscientiously) protested against it, have, nevertheless, found it possible to act successively with Mr. Pitt and with Mr. Fox, one can hardly understand how between two characters, which were thus proved to be not without some common affinities, there could have existed a mutual repulsion altogether insurmountable.

Between minds of a certain magnitude there is a generical similarity : the same grand simplicity ; the same abhorrence of all that is artificial and affected ; the same intuitive and unenvying estimate of kindred powers and qualifications ; which can look with pleasure even on rival excellence, and can speak with just admiration of the talents and exertions even of an adversary ;—

quantus

In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.

The domestic events which first made these two great men adversaries and antagonists, and, at a subsequent period of their lives, the convulsion of opinion produced in this country by the French Revolution, naturally threw them to an immeasurable distance

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tance from each other; and arrayed them, the one on the side of the monarchical, the other on that of the democratical part of the constitution. But as, on the one hand, Mr. Pitt's whole life sufficiently shews that, although the chosen champion of the monarchy, he was not the less zealous, both from principle and from sentiment, in upholding the just rights of parliament and of the people; so must it be admitted on the other hand, by every impartial man, that the whole tenour of Mr. Fox's conduct, while in the government, and particularly the principles upon which he conducted his negotiation with France, (laying aside here the question of its wisdom and expediency,) afforded a fair presumption, that the honour and interests of the crown would not have been unsafe in his hands.

Upon that great question of domestic policy which has long divided and still divides the opinions of this country, (we mean the Catholic Question,) it is notorious that they concurred so far as to feel alike the extreme importance and desirableness of bringing it, if possible, to a happy settlement, and we learn from the volume before us that the determination of Mr. Fox in office in 1806, was the same as that of Mr. Pitt in office in 1805; namely, a determination to respect the fixed and conscientious scruples of their venerable sovereign.

These, to be sure, are fond and fruitless speculations! But it is at least not necessary to engraft on the stubborn belief that living they could never have been united, the uncharitable persuasion that even in their memories they must be irreconcilably opposed; that because there was not room in the government for both their services, there is not space in the world for both their reputations. We cannot understand the feelings of those who would level whatever has been most eminent among us; who would pluck down from the sphere in which the common consent of mankind has fixed them, names which are inseparably combined with the annals, and with the renown of their country. Party may be gratified by their temporary degradation: but England has an interest in the permanence of their fame. As little do we agree with those who seem to think that as factions and divisions are necessary to a free state, so, if ancient feuds were suffered to fall into oblivion, the constitution might languish from the disuse of its wholesome exercise; that there would be a tranquillity so still, a calm so stagnant, as to render liberty unsweet for want of agitation. We think that these are visionary fears. We do not apprehend that even the auspicious horizon, which is now opening around us, will be always unclouded by the storms of party; nor that the political contests of the coming day, however inferior the prowess of the combatants, are likely to want asperity and animation, unless the shades of the mighty dead be called up to mingle in the battle.

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